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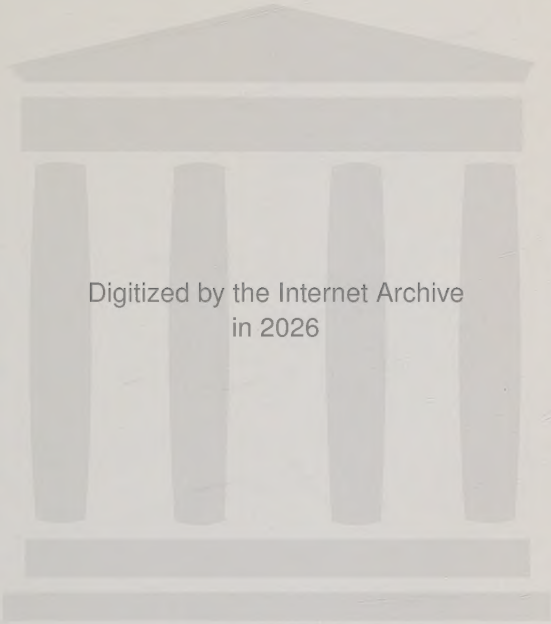

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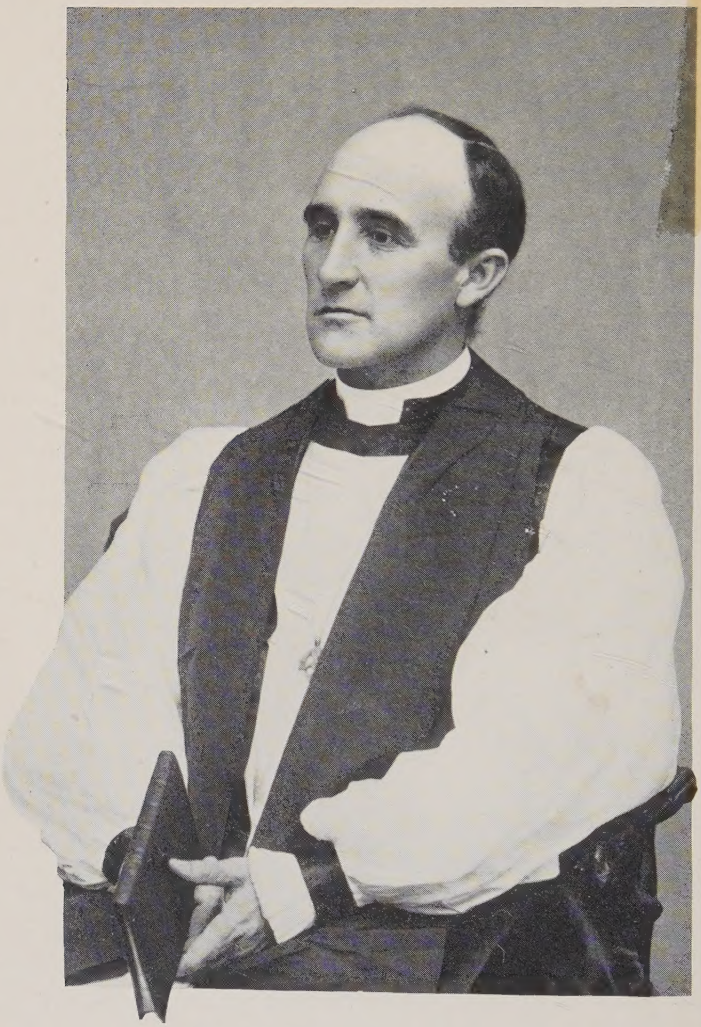

Affectionately yours,

James Addison Ingle.

Bishop of Hankow.

JAMES ADDISON INGLE

(YIN TEH-SEN)

FIRST BISHOP OF THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF HANKOW, CHINA

BY

W. H. JEFFERYS, M.A.

"If I will, . . .
what is that to thee?"

The
Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society
New York
1913

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MARYLAND DIOCESAN

To J. A. I.

Remembering an hour, long gone, upon the way,
The restless way, all marked and crossed and marked again
By many feet following in ecstasy and pain,
Still following on, step by step and day by day:

Remembering the voice, now clear, now far, now gone;
The wonder-music sounding over land and sea;
The laughter, labor, rapture and the agony;
The crimson trail that led the toilers ever on:

Name we another tryst—the when we cannot tell;
"To-day" at the ninth hour, or as the sunset chime
Shall toll across eternity the wane of time;
The where,—there where the voice is calling. All is well.

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FOREWORD

To Miss Mary Addison Ingle I am indebted for much painstaking and necessary assistance in the compilation of this biography of her brother.

In the preface to Dawson's "The Life of Christ," the author states that "he can scarce write in vain who writes of Christ," and in a measure the same may be said of those who write of a Christlike man. It was not the fineness of the writing that gave to the Gospels their power. It was life of the Spirit. The spirit of a life, the spirit of thoughts, of words, of works, these are the truest biography, the life of a man written forever on the lives of his fellow-men.

Only to the extent that the following shall truthfully interpret the spirit of Bishop Ingle, can they claim to be his biography, for there has been no attempt at making a complete record of his doings after the commonly accepted manner of biographies. We have realized with peculiar gladness that there was little in his life that was either spectacular or great, according to the standards of ambition and aggrandizement. But we do believe that there lay in its very simplicity and naturalness, in its loyalty and faith, in its Christian manliness, in its beauty and human service, a magnificent and inspiring ideal and example for the ordinary, every-day man; the man who never expects to be great, the man who never thinks about his own, the man who merely wishes to do his whole duty

in whatever simple state he has been called unto. To such we offer this study of Bishop Ingle's life, for only such will understand it.

In the past, the majority of missionary biographies have largely emphasized the heroic and martyrlike characteristics of their subjects, and although these attributes were certainly not potentially lacking in Bishop Ingle and not infrequently did manifest themselves, and though there have been Christian martyrs in China in very recent years, and heroes, even in his much loved Kuling Valley, yet it is not prominently for such that we would have him known, but rather as a loyal, a wise and a consistent servant of the Master Man, Jesus Christ; as a "person who could be loved, an example that could be followed by any man, if he will." In this we find the greatness of our brother and friend as we knew him and loved him, and in this, we believe, lay the wonder and the power of his gracious life.

W. H. J.

"From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

—

FROM A CHILD

1867–81

JAMES ADDISON INGLE, the most Christlike man I have ever known, was born in the town of Frederick, Maryland, on the eleventh of March in the year 1867, being the first-born son and the second child of his parents, the Rev. Osborne Ingle and Mary Mills Addison, who had in all ten children. And he was promptly baptized James Addison, in his father's parish church, All Saints, Frederick.

We are accustomed, in America, to make much of self-made men, just as if there could be any such thing. In the humblest parenthood may lie the germs of infinite dignity and greatness, and we are told, by those who ought to know, that our characters are made up past remaking in the first twelve years of our life. If this be so, and it is largely so, then Baby Addison had in his parents alone a magnificent heritage. But the richness of it had deep roots. He could count nine clergymen in eight generations back in his branch of the Addison family.

Many children begin their mistakes in life "by choosing the wrong kind of parents." No such carelessness, however, can be charged to Baby Addison's early powers of

selection, for never did a new-born infant show greater wisdom in the choice of his parents than did this one.

His father, the Rev. Osborne Ingle, was the kind of father that makes the Fatherhood of God a living glory to his children. He served for a short time as rector of Memorial Church, Baltimore, and was married while there. And from there he was called to All Saints, Frederick, where he served continuously from 1866 till the day of his death, in 1909. He was often spoken of as "the Rector of Frederick"; the children of the town were spoken of as his children; his world loved him. Great purity seemed to distinguish him among men, and he was no exception to the rule—Men are purified "so as by fire."

Men are not made entirely either through the exceptions or through the selections of circumstances; but the joy that mellows one, sours another, and the fire that leaves one pure and at peace, will reduce another to the bitter ashes of a desert soul. Because he loved greatly, Mr. Ingle suffered beyond the measure of most men, and his great heart was broken by a series of family sorrows, such as rarely have come to any man. One of the "tragedies of Maryland" was the death of five of this man's children in one epidemic of diphtheria. He long outlived the passing of his wife, and heard, while ill himself, of the death of his only son, the then Bishop of Hankow, whom he had literally given with his heart to Christ's far service. And at his own death he left behind him but two of the inner circle of his great heart's devoted love. Yet one who saw him but once, in his later days, said of him: "Of all the men I have seen but once, what I feel for him is nearest love." The love of those who knew him was love, indeed. And when he died, at that happy age between the years when the hard work is done and the time when God seems to forget the impatience of his world-worn servants, there were many that sobbed because they should hear no more the voice of their father in God, and Frederick was silent while they buried the Saint.

And what of the child's mother? She was his mother. Is it not enough that she blessed his home with her presence, that she gave to the world a Christlike man and led him through those twelve years in which he was created? She was his mother, and many have called her "blessed."

She was taken from her son in his boyhood, but the nature of her influence may be gathered from an anecdote that brings them both before us at a crisis in their lives. It was when the Angel of Death stood within their home; and a little sister's spirit was pausing between two worlds, that Addison said to his mother that he had vowed to God that if his little sister were spared to them, he would be a minister and give his life to God's service. The mother commended him for turning to God for aid in their distress, but counseled him that such a vow ought not to be made with conditions; that he must think it over and see if he could not give himself to God unconditionally. On the twenty-eighth of January, 1883, Mrs. Ingle "fell asleep."

Address at Memorial Service, Frederick, January, 1904.

It was peaceful life in the peaceful old town of Frederick. The war was over and the county settled down to make itself a record for one of the two most productive agricultural counties in America. The town is off the beaten track of modern city life, but it has its own charm of social refinement, of culture and interest, and it is a good place to live and work in. Here was the Ingle home, in which the doctor lived and served. The rectory in which Addison was born is not now standing. He was an early recruit in the household. But the present rectory, in which many of his early years were spent, stands facing an open square, not far from the church; a clean, square, white house—like the clean, square, white people that lived in it and made it beautiful in true story.

Certain phases of child life are necessary to a proper understanding of maturity. A sneaky child makes for sneaky manhood. A plucky child may be depended on in

the later danger time. And as for a real boy, well, of such is half the kingdom of heaven. We shall be discreet.

His early days were spent in the rectory in Frederick, and his training was in his home, where the discipline and blessings of being one of an increasingly large family, of course, left their marks of joy and fun and jolly times, and also in all that rubs off the corners of selfishness and gives no time for morbid self-contemplation or self-pity. Things were busy about him, work was doing, there was comfort without luxury, and there was Christian joy and Christian service. The church and town, and whatever local schools he attended, all had their share in making him what he was.

It is recorded that in August, at five months of age, "he weighed twenty-two pounds and ate bread and butter." The imagination of some aunts is surely fertile!

"Children under three years are just fairies in disguise." When is the soul of a boy first found? A friend of his early boyhood days writes:

"We had planned an excursion into the country to hunt for birds' eggs. The trip was to be made on our velocipedes. In order that we might make an exceptionally early start, Addison asked me to stay with him the night before the trip was to occur, and then, with the aid of an alarm-clock, it was supposed we would be able to get off by sunrise. In pursuance of this plan, and in our impatience to get through with the intervening time, we went up to Addison's room considerably in advance of the usual hour for retiring. Our projected journey had complete possession of our minds and we continued to elaborate our plans as we prepared to go to bed. I had just turned in for the night when Addison surprised me by taking a book from his table and settling down to serious study. I thought it important that we should go to sleep early, and I asked him why he did n't come on to bed. He said he was learning his collect. I suggested that he might let that go until another time. He replied that this was the night for learn-

ing his collect. This was about all he said on the subject, but he said it so emphatically that I made no further effort to divert him from what he evidently regarded as a duty then and there to be performed. It was soon finished, and he then called one of his sisters to the door to hear him repeat the collect from memory. After this he promptly retired, and the next morning aroused me bright and early for our jaunt, he having heard the alarm to which I had remained oblivious."

And that was even in the velocipede days; yet the future man bore out their prophecy of calling "to be about his Father's business."

Another and later pastime of the child is given by one of his aunts, and is entirely characteristic of the man that was making:

"I remember perfectly well his lying on the floor, in our sitting-room, with an outspread newspaper, in which was a map explanatory of a European war then in progress—I forget which one; but I watched him with great interest, thinking it remarkable that at his age (he could not have been more than ten) he should take such a lively interest in, and show such a thorough acquaintance with, a subject of that kind. Presently I said: 'Addison, what are you going to be?' 'A man,' came the quick answer. 'Yes, but what else?' 'A husband, I hope,' was the reply. After various questions, by which I vainly hoped to gain some idea of his choice of a profession, he sat upright and extended his arm, exclaiming: 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.' I thought it high ground for the outlook of a boy of ten."

Addison's scholastic education began in a small private school in Frederick, kept by four sisters of Protestant Episcopalian flavor. He was a bright pupil and distinctly studious from the word "go." In this he was throughout the reverse of James Hannington, first Bishop of Equatorial Africa, and his natural historic parallel. Hanning-

ton was never a student of books, and always an indifferent scholar, though a keen and natural observer. Ingle was always a keen student and a successful one throughout life. Even in those early days his teachers were so proud of him, that in a certain examination in Philosophy he was awarded a mark indicating something more than perfect.

Of Addison's early education, up to the age of fourteen, it may be said that four chief elements entered in: his home, the parish of All Saints, the town of Frederick, and the local school. In just what degree each element played its part in the making of the boy, it is superfluous to attempt to define in words. Only those who know Frederick and All Saints, and his devoted teachers, should attempt that sum in short division.

When he was fourteen years of age, Addison was confirmed by the Right Rev. William Pinkney, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Maryland, in All Saints' Church, on the evening of April 27, 1881. April was apparently "base-ball season" in Frederick that year, and Addison was, like all real American boys, a "fan" to his heart's core. And it was a source of considerable anxiety to Dr. Ingle that Addison showed an undoubted preference for attendance at base-ball games, as compared with confirmation classes. Theoretically, it would have been a satisfaction to his father had he shown the greater yearning for confirmation classes, of course; but it is not on those lines that real boys are built, and Addison was utterly human and eleven-tenths boy. Addison preferred base-ball. Bless his heart!

The four elements in his early education all played their parts, and the answer to the sum was no longer a child, but the boy, Addison, fourteen years of age, frank, affectionate, brave, high-spirited, a student and a Christian, but above all, a boy.

1881–86

The Episcopal High School of Virginia, at Alexandria, is the scholastic Mecca for Virginia boys. There Addison spent two years. His mother was still living when he entered, and it was while he was in attendance there that he lost her. The principal of the school then, as now, was Mr. L. M. Blackford, M.A.

Dr. Carl Eckhart Grammer was then a student in the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, and gives a "mental picture of Addison at this stage, showing him, a boy of about fifteen, graceful in figure, with a noticeably large head, coming up in a modest yet alert way to receive a prize. The picture is typical of his scholastic life, in which he was always winning prizes with modesty." As a matter of fact, he did win the two highest distinctions in the gift of the school—the Johns and Meade prizes.

A boy's school life is apt to be "much of a muchness," and it would be an unwarranted assumption to propound the statement that Addison's boarding-school life was phenomenal in any way. He worked hard and did well, but he was just a plain boy through it all, evidently earnest and interested, evidently studious and successful, but brimful of fun and mischief, immensely partial to food and keen on the subject of the almighty nickel. Fortunately there are preserved to us some of his home letters which, whatever they may lack as literary efforts, have the delicious smack and flavor of the real boy; and a sample is inserted for those readers to enjoy who have not entirely lost their sense of humor, or their milk of boyhood kindness.

EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL OF VIRGINIA,
November 2, 1882.

MY DARLING OC:

I was playing foot-ball this evening when one of the teachers introduced me to Mr. Atford, who said he had just come from home and had some letters for me. I was ashamed of myself for not writing a letter to you this week, though I had not time on regular night nor since then until now, and my conscience smote me as I opened your stirring epistle and tried to decipher it. I will begin with what I know will interest you. Jack Hays is the favorite of the school, a first-rate fellow, elegant base-ball player, and a member of the church. He is liked and admired by every one and has a good face. Though he is as you say, eighteen, he is no taller than I and would be about right for you. The red-headed boy has not been informed of his hair-breadth escape and still continues to scratch his head without seriously burning his fingers. I had eight invitations for Athletic Day and sent five to Frederick. Your doubt as to the delivery of your soft messages is, indeed, well founded, as few have reached their owners. Tell Mama that I owe Aunt Livy sixty-five cents, as well as I remember, and I reckon I got her card asking about the cravat, but when I write do not have time to stop to read much. I am getting along pretty well with my studies, though some of my marks are not what I would like them to be. I do not think I am overworked, though when I can wake up in time I generally study before breakfast, besides other compulsory studying. I have gotten used to the lamp near my bunk and am not worried by it. Our communicants' meeting is conducted by the boys and consists of confession, prayers, reading from Bible, etc. This week Dr. Nelson held his first meeting and talk for communicants, which he proposes to hold during the week previous to each communion. Tell Papa that I do not enjoy Sunday as much as I would like; be-

sides being at church four times during the day, we have nothing to do but walk or sit in the Society. I do not wonder that some of the boys have quiet "catch" with a ball, which I do not think is worse than doing nothing, or reading what is not fit for Sunday. Must close.

Lovingly,

J. A. Ingle.

P.S.—I am sorry all my letters to you are so stupid, but it is not my fault. I do not mean that you are so doleful to think about. In the case of "The Song of the Shirts and the Drawers," it fills me with —— to think of you.

Your stupid brother,

J. A. I.

Love to Papa and Mama and the Rosses.

Every teacher of English prose who is blessed with a sense of humor has a good laugh now and then—in secret—over the "compositions" of the would-be men of letters of the future. In after years it was one of Ingle's particular joys to quote certain rich passages from the writings of his own pupils in China. But, for the most part, the compositions of youth are fairly barren of original thought. In prose, Ingle's school-boy efforts deal largely with serious subjects, and the power of suggestion is often evident; but in almost every effort we find at least a fairly original thought or two, of an introspective character. "Spring and its Lessons" is by no means an entirely original subject for discussion, and the connection between the "season of marbles" and the existence and imminence of Divinity is not entirely obvious; but the spirit of a composition on this subject is, for those who understand boys, prophetic of good things.

There are several on the subject of the characteristics of a gentleman, showing that the matter appealed to the boy as being of extreme importance. Whether the idea that a man's dignity should not be of the kind that needs taking

care of was original or not, we cannot say, but we do know that the spirit of this paper was Ingle's spirit throughout life.

Characteristics of a Gentleman

The only man that we can regard as a perfect type of what a gentleman should be, is Christ. In Him we see blended all the traits of character that we need copy, and from His life we can obtain an idea of what is needed in each one of us to make gentlemen in the true sense of the word.

A gentleman must be charitable, he must be considerate of the feelings of all, so as never knowingly to offend or slight any one. He should think the best of all, and if he has nothing favorable to say of a man, keep silence as regards him. He should be thoughtful of the weaker sex and treat them with respect wherever he meets them, whether they be of high or low birth.

He should be dignified to a certain extent, but his dignity should not be of the kind that needs taking care of; it should rather be a protection to him. Upright in all his dealings, he should not mind accepting from a friend a favor that he would render to a friend in similar circumstances. He should be a living exemplification of "The Golden Rule."

J. A. Ingle.

In his later years there was no evidence of any guilt on Ingle's part in the matter of perpetrating verses; but even his conversation was brightened by many poetical thoughts; and we believe that it is an absolute fact that this rarely appears except in those who in their youthful days have expressed themselves more or less in verse. At least is this true of most men.

The following need as critics such of us as have our-

selves in the dim past been tempted and fallen; to others it is but foolishness; but if we read human nature aright, we leave the matter confidently in your gentle hands.

We have no single completed product of Ingle's along these lines, but there remain a number of attempts on scraps of yellow and time-worn paper, of which you may estimate the value by the following samples. Without exception, the subjects have reference to womanhood and its charms. The earliest is as follows:

"My own true love is fair to see,
As pure and sweet as she can be.
Charms rivaling Trojan Helen's[1] own
Hold me to her, my love, alone.
Is there a rival? She has none.
Earth cannot boast a lovelier one."

And again:

"My dear, I don't fancy your surname,
And I 'm thinking that as you are single,
If you have no objections, I 'll take you
To be Mrs. James Addison Ingle."

Graduation from the Episcopal High School was followed, as the only natural step likely to arise in the plans of a scion of the house of Ingle, by matriculation in the University of Virginia. The details of Ingle's university life are imperfectly preserved, and such as remain to us are the personal recollections of certain most intimate college friends.

According to the author's impressions, the University of Virginia man is characterized by great simplicity and naturalness, combined with splendid dignity and the keenest appreciation of moral and intellectual essentials. He is rarely or never a faddist. There is no university in the

[1] "Cleopatra's" is scratched out!

land where money counts for less, where breeding and earnestness count for more. The traditions bred of generations drawn from the culture and refinement of Virginia and the Carolinas are sacred and vital forces which the stresses of modern life have but quickened and rendered more insistent.

"My sheep hear My voice and they follow Me."

"Do Thou choose for me the work I do and the place in which I do it, the success I win and the harvest I reap."

—

THE VOICE

1886

On a bright winter morning, in the year 1886, James Addison Ingle dropped in at the Sampsons' house at Pantops Academy, Charlottesville, Virginia, and made the characteristic announcement, "We had a grand meeting last night. Eight gave their names to go as foreign missionaries."

"You were one?" suggested Mrs. Sampson.

"Yes."

In such wise did the missionary purpose of a life crystallize, though the thought, we may believe, had long been present with him. He was teaching at this time, having been obliged to lay off from the university for a year to re-establish his financial solvency.

This year was spent at Pantops Academy, and seems to have been, on the whole, a period of mental depression—perhaps self-examination would better define it. Certainly, Ingle did a good deal of hard thinking at this time, and he seems to have passed through phases of self-depreciation, such as are common to every serious-minded person in early college days. We believe it is well recognized that it is a frequent experience of college men to endeavor to rearrange their life principles about this time. It is quite natural that, the receptive period of home life having passed and the era of subjective reasoning opened, this

phase should introduce itself. This is the time for religious and moral self-examination, when the dogmas accepted from our fathers must be weighed again in the light of our newer generation. And out of this period are born the definite life aims of the university man of every day; and out of the same come both the derelicts of intellectual life and the purposes of the master man.

In the case of Hannington of Uganda, the thought that led to his future life's work was born at this epoch; with Ingle, the battle of self-renunciation was here fought to a finish. We have no record that he ever wavered or hesitated after this decision. Questions of time and place were certainly weighed and reconsidered more than once, but the act of consecration remained fixed forever. He had heard the voice of Jesus calling across the sea, and he had answered it with his whole life.

What does Jesus say when He calls to serve Him in foreign lands? What does the voice of Jesus sound like when He calls across the sea? We know what He said to the saints, to Peter and to Matthew, to James and to John and to Paul, but what does He say to you and to me? What does He say to those whom He calls to-day? What is a call to foreign missionary service? The question is on the lips of a thousand men and women in this land to-night. Some can hear the voice and know its tones as they know the voice of the wind. For many it is a certain sound, now clear, now faint, now silent. Some will never hear its mighty music on earth.

Fortunately we have Ingle's own answer to this question. It is true that it was not given at this time, but later to his own people in the old home church in Frederick. But for that reason it is the more mature, the mellower, with the added understanding of some years, yet fresh with the inspiration of his young manhood. In the first place, he says that that *concentration* which is necessary to the highest success in the ordinary pursuits of men, in the quest of Christ's kingdom is called *consecration.* It is the

same necessity to success, and without it more or less falling short of attainment may be expected.

"What is this surrender, this consecration? Men often talk and think of it as if it were a living death. The Christian merely yields the direction of his life, and with it all its cares and responsibilities, to Him who bestowed that life. All of life's highest blessings are still his. Instead of following his own will and seeking his ends in everything, he tries to follow the divine will, as it is made known to him. He does not fold his hands and sit in idleness. Idleness is not resignation, but laziness, and so, self-will. His life is an active one, an unceasing effort, a constant struggle. He is no longer his own. Every act must be done for God's glory. His time, his health, his talents and wealth are not his. They are a deposit for which he must render a strict account. He must not choose his sphere of life for himself, but must leave it to the love and wisdom of the Father, who will arrange the time, place, and circumstances better than he in his ignorance can do. All, all is God's.

Supposing, then, that we all have this willingness to do our duty, there still remains the great question, "What is my duty?" Common sense leads us to suppose that He who imposed that duty can best tell us what it is and how it must be done. The prayer of the penitent persecutor, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" must be made ours. We must have the attentive ear of the childlike prophet—ready to catch every word of the divine command when the Lord does speak to his listening servant. . . .

If God saw fit to send His Son to earth to redeem men from sin and its consequences, without a doubt this redemption was a matter of infinite importance in His sight. Then the proclamation of this redemption, so that men can receive it, must be of like importance, of inconceivable moment. It was the way home to the Father that Christ came to illumine and make easy; that was the purpose of His coming. For this end He founded His Church.

Since, therefore, the great design of the great God is to proclaim the salvation He has procured, and obtain its acceptance by sinful men, could there be from His servants any more acceptable offering of service than to aid in this? From love to my friend I try to further his plans. How much more shall I be in active sympathy with my Father in heaven, and prove my love by aiding in His work! . . .

But you ask, "Can I not do good work at home?" You can. Perhaps better work than abroad. You may be totally unfitted, mentally and physically, for such work. But with us, at this moment, that is not the question. The question rather is, "Am I willing to go? Am I content to let my Heavenly Father decide whether or not I shall go? On this hinges the question of the reality and strength of our love. We may be quite unfit, as has been said, to undertake foreign work. But do you think that our work at home will be complete and will receive the fullest blessing, if we are steadily dodging a plain command, either refusing its consideration or openly disobeying it? I do not; nor do you. Religion is everything if it is anything to us. Consecration is entire or not at all.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him."

Ingle's call, then, was this. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, to the end that all that believe in Him should have everlasting life. If so, then the proclamation of this redeeming love, so that all men shall receive it, must be the supreme worth-while principle. And if the conclusive evidence of sincerity is the gift of one's life, then the utmost gift of one's life is the obedience to Christ's great missionary commandment, "Go ye into all the world."

In our experience, what we may name *the call to Christian Mission work* usually comes along one of two lines, if it is to prove a thing of strength and accomplishment. Either it is a slow evolution, with its roots in family life or some personal association dating back into the formative years, or it comes in the manner of what the evangelicals call "conversion," when, all the foundations being laid, there is needed but the revelation of a great light to make clear the need and determine the purpose. To St. Paul, the call was along the latter line, the great clarifying vision, rather than the change of heart. Perhaps Hannington's was also such; and some of the finest missionary types that we have, have chosen their life work almost on an instant. Ingle's call was distinctly of the former type. He was called "bishop" by the nurse in his baby days; he was called "bishop" as a nickname in school. It will appear fairly evident that he always had the missionary purpose more or less distinctly in his mind, and with his particular intellectual gifts, it is not remarkable that the Pantops experience inclined him to consider seriously educational work in Japanese Government schools about that time. But it was clearly inevitable that mature days would allow his intensely spiritual nature to assert itself and dominate his future. It is certain that even before the end of his university career, he had definitely made up his mind, both to study for the ministry and to offer himself to the Church for her foreign missionary service.

"The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea."

The value to the man himself of stopping his own studies and replacing them by a year of teaching others, can readily be appreciated by any one who has had this experience. It is as if one were to pause for a time in any work for one's self and consider its effect on one's surroundings. The viewpoint is altogether different, and a readjustment of values inevitably takes place. At all

events, there was a new enthusiasm and a greater sweetness in the later years of Ingle's university life. The spirit of the man had ripened; life had become more real, of its purposes he had himself become conscious.

Certain memories we have of this time from his roommate, William N. Berkeley, M.D.

1887–88

Both of us being members of the same fraternity (Phi Kappa Psi), I had met Ingle occasionally already in 1886. He was away from college that year, teaching at Pantops Academy, but visited the old place now and then at vacation times.

Our room, No. 23, had been the home of our common friends and club-mates for some years, and my roommate's popularity and hospitableness did not tend to make it less of a resort, though both of us planned to be "diggers," and were not so blessed with this world's goods that we could afford to give much time to idleness.

Ingle's ticket, if I remember, was Jun. and Sen. Natural Philosophy, Logic, Psychology, French and Chemistry—a serious undertaking. He needed all these, however, to complete his M.A. degree, and his friends had not nearly so much doubt of his success as he had.

I remember very well the looks of our room after we fixed it up with such "traps" as we had. There were two beds, a bureau, a table, and two chairs. When visitors came, we used the beds and the guests took the chairs. Ingle's chair was a large rocker, and he had a big lapboard to write and read on—an arrangement of which he was specially fond. The walls were but little adorned. I do not recall anything much now, except an elaborate combination of Japanese fans which had been given him by "somebody," and two or three framed photographs—one, that of his sister, I think, and another. For light, we were still using student-lamps, and for heat we burned soft coal

in an open fireplace. For the coal, students usually paid $2.50 the half ton, buying little green "coal tickets" for this quantity from the proctor and having the coal stored in our cellars. Our servant was "Hercules"—a name well remembered, I don't doubt, by all the dwellers of that generation on East Lawn. Hercules was black by nature, and his hands still blacker by reason of the fact (if we might judge from the finger-prints on the sheets and pillows after he had "set the room to rights") that he never washed them. Hercules had a long-standing thirst for spirits, too, and his services were sometimes interrupted by several days' absence, as I remember, when recovering from a "celebration." However, he managed most of the time to get through his work, somehow, and we were too young and careless to be discomposed long by trifles.

Our day's work began at seven in the morning. Ingle had already breakfasted and was at Chapel by 7.50. Rev. James M. Rawlings was chaplain that year, and I remember well how simple and impressive that little ten minutes' service used to be. Ingle would then study or go to lecture (with an hour's stop for dinner) till 5 P.M., when he laid books aside and played tennis or went walking with friends till 6.30, the supper hour. After supper he smoked a long-stemmed pipe for a little while, then worked at books again till eleven, then punctually to bed. Saturday nights we stopped work earlier, and "skylarked" on the lawn, or went to club meetings or had "spreads" of jelly and cheese and crackers, with neighbors from our row or from across the lawn. On Sundays we rose at eight, breakfasted, and walked six miles out into the Ragged Mountains to help in the conduct of a Mission Sunday School, getting home again from the twelve-mile walk about half after one. Frank Muller—now teaching in Japan, I am told—used to meet us two miles out; he walked down from his lodgings on Observatory Mountain.

I recall a boyish resolve we once made late in autumn, on the way home from Sunday School to visit the Char-

lottesville Reservoir—four miles out of our path. We lost our way, not reaching the reservoir till two, nor home till four o'clock. But we were able (a fact which makes that old time seem further off than anything else I remember!) to solace ourselves with apples from the laden trees along the way, instead of dinner. After we got home, I slipped down the lawn and begged some lunch from my aunt, Mrs. John B. Minor, and we ate it to the last crumb with the appetites that only college boys feel.

If we got home at the usual time, Ingle usually arrayed himself in his best and went visiting "down-town," not appearing at the college again till 11.30 P.M., when he and "Joe" Dunn (now Rev. Jos. B. Dunn, rector of the Episcopal Church at Suffolk, Virginia) used to put in an appearance together, about the time I was going to bed. They had usually been at the same house "down-town," and stayed till they were sent away!

I think no man of his acquaintance in college could be found who did not admire and like Ingle. His hearty, natural, unaffected ways won the kindly regard of every one he met. His acquaintances remarked of him generally that Ingle's Christianity was more attractive than that of anybody they had ever known. His "sound mind in a sound body" taught him instinctively to avoid extremes, to be silent at the right time, to speak up at the right time. He was deeply interested in the work of the college Y. M. C. A., and rarely missed a meeting. His talks there, when he did talk, were simple, earnest, plain, from the heart, voicing the convictions of a Christian whose ghosts of doubt had long since been laid. He had already resolved to go to China, and he helped to gather together a little company of future missionaries in the college, and to diffuse interest and sympathy generally in the work. But, far more than his words, his life spoke for the sincerity of his heart and the depth of his conviction, and it is a gentle thought to us that perhaps in ways that he thought least of, his influence had been most permanent and abiding.

The year passed rapidly along, and, thanks to his fine constitution and active exercise, he never had a day's indisposition the whole session and made all of his tickets with ease. I remember how happy he looked when he came in one day in early June, several weeks before we could usually hope to hear from our examinations, and said Prof. Schele de Vere had met him on the arcade and told him in so many words that he was "safe" in French. It was not long before good news from all the other tickets was also published, and with great thankfulness we gave ourselves over, during the last week, to sheer "loafing,"—wound up by the proud day when he went forward, in the presence of his friends, to receive his degree of Master of Arts;—and so our year was over.

It hardly seems right to stop without saying how much he was loved and esteemed by his club-mates. Among these young men, all "good fellows" and gentlemen, but naturally of very varying "theological bias," he was able to move with such tact and natural kindliness that he was a great source of unity and strength in the club, and the object of sincere regard and affection with us all.

The many happy, careless nights we passed at "meetings," the uproariously funny things the jokers said and did, the feasts we had, the songs we sang, the tobacco we smoked,—till, like Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, we departed "cloud-capped within and without"—all this I am bound by solemn oath and covenant not to reveal! It was all that goes to make up gentle memories of college life in general and of Addison Ingle in particular.

On December 10, 1887, Ingle wrote to his father that he felt himself entirely too young yet to study for the ministry and that he was very seriously considering and wanted his advice about accepting for a couple of years a teaching appointment under the Japanese Government. It appeared that the Japanese Government had about twelve vacancies in their staff of English teachers, and

that they "had expressed a preference for Christians." He says:

"You cannot fail to see the advantages that open up a still wider one: A chance to learn the language and customs, without committing myself to the missionary work, yet all the time fitting myself for that work, and determining my field when I shall go forth in that capacity. A chance of expanding and ripening character and doing good."

Subsequent events, however, show that it was deemed wise that he should not accept this offer for Japan, but begin his study for the ministry at once, and his dear friend, James W. Norris, seems to have greatly influenced him to join him at the Virginia Theological Seminary and so to hasten his preparation for ordination and his missionary life.

At the end of three years of university life, Ingle took his degree as Master of Arts (this brings us to the spring of 1888); and Dr. Grammer says of him that the university stamp was always shown in the precision of his thought and expression, and in his power of concentration and sustained mental exertion.

Another very considerable factor than this in the development of the man, however, remained yet to determine itself—the question as to the future pre-eminence of studious and especially literary instincts as compared with practical efficiency. We well know of not a few men, of no greater literary gifts than Ingle, who have allowed themselves to become thereby involved,—to considerable loss, as regards their personal character and their practical efficiency. Ingle's was a studiously analytical nature.

But what is perhaps even more subtle a drag on practical development, he had a certain dreamy and positively poetical tendency, as exemplified in his manner of thought at this time.

With regard to his poetic manner of thought, every youth dreams his day-dreams and learns at some time or

other that the familiar figures of nature really mean something besides pretty words; yet a man who writes his own such thoughts is not the man that one would naturally expect to find roughing it in the heart of Hu Nan, alone in a Chinese house-boat, or organizing with ease the intricate material of a large foreign missionary diocese.

The fact remains, however, that Ingle was an all-round man, a dreamer who put his visions into practice; a pedant whose very wayside conversation was filled with purpose and power. And now that we have written it, we remember that these were the very characteristics of the Master Whom he served with his whole soul.

There were three factors that we easily recognize which made Ingle a practical man. Perhaps not the least of these in importance was his keen sense of humor. A man who can see the funny side of everything and handle it with kindliness and gentle dignity, is not likely to allow himself to become ridiculous in his own eyes. Humor is a great balancer and smoother over of fads and idiosyncrasies. Humor has a very positive psychological value.

We have already spoken of the peculiar power which the University of Virginia has of enabling her sons to weigh and judge the essentials; this is the second element which we recognize in making Ingle a practical man.

In the missionary work of the Alexandria Seminary, we find the third and perhaps the most potent, and we find in this the most conspicuous figure which entered into the sum of his development during the three years of that apprenticeship.

In September, 1888, Ingle entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia, and graduated from it three years later in 1891. The Seminary is more familiarly known as "Alexandria," and Ingle was back on well-known ground. The prospectus says of it as follows:

"The Seminary has given to the Church over one thousand ministers, twenty-nine of its alumni to the episcopate, and more than sixty men to the Foreign Mission

field. In addition to this, it has founded all the Foreign Missions of our Church, except where in recent years the Church has followed the flag into our newly acquired colonial possessions."

Certain items, not stated in the prospectus, we cannot resist adding thereto.

"Alexandria" is a typical Low Church seminary,—perhaps evangelical is the more proper definition. Ingle's father was a very low churchman, and in Ingle's younger clerical days he shows considerable anxiety concerning the churchmanship of those colleagues with whom he worked; particularly is this evident of his fears with regard to Episcopal jurisdiction in China, and it is interesting to note that the older he grew, the less importance did he place upon the matter, until the time when he was himself bishop, and wielded jurisdiction over every kind and description of churchman with entire impartiality and respect for all.

The total cost of living at Alexandria, exclusive of personal effects, is stated to be about one hundred and seventy-eight dollars, and one may easily gather from this that neither sumptuosity nor self-indulgence is the rule there.

The characteristics of the school, aside from its theological status, are mainly such as make the most of all the Church's missionary interests. There are a number of regular Seminary missions—at present twelve—in the neighborhood, where services are held by students. "These have been established by the Local Missionary Society and are directed by a committee composed of students elected by the Society and the Professor of Pastoral Theology, who has been appointed by the bishop of the diocese as rector in charge of the mission stations."

During Ingle's seminary life he was closely in touch with this mission work, which, especially among the colored people, was difficult and required unusual tact and sound common sense, and he had both of these.

1889–91

In 1889, Ingle suffered a great disappointment, into which we may not go, but of which he left some thoughts from which the following is taken.

"And ever since . . . I have been constrained to acknowledge 'He doeth all things well.' And if my heart feels empty, is it not my own fault? He has promised to come in and dwell there. Why do I not admit Him? Mine is the blame, O gracious Lord! and rightly mine the suffering. For in my ingratitude I have forgotten my Lord and then thought that He had forgotten me. Because my love was cold, I fancied His had also grown cold. If, then, I have neglected Him, shall I not henceforth cease to neglect? I have not made Him my Saviour in full. I was willing to be saved by Him from eternal death, but not willing to take Him as the partner of my heart, my love, my life, my all. No! I have slighted Him, turned Him away when He came with His boundless offers of mercy. But I shall do so no longer. Henceforth I am entirely His, and He shall be mine—mine for life, mine for death, mine through all eternity. God help me! Amen.

"Frederick, The Rectory, July 19, 1889."

The storm was too great, and a little later we find signs of morbid introspection—real enough at the time, no doubt, and fearful with suffering, but distinctly morbid,—but at the end light seems to come, and at the name of Jesus, peace.

"But, thank God, 'ye shall call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' Saviour, let me claim the promise. No merits, no worth. Nothing but sins, and falls and sins. Nothing but a belief that Thou

canst save me, and wilt save me, if I endure to the end. Yes, and a resolve to 'endure to the end.'

"Precious Jesus, I bring myself to Thee. And I solemnly promise, that if Thou wilt strengthen and help me, I will yet bring this heart into subjection to Thee. But I ask for a double portion of Thy aid, Lord, for I am weak, so prone to fall. O! be and remain close to me, and let me feel Thy Presence and remember Thy promises, whenever I am tempted to sin against Thee.

"Saviour, this strength means everything to me. Do not let me fail for an instant. Do not desert me, for I am lost without Thee. Accept, I pray, this offering of my all for Thy service, and let me yet do a glorious and useful work for Thee, and carry Thy gospel to the nations who as yet know it not. Father, bless me, and let this day be the beginning of a steadily uprising life, and make me to grow in grace day by day till I come to Thy everlasting kingdom. For Christ's sake.

"(Signed) JAMES ADDISON INGLE.

"September 15, 1889."

Two letters from his associates of this time give a pretty good idea of the circumstances of Ingle's seminary life, and, though without any special sequence, when taken together give the picture.

Mr. Josiah R. Ellis, for example, writes:

November 30, 1904.

MY DEAR MISS INGLE:

I knew your brother well, and to know him was to love him. He and I were together on the Colored Mission, as it was called.

His work at the Colored Mission was methodical and painstaking. Tuesday and Thursday nights were given to the Night School; Friday evening to visiting the negroes in their humble homes; Sunday afternoon to the Sunday School. These appointments were sacredly kept.

He regarded them as opportunities of forwarding the Lord's work among these poor people, and held them as a sacred trust.

His visits to the negroes in their cabins was an emphasized phase of the work which he diligently prosecuted. Dinner being over on Fridays, Ingle was around reminding the fellows, and shortly he and his co-workers went off two by two to teach these humble, feeble folk the Way of Life. They looked forward to his coming on these visits, and enjoyed his fervent and helpful prayers. The old mammies always found him a ready and sympathetic listener.

The gratitude and appreciation of those among whom he worked was abundantly shown when John Miller, one of the Seminary dining-room servants, invited him and us to tea at his house. Ingle's common sense was shown by the way he handled the delicate situation. To refuse the invitation might unnecessarily hurt the negro's feelings, to accept it might be fraught with even worse results. He told John he would let him know about it. He called a conference of his fellow-workers, and advised an acceptance of the invitation, believing that the negro would know his place. His faith was not misplaced. John met us at the door with apron on, hat in hand, and taking our hats, sat us down to an elegant supper, served by himself and his son, now an ordained Episcopal minister.

Ingle's life, in a word, was devotion to duty.

(Signed) Josiah R. Ellis.

The second letter is from the viewpoint of one of Ingle's juniors:

Frankfort, September 14, 1904.

It is an exceedingly rare occurrence for a man to spend three years at any place like the Seminary and, without exception, be admired and loved by every teacher and every student and every neighbor and every servant with whom

he is associated during the entire time. But I honestly believe this may be asserted of Ingle.

He was a "senior" when I entered the Seminary; and "bishop" of the Negro Mission at St. Cyprian's Chapel, which of course flourished under his leadership.

I remember distinctly the first time I talked with him. [One remembers a talk with Ingle. See Dedication.—Editor.] A few weeks of the session had passed. I had heard the lower-class men praise him so often, I had gotten to look upon him as different from and vastly superior to most of us. One day, in the gymnasium, he stopped in the midst of some wonderful "Indian club" movements, came over to where I was, and asked me to take up work on his mission. Even if I had not secretly felt highly honored, his simple, sincere manner would have won me, and I should have accepted without hesitation. And so he became my "bishop," which relationship lasted until he was ordained deacon and began making preparations for going to China.

No teacher on the mission ever questioned what "Mr. Ingle" did or said. So far as their associations with him were concerned, to all practical purposes the doctrine of his infallibility in their minds was real and absolute. They did not think he could be mistaken. Whatever he said was the proper thing. Whatever he did was just right. All that he asked was done. I often wondered when, two years after, I had charge of the mission with some of those same teachers, what was the magic power which made such conditions possible. I knew that largely it was because he *was* right, because he had good judgment and discretion and was lovable; but there must have been something else to make it possible to harmonize some dozen or more opinions and unite them into one.

His last two or three months at the Seminary were very busy ones. He had undertaken to raise his own salary for the work in China. This meant frequent journeys to different parts of the country. Early in April, if I remember rightly, he gave up the mission on "the hill," that he might

have more time for these trips. One little incident occurred, in connection with his resignation, which, though a very small thing in itself, showed the spirit of the man.

The teachers decided to make him sit with them in the chapel for a photograph. One of the students, a very good amateur, was to be the photographer. Their idea was to have him sit in the central foreground, with the teachers and other officers grouped around him.

Not so! What he did was characteristic of him. No sooner had he appeared on the scene than he had the teachers and officers arrange themselves in the center, while he placed himself on one side, just back of them; and the man who was about to succeed him in exactly the same position on the other side. With some men, it might seem to have been done for effect. It was nothing of the kind with him, but only a simple instance in which was evidenced that determined purpose which ever actuated him—to lose sight of himself.

Apart from any human tendency to idealize those we love, it surely can be dispassionately said that Bishop Ingle was an uncommon man. In gifts and acquirements he was better than his fellows—certainly most of them. It never occurred to him that he was more gifted, more noble, of finer quality than men usually are; and it never occurred to him that there was any modesty in his not thinking so. Herein consisted his true humility and his real greatness.

(Signed) Austin B. Shinn.

Some months before graduation, Ingle applied to the Board of Missions for appointment to its staff in China. His letters of application are, as usual, formal, but they exhibit two or three facts of interest. An earlier letter than those quoted makes it clear that Ingle was more than fearful of the effect of the altitude of the churchly atmosphere of Hankow, China, and that he greatly favored the reported ecclesiastical climate in the neighborhood of Shanghai, as likely to agree with his spiritual welfare.

("Man proposeth," etc. He went to Hankow, and survived the spiritual conditions he found there.)

Again, we find that it was directly as the result of a visit and address of Archdeacon Thomson of Shanghai that Ingle determined to apply definitely for appointment to China, and that he greatly hoped to work under the leadership of that most lovable and winsome personality. Neither did this hope fulfil itself.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA,
December 27, 1890.

As Mr. J. Addison Ingle wishes to apply to the Board for work in the Foreign Mission field, it gives me great pleasure, after personal and intimate knowledge of him for three years past, to testify both to his achievements as a student and his character as a Christian gentleman. Studious, thorough, and brilliant, he took his place, at the beginning of his course, among the leaders of an exceptionally bright class, and has held it ever since with increasing commendation; while his pure, unselfish Christian deportment has endeared him to all, and his practical good judgment has made him a valued friend and wise counselor. He is the St. John of the Seminary. He is also a clear and effective speaker, and his consecration to the missionary cause has been marked by the highest motives and intelligent zeal.

Besides, as a teacher in our Preparatory Department he has proved himself specially gifted and acceptable. He is well trained in every way, and fitted to be a brilliant ornament to the missionary forces of our Church.

I can commend him without the slightest feeling of restraint, and congratulate the Board on the prospect of getting him.

Yours, etc.,

(Signed) A. CRAWFORD.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, November 24, 1890.

DR. LANGFORD:

Dear Sir—I am nearing the end of my course in the Seminary, and wish to go as a foreign missionary next year. I write to ask for information on a matter of great importance to me. My desire is to go to China. My plans had been laid to work in another field, and I had dismissed China from my thoughts, when we had a visit from Rev. Mr. Thomson of Shanghai, who made us a simple address on China, and told us that he was going back alone to a field where he had worked (partly with Mr. Pott, I believe) for thirty years, during which time not one ordained missionary had come to his help. He told us of the danger of the work's death when he and his companion die, and urged us to send some one to help him, as he is growing old and feeble. His address touched us all, and the thought that the work that our noble Bishop Boone started, which had been faithfully upheld by this old man, was in danger of failing through lack of workers, decided me to ask to be sent to his help. I cannot claim to be a worthy successor of either of these noble men, but the claim of the work itself, and the claim of the work as the work of men from our Seminary, determined me. Thus I feel called to this especial work, and if the Church will send me, I will go.

I am very anxious to know definitely and soon whether or not I am going, and if going, to what field. Till then my mouth is practically shut, I can only vaguely talk about it, can make no appeals, and am powerless to arouse much interest among my friends. I wish to be able to say, "I am going to China, I have received my commission." Then I can talk.

Now, you told me last spring that I had better not apply till February. But I think I can be much more useful and much happier and better fitted for my work if I know definitely before that time, and can make my plans accordingly.

Please try to make this possible, and let me hear as soon as possible your answer to my other questions.

Very sincerely,
(Signed) JAMES ADDISON INGLE.

Ingle's formal application was as follows:

FREDERICK, MARYLAND, December 30, 1890.

To the Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church:

I hereby offer myself for missionary work in China, to assist the Rev. E. H. Thomson.

I shall be twenty-four years old on March 11, 1891; was born and reside in Frederick, Maryland; and was educated at Frederick Academy until fifteen years of age. I then spent two years at the Episcopal High School near Alexandria, Virginia. Thence I went to the University of Virginia, where I spent three years, taking the degree of Master of Arts (1888). I am in the present senior class of the Theological Seminary of Virginia. I have had four years' experience of teaching, chiefly Greek.

My health is good. My medical examiner pronounced me faultless. His statement is probably already in the hands of the Board.

I expect to go as presbyter during the coming year, and my primary desire is to aid Rev. Mr. Thomson. If, however, that place can be better supplied otherwise, and I be used to more advantage elsewhere, I am ready to work anywhere.

I expect to be ordained to the deaconate on the twenty-ninth day of January. I am very anxious to have the decision of the Board before that time.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) JAMES ADDISON INGLE.

P.S.—I inclose testimonials and my bishop's recommendation. I have deferred applying so long, waiting for the latter.

From present indications I expect to go unmarried.

So closed the student days, and Ingle, being a full-grown man, went out into the larger life of men of action. In looking back at his life in college and seminary, it is not to be overlooked that in one particular it differed from the life of many who have afterward proved themselves greatly good: Ingle spent no years carelessly. He never did sow any wild oats, even of the less savagely wild variety. Hannington's university days were careless in the extreme, given over to pleasure and the pursuits of popularity and self-interest. Through all, it is true, there ran the strain of promise. That perfect love for his mother was enough to have redeemed Hannington's life from almost any depths. And he was a manly scapegrace and a lovable one. And there is a grandeur in his later conquest of himself which holds out hope and inspiration to those whose early lives have passed and bear the marks of the world's wear and tear and power. But Ingle came into his manhood unspotted from the world, with no sign of earthly stain or record of wasted years. He had always been in deadly earnest, he had known and loved his Master always. The pure and childlike purpose of his heart had been forming and growing through the years, and had become a part of himself. There was a living, moving glory in his life from the very beginning of him. Both men were great men, and both men made good at the last, and no doubt it takes many kinds of saints to make up the citizenship in God's wide kingdom.

James Addison Ingle was ordained deacon in All Saints' Church, Frederick, Maryland, January 29—Thursday—1891, by Right Rev. William Paret, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Maryland.

"On the Saturday preceding the ordination, one of those touching and intimate scenes occurred which were not common in the parish, but which were, happily, not so infrequent but that memories of more than one, perhaps not less tender than this, are treasured in the minds of those who shared them. A note of this one has been jealously preserved, and from it these lines are quoted:"

"Mr. Ingle advanced to the chancel steps and addressed us in the tender way in which he always spoke to his people, 'My beloved.' His quiet, beautifully modulated voice had a tone in it I had never heard before, and he said in effect:

"'You have been so much to me in the sorrows which have come to me, your tender sympathy has been shown so often in hours of bereavement, that I come before you to-day not only with a heart full of thanks for those evidences of your love, but also to ask you to share with me in my great joy. When my first-born son was laid in my arms, if I had been told that a wish, a single wish, would be granted me, I should have asked that he might be spared to grow up into a Christian manhood. If a second wish had been offered, I should have asked that he devote that life to the ministry of Christ's Church. And if, for the third time, I had been promised the granting of a wish, I should have prayed that he might become a messenger to those who know not our Lord. Now all of these wishes have been, or are to be, fulfilled, and I ask that you rejoice with me in my exceeding great joy.'"

And again James Addison Ingle was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Paret, at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Maryland, on the second Sunday after Trinity, June 7, 1891.

In the "Spirit of Missions" for March, 1891, there was made the following announcement:

"*China.*—The Board of Managers, at its meeting February 10, acting for the missionary district of Shanghai, appointed the Rev. James Addison Ingle, of the senior class of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, missionary to China. Mr. Ingle's outfit and support have been especially contributed."

After appointment by the Board of Missions there was a period of six or eight months, occupied, by an arrangement between Ingle and the Board, in an endeavor to raise a certain amount toward his own support before leaving

for China. This time was largely spent in deputation work, traveling about the country, and speaking on the general subject of missions. The required funds were raised, but probably the greater advantage to Ingle lay in the experience and in the many friends and acquaintances that he made during this time, who stood him in good stead in the years to come. He developed considerable ability as a speaker, and his great charm of manner made a very positive impression. It is perhaps not sufficiently realized by the Home Church, however, that the missionary with a charm of manner is at a very positive advantage over his brother without the same, though their practical work in foreign lands may be equally good. (This is merely a side word for the man without the charm!)

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

"Most gracious God, send forth the ministers of Thy Word and Sacraments to gather together, in all parts of the world, the wandering and the lost into Thy blessed flock."

—

VOYAGE AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS

The missionary letters of James Addison Ingle, the publication of which is the main purpose of this book, should be understood as not only of the nature of private correspondence, but almost without exception as coming under the head of "home letters." The great majority of them were written to the members of his immediate family, chiefly to his beloved father.

The material at hand is ample. From the time of starting to within a very few days of his death, Ingle wrote home regularly, averaging often several letters a month, and that is a sufficient diary of any man's far-distant life and work. The attempt at anything more frequent than that would swamp the significant in an amount of detail that even the most gifted writer and the most long-suffering reader would find equally irksome.

The periods of his clerical and episcopal services are left largely to his own telling, and well so left. There is no need for any preliminary comments. Yet a brief note or two by the Editor may be of interest.

The early letters are written with a pen, all the later ones on a machine; the last is dictated. Wholesale cutting has been necessitated, but rarely has this been through lack of interest in the matter and rarely through desire

to avoid an unfavorable impression. Occasionally the spirit of pure fun has led the writer into flights of amiable satire which were entirely harmless and without any slightest sting of cruelty or cynicism. But Ingle was a born tease, and the imp of satire did once in a while take entire possession of his right arm, with the result that the Editor has enjoyed many a good laugh which, selfishly, he cannot bring himself to share with you, dear readers. There is one particularly delicious letter, a perfect masterpiece of mischief, and dealing with—but that is just what we are unable to say. What a pity, too!

It would be misleading in the extreme to say that Ingle was a humorist. The word would totally misrepresent the man, and yet he was at many times full of a most sweet and gentle humor, such humor as makes life pleasant and smooths the way and greases the wheels of society. And his life was essentially social. And, if anywhere on earth, the wheels in China need greasing and the ways smoothing. It should be a serious consideration of the House of Bishops, in selecting its candidates for the foreign field, that they should have a full measure of the sense of humor. The Bishop of Shanghai has it, and tells the best of stories and has the merriest of laughs. God grant us ever bishops that can laugh often and heartily. We need them, and, dear knows, they need themselves!

Ingle never dreamt that his letters would be published, as is evident; but perhaps in their very naturalness will be found something more delightful than had he intended them for public reading. We employed a professional stenographer to copy these letters, with a view to publication. It was a simple business arrangement. She was an unemotional person, there was nothing said or referred to between us to call for anything but the coldest and most callous interchange of orders, work, and checks. When paid for her completed work, she started for the door, and then, turning, said: "I would not have missed the chance of doing that work for anything that I can think of. I

have grown to love that man and reverence his memory. I supposed, as I worked, that he was still living, until I came to the letters at the end; and when I read about his death I cried like a child." What, then, of us who knew the man?

A brief quoted extract gives a synopsis of the first period of Ingle's missionary life, with which the letters deal.

"Ingle left Frederick on October 12, 1891, and arrived in Shanghai on November 17. At that time the mission was without a bishop, and to a large extent every one did what was right in his own eyes. Ingle clearly expected to remain in Shanghai, and commenced the study of the language there; but on December 7 he received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Locke of Hankow, asking him to work in that city. He went to see the work, and removed permanently to Hankow early in January."

1891

San Francisco, October 25, 1891.

My dearest All:

About three o'clock we started out to visit Chinatown, where from twenty to thirty thousand Chinese live. On the way I came across quite a dear university friend, Dr. Ben Brown. At the police station we found the clerk a Virginian, originally from Fairfax County. He secured us a nice guide and we went through the place. It seems to present a perfect picture of Chinese life, houses, shops, temples and all. Our guide was a well-known policeman, and never asked admittance, merely demanded it, and if it was not promptly given, called or hammered until he got it. He opened doors and walked in, and we followed. We were amazed at the squalor and wretchedness everywhere. We went through black underground passages to a room about ten feet square, a horrible hole where a blind man lived, without a single opening for light or air. We

could scarcely endure five minutes in it, and could not imagine living there. We went into their "Palace Hotel" [one of the leading hotels of San Francisco is called "The Palace."—EDITOR], a medium-size building, with little rooms above and under ground, where hundreds live and sleep, a dozen or more in a little hole about ten by fifteen feet. Many of these places were private opium-dens, and their occupants confirmed smokers. Our guide took us into gambling-rooms which had been raided by the police and the thick doors of Australian iron-wood (very costly), studded with iron bolts, cut through with axes and sledge-hammers by the officers. He says that when at last the police break open the door, or it is opened from within, they find the room full of meek Chinamen sitting around, smoking their pipes as placidly as if a mile from disturbance. When questioned they reply, "No savvy talk." While the door is being burst through all signs of the gambling have been taken into the next room and dumped into a sewer. So it is very hard to convict them.

We went into their restaurants, some parts of which are handsomely furnished, with carving and tapestry about the walls. We saw a group eating in a cheaper room, holding the bowls of rice to their mouths and shoveling into their mouths with chopsticks. They made no objection to our entrance, but were unwilling to have us watch them long. So we went up-stairs, where an old gentleman was playing dominoes with two or three girls. Our guide walked into the room without any invitation, and we followed. But the rudeness of our entrance was too much for me, though they made no objection, and I suggested that we withdraw. So we did.

We went into the Joss house or temple (Joss from (?) *Dios,* God). The lower floor had its walls lined with small figures (about two feet high) representing their famous actors and actresses. The upper floor was the temple proper, where are the idols, hideous fat images before which incense burns constantly. Offerings of candy, etc.,

were before one of these, and the room was full of quaint metal urns, immense swords, and queer banners. There was an oven, too, where, according to the guide, prayers written on paper are burned. Here is heathenism in full blast.

We noticed how pleased the men seemed to be with any attention paid to their children. The little ones, too, were very amusing, skipping and dancing along in queer costume, with pigtail flying in the air. Paxton snapped his finger at a boy of about seven years, and the child followed us half a square, dancing beside us and cracking his fingers as Paxton had done. They were full of interest to us, and we saw many pleasant faces among them. [San Francisco's Chinatown was destroyed by the earthquake and fire.—EDITOR.]

PACIFIC OCEAN, Tuesday, October 27, 1891.

You who have been at sea know what it is to feel light as a feather when the vessel goes down, and heavy as lead when she rises, to walk at an angle of forty-five degrees, and seem to be trying to climb the side of a house. We have had some absurd sliding and lunging. Last night I was lying stretched out just where Paxton took his start for the slide. ["Paxton's slide" happened previously and is not quoted.—EDITOR.] A young lady undertook to cross the room, when a sudden lurch started her in my direction. She tried to stop, but in vain. Arms out, leaning like a person sliding down a hill backward, she came on straight for me. I saw her coming, raised myself and awaited the onslaught. I opened my arms (to prevent her striking the wall). On she came, careening like a little bark in a heavy sea, on straight into the harbor of my arms. She did n't stay there long. She seemed embarrassed, while Paxton, who had been spun out into the floor, thought it rich, rare, and racy.

This young lady is a Baptist missionary, on her way to Canton. She is Miss Claudia J. White from Rockerville.

She is slight and delicate-looking, with a sweet face and quite unassuming manners. She is traveling alone to China, and will probably be the only lady passenger from Yokohama to Hong Kong. There is a quiet earnestness about her that is as good as a sermon (I know you are glad I am engaged). She has just returned from the steerage, where she has been talking to some Chinese women. She goes there every day; once or twice I have been with her there or on deck when she stopped to talk to some of the crew or steerage passengers who were airing themselves. The Chinese are constitutional gamblers, with dominoes especially, and we can find a game always going on. She stopped and talked "the Doctrine" [1] to them. They were all very polite, even when gambling. When she was talking a crowd gathered about us and began to talk about the Doctrine. She would tell them as best she could the story of the Gospel, and regularly discuss it with them. They are ready to listen and anxious to talk about such things. If some seemed to be unappreciative, one or another would often side with Miss White, explain something to help her, and reproach the others for their lack of appreciation and respect. [Very characteristic and often of great help to the foreigner. The first Chinese to catch the idea, or think he does so, interrupts and explains it. Naturally, there are elements of danger.—EDITOR.] They have great respect for teachers. She carried with her a roll with about twenty Bible pictures, which she showed to the men and explained as if they were children. There were about twelve or fifteen men always about us, crew and passengers, and their earnest and often pleasant and intelligent faces had a great charm for me. They asked me to speak, and I did talk a little and they said they understood.

All the crew of the vessel are Chinese, and all the waiters but one (Japanese) are the same, and I never saw better waiters and servants. Most of them can talk a little Eng-

[1] "Dau-li" is the common expression for any formal doctrine.—EDITOR.

lish, and all understand it pretty well. Bob[1] has used his call-bell about twenty-five times a day since he has been aboard, and has found the waiters always polite and efficient. The captain and officers are also all polite and kind.

This afternoon (Wednesday, 28th) Miss White had a notice written in Chinese and posted in the steerage, saying that the teachers would be there each day at 2.30. So we went. Paxton led the singing, and we three sang Gospel hymns. Then I explained Bible pictures from the colored chart and she interpreted. About ten feet away men were noisily gambling with dominoes, and at about the same distance men lay smoking opium, but about thirty gathered around us and listened like children, asking us to go on when we stopped. They are earnest, polite, and attentive, and would shame any similarly composed American crowd I ever saw. They do not take in all that we have to say, for Miss White's Chinese is limited and somewhat defective, but they are always ready to help her with the proper word [often the improper word.—EDITOR], when it fails her. We stayed with them about three quarters of an hour, and found two Christian boys among them, making six Christians among them of whom we know, out of about three hundred and sixty-nine Chinamen. This evening, about six o'clock, I found Miss White out on deck talking to a little knot of sailors. She was trying to make them understand something about the Holy Spirit, and they seemed anxious to learn, but she had difficulty, as you may imagine, especially as her Chinese was so limited. Several of the men have children whom they say they wish to send to school in Canton. There are certain of the men who are in almost every crowd about her and ask her questions. One in particular, a big jolly fellow, seems to wish her to talk incessantly. Yet they are thoughtful of her comfort. Twice they gave her

[1] Rev. Robert Massie and his wife sailed for Shanghai with Ingle.

a chair while she was standing on deck talking to them, and this evening one said, "You no have time talk any more, you must be tired. Wantee sit down?" She told him, "No," that the only thing that made her really tired was the limited knowledge of Chinese she had, while she had so many things to tell them. "You talk velly good when get to Canton," he replied. She says that she has never met with a rebuff or any rudeness from any of them when she talked with them, but has always found them nice and polite. They consider it proper to ask your age, your parents' ages, occupation, why you left them, whether you send them money, what your coat cost, how you put your shoes on, how much your cuff-buttons cost, and various other questions which to us would savor of impertinence. There are many interesting faces even among these rough sailors, and I doubt if you could find a jollier or better-behaved crowd anywhere, while the cabin waiters are models.

Miss White lent one of her Chinese books to Al Fat, a bright waiter. He read and returned it. Not long after, as he passed the picture-roll, he stopped and began to explain it to some of the men. They listened well, for he was an excellent talker. He told about Daniel and the lions. "Do you think those lions ate him up?" he asked. "Not a bit of it." He read from the book the healing of the withered hand. "Do you suppose he stretched out his hand? Of course he did" (stretching out his own hand), "and it was made well." Miss White was listening to him from a neighboring state-room, where she was visiting some Chinese women. He said to her, "Teacher, I talked a lot of doctrine, did n't I? And did n't those men listen?" She says he is really quite eloquent ("mouth-luck" they call it). She told him so, and said that he ought to give himself to God. But this did not seem to suit his fancy. When he gave her back the book, he said, referring to Jesus, "He heals well."

Her talks with the sailors on deck are more interesting

than with the crowds below. They gather about her as soon as she stops, and talk freely and ask questions. Great, big, rough men bend over her as she holds the Chinese book, and read aloud in their queer way. Two nights ago, as we came along the deck, the Chinese boatswain, Lung Yui, motioned to her to be quiet, and pointed out a man near by. He was standing, leaning against the cabin, holding on with one hand, and with the other holding a little Chinese book to the dim light of a swinging lantern. He was slowly and laboriously reading aloud something about the Fourth Commandment. He read for about five minutes before he saw us, and then stopped to talk. Last night I heard him singing the Chinese "Jesoo or' ngot" ("Jesus loves me"). Miss White got a Chinese hymn-book, and for an hour and a half he sat beside her and read aloud Chinese hymns, while an old man sat by and listened. Meanwhile I was explaining to Lung Yui the pictures in an illustrated life of Jesus. As I told him about the miracles and the parables, he said, "Good, good. All velly good." He is a nice fellow with a very pleasant face. He told me he had two wives, one in Canton, the other in Hong Kong (a wise disposition of forces). He has only one child, a boy of six. "What is his name?" "Me no give him name; call him 'littel boy' aller time." "Is he good?" "No; he play in street aller time, come in mud on foot, mud on clo'es, mud all over. I say, 'Gettee you no more clo'es.' He say, 'My mudder gettee me clo'es.' I sendee him school one year."

I have become so used to the appearance of these Chinese that they no longer seem strange, and I find them as kind and considerate as any men I ever met. There seems to be a native politeness about them which is entirely wanting in our lower classes. We have met none who are really educated, yet a number of them read Chinese and many can talk a little English. Some really talk it well, and the young ones seem to be very anxious to learn both Chinese and English.

To-day is beautiful and bright (Thursday, November 5), and we are within three or four days of Yokohama.

I don't think I have told you that we had no Monday this week. The second of November was dropped as completely from our calendar as if it had no existence. On Saturday we crossed one hundred and eighty degrees longitude, and as that is the dividing line of two hemispheres, we must be different in time from you a day. But instead of dropping Sunday, the proper one according to rule, being the day following the day of crossing, we dropped Monday, so as to allow the crew immunities which come with Sunday. As a result, this week will have only six days. Before dropping the day we were steadily falling behind you in time, setting back the clock about twenty minutes each day, which, however, makes it [now that the meridian is crossed.—EDITOR] about fourteen hours later here, so while it is 10.30 A.M. Friday here, in the East [the Eastern States—west to the Far East.—EDITOR] it is about 8 P.M. of Thursday. We have had two Sunday services, and I spoke both times.

The officers and employees of the boat seem to be pleasant men, but none of them, as far as I know, are Christians. The surgeon seems to know his business, but does n't care much for the Chinese. Miss White asked him to visit a sick Chinaman. This was about four o'clock. He said he would go about 7.30, but that he would n't give him medicine, even if he knew it would save his life. This seems quite heartless, yet he has some excuse. [Medical missionaries daily face just such complications.—EDITOR.] When a Chinaman dies on board he is embalmed and taken to China. The surgeon gets about twelve dollars for doing this. He said that another surgeon doctored several Chinese who died. The Chinese said that he had killed them to get the money for embalming them, consequently they brought such pressure to bear that he was discharged.

The captain is something of a sphinx. It is almost impossible to get any definite information out of him.

The only way in which to have the faintest chance of gaining even an indirect reply is by letting your tone and manner indicate somewhat as follows: "O sage, who peerest into the abyss of a thousand eternities, and overrunnest the universe in the circumference of thy boundless intellect, deign to enlighten thy servant, a dog, an outcast from the paradise of nautical lore, who hangs trembling upon each utterance of thy revered lips." This sometimes works, sometimes it does n't.

This evening Miss White saw a shrine in the steerage. In a recess of covered wood hung a large Chinese character, meaning "God," before no idol or image, and it seemed like the altar on Mars Hill, an offering to the unknown God. Many of the people say that they worship God, and many say that they care nothing for the idols. Some, however, say that they love the idols.

Yesterday was delightful; the air was balmy and the water smooth. Bob preached in Social Hall. Five Christian Chinamen [the Chinese do not like this word.—EDITOR] were present. In the afternoon we had our usual steerage meeting—but what surroundings for a service! A yard to my left stood a barber shaving a man's head; in front were opium and tobacco smokers, and an excited and noisy crowd of gamblers; just behind us was some one energetically picking the mandolin; above us, on deck, a large iron windlass was noisily winding up the immense anchor-chain; and even among our audience a number of cigarettes and pipes were in full blast. But despite these difficulties, we had a rather encouraging meeting. Some of the men have a wondering expression, others look interested, some wistful, some incredulous. One woman was in the crowd yesterday. There are a number of things in their religion which form excellent bases for what we have to teach. They are prepared to believe miracles; they recognize the evils of polygamy, opium-smoking, and gambling, though they are wedded to all three; they assent to the Ten Commandments as

good, and recognize the obligation to do as they say in most respects. Many care nothing for their idols.

Probably we shall not see land until this afternoon [the first glimpse of land is often the peak of Fuji, which may be seen seventy-five miles distant.—EDITOR], and we expect to land either this evening or to-morrow morning. We think our vessel for Shanghai leaves to-morrow noon. If so, we expect to have some fun on land to-night.

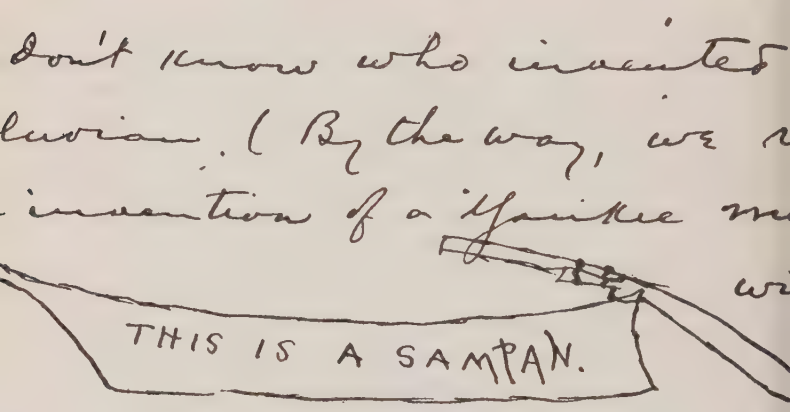
INLAND SEA, JAPAN, November 14, 1891.

The vessel anchored about seven o'clock, and our party went ashore in a steam-launch. At a word from the porter there was a scampering of feet and whirling of wheels across the street, and four or five jinrikisha men were upon us. They are very absurd-looking fellows. They wear a sort of loose-fitting tights (a contradiction in terms, I know, but my only way to express it), and are either bareheaded or covered with a hat that looks like an inverted butter-bowl.

On the way to the hotel and afterward we heard constantly a peculiar whistle, which we thought was a policeman's signal. It turned out to be the notice given by the massage doctors who parade the streets and are called in when needed.[1] We passed a comfortable night, and after an early breakfast (excellent, Japanese beef being famous) secured our tickets and went back to the *City of Peking* to say good-by to our friends and arrange for the transfer of our baggage to the *Yokohama Maru*,[2] our new home for a week. We went over in a sampan, another Japanese curio. I do not know who invented it, certainly some antediluvian. (By the way, we read that the rickshaw was the invention of a Yankee missionary.) It (the sampan) is sculled with one or two or more oars made of two pieces of wood bound together, so as to secure the proper bend. The motion of rowing seems to be borrowed from that of

[1] Usually blind men.—EDITOR.
[2] Ship.—EDITOR.

a fish's tail. The men stand while they row. In most of the boats there was a small boy, from eight to fifteen years old, at the forward oar on the right, while an older boy or man wielded the stern oar. They wear little more than no clothes, generally a breech-cloth, and sometimes over it a loose robe (looks like a demoralized dressing-gown) strapped at the waist, and offer splendid opportunities for the study of anatomy. Their legs are entirely bare, and



are beautifully developed. We have been struck with the beautiful display of muscle in the legs of the sampan and rickshaw men. They would shame almost any college athlete I ever saw.

After our ride we had tiffin at the hotel and set out for the *Yokohama Maru*. We reached Kobe about 12 P.M. of Wednesday and anchored Thursday morning. Mr. Oltman piloted Paxton and me about the place. He has been in Japan five years. We went to a museum full of all sorts of pretty things.

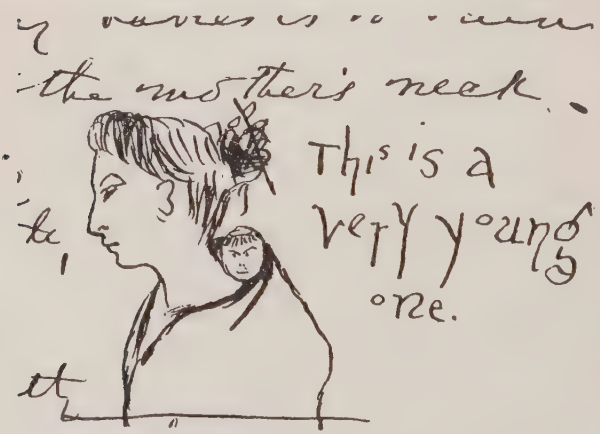
I had no idea how useful the bamboos were until I entered a bamboo store. They make everything of it, from bird-cages and pens to houses. The shopkeepers are very

polite and anxious to show their wares. The bow these people make is much more real than ours. They bend the entire upper part of their body when they take off their hats to you. I saw two boys bow to each other as they parted on the street. Paxton and I practised it, but have not yet fully mastered it. Bob has gotten hold of several Japanese phrases which he slings right and left. He said to his washwoman, "Sei-yo-na-ra" ("Since it must be so"), their parting speech, and she broke into a broad grin.

Before we awoke the next morning, the vessel was under way in the Inland Sea. I cannot describe it; you must wait to see it. It varies in width, I should say from twenty-five miles to less than a mile at the Straits of Shimonoseki (how 's that for a name?). It is just like a great lake, girt in with hills and studded with islands. The scenery is magnificent. Some of the hills are bare and barren, others are beautifully terraced from top to bottom, and marked with lines of green plants. Many villages are stretched along the beach, and hamlets nestle cozily in the clefts between hills. The water is perfectly still and dotted with boats of all kinds. Now and then we see a lighthouse perched on some island bluff or pass a vessel flying the Japanese flag. Often, as we look ahead, we see land on all sides and no exit. But as we round some headland the way opens before us. This morning at seven we stopped at the village of Shimonoseki for coal. We were soon surrounded by a throng of boats waiting to unload. You ought to see them work! About forty men and women form a line from the boat to the ship, and as the little round baskets are filled with coal, they are rapidly passed along the line and emptied into the hold. The men, I am told, get twenty cents a day, and the women nine cents, but they load the vessel much more rapidly and cheaply, I imagine, than could be done with a steam-derrick. All the people we have seen in Japan are small, the women quite small. Some are quite pretty, though I think I have seen American girls I like better. They all wear the loose full robe

with lay sleeves. They wear a most remarkable contrivance in the rear. It looks like a door-mat. It is simply a rectangular piece of goods, about 3 feet by 1½ feet, I judge, which is tucked under the belt and left to hang there. It may be an ever-present cushion, for all I know. The robes are crossed over the breast, leaving a V-neck. They are, as I have said, very full, and the proper way to carry babies is to stick them down the back of the mother's neck. When they grow large they are carried in the old style, pick-a-back.

We expect to reach Nagasaki to-night and go on shore to-morrow to service and to visit some friends. I shall write from Shanghai about what I see there.

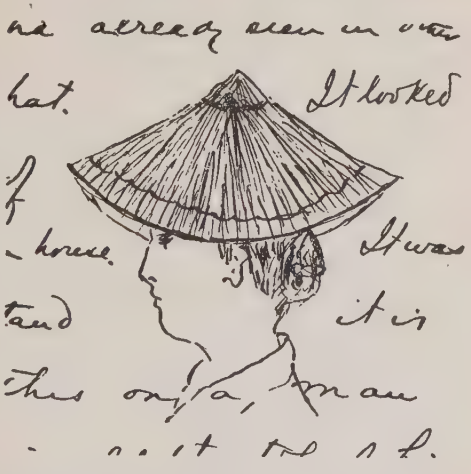


St. John's College, Shanghai, November 18, 1891.

Dearest All:

I 'll begin in Nagasaki, where I mailed my last letter. Sunday morning Mr. Oltman took us ashore and to his house, where we met his wife and a Mr. Stout, a missionary. Mr. Oltman then took us to a Japanese service, and we sat during a sermon, of which we understood nothing.

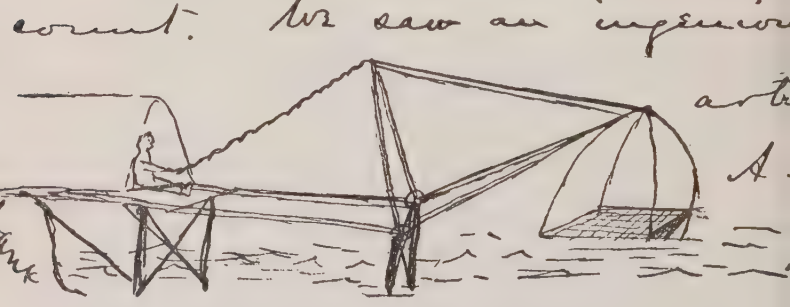
We then went to a little English chapel and heard Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter preach. Thence we went to lunch with Dr. Abercrombie, United States consul to Nagasaki. It is one of the prettiest places I ever saw. Most of the sights we had already seen in other places, but two caught my eye. One was a girl's hat. *It looked like a circular lamp-mat,* made of little strips of bamboo, and was perched on her head like thatch on a house. It was quite taking.



The other was a new (I understand it is the ancient) style of hair-dressing. I saw this one on a man. The old fellow had shaved all the hair off the top of his head. On the back he had let one lock grow long. This had been carefully gathered into cylindrical form, tied together in a sort of elbow, and aimed along the top of his bare head like a pistol barrel. I think he had glued it together with some sort of pomade. It reminded me strongly of one of those circular lamp-wicks, badly charred. We left Nagasaki at 4 P.M. As we reached the sea we passed the island of Poppenberg, said to have been the scene of a massacre of native Christians a couple of centuries ago. Some were thrown from its top into the sea, others crowded on barges which were sunk. It is a steep and rocky little island, about one hundred and fifty feet high, I judge, a suitable place for such operations, but the story is rather

discredited. We were now on the Yellow Sea, two days from China.

About eleven o'clock Tuesday we anchored at the mouth of the stream on which Shanghai lies, opposite the town and forts of Woo Sung. As the tide soon rose, we left the Yang-tse and sailed up this river. A great many boats were on it, and the fields alongside were quite alive with men and women. The country is perfectly flat and seems only a foot above the river, so that it can be easily flooded. A number of irrigating ditches were cut from the river, and the little fields were divided, as in Japan, by raised walks. There are no fences. The whole country is studded with little mounds on circular or oval bases and from three to six feet high. These are tombs and sacred. They must on no account be disturbed. As there must have been hundreds in the little range of my vision, I judged that a vast amount of land must be wasted (for agriculture) when the whole country is taken into account. We saw an ingenious fishing arrangement, which our artist has undertaken to reproduce.



About 2.30 P.M. we came opposite the pier in Shanghai, and after an hour's manœuvering (for the current is very troublesome), reached it. At first I thought no one had come to meet me, but soon Mr. Yen, a Chinese minister,

found me, took me to his house, gave me a cup of tea, and took me to the telegraph office. Mr. Yen then sent me to St. John's College, five miles west, in a carriage. I found I was booked to stay with Rev. Mr. Pott.[1] I found him in chapel just after evening service, and he took me to his home, where I met his wife, a Chinese lady. She speaks excellent English and is as nice a hostess and housekeeper as any one could wish. He has a very comfortable house here, nicely, not handsomely furnished, and seems quite satisfied. He has a fine boy of nine months.[2] Last night we called on some of the mission people. I met Mrs. Bishop Boone, a fine-looking lady in widow's weeds. Then I saw Mr. and Mrs. Smalley, Dr. and Mrs. Matthews (all Canadians), Mrs. Matthews, a daughter of Archdeacon Kirkby, and Miss Dodson[3] of Wytheville, Virginia. These are the only foreigners employed in the college and school. They were all pleasant, but there is a something about most English people that prevents our ever being close friends and understanding each other.[4] Mr. Pott has given me a room in his house, which I am to keep until the Massies come and we are settled. We three are to have one of the college houses together—at any rate, for the present. Meanwhile, I am very comfortably fixed.

This morning I went through the college building. The mission compound is a beautiful place, and the chapel a pretty structure, but most of the other buildings ought to be replaced, though they manage to serve their purpose. There are about ninety boys in the college, of all grades. In the lower rooms, where the little boys were studying Chinese, they were screaming it out at the pitch of their

[1] Dr. F. L. H. Pott, now president of St. John's University.—EDITOR.

[2] Mr. James Pott, now a member of the mission.—EDITOR.

[3] Still principal of St. Mary's School, which has grown to large proportions.—EDITOR.

[4] This remark is not expunged because of its interest as a mistaken first impression. Ingle's whole after life disproved it, and he was devoted to many English friends and much loved in return.—EDITOR.

lungs. You could hear them fifty yards off, and might be puzzled to know whether they were singing, praying, or fighting. In the other rooms order was kept.

I saw some of the writing and spelling of a roomful of young boys, and it was excellent. The dormitories were nice and clean. Then Mrs. Pott took me to the girls' school, where about forty girls are taught. Miss Dodson has charge of them. It was recess when we called, but I had an opportunity to hear them recite, and both they and the boys seem to be brighter than any school children I ever saw at home. Some of the girls are really pretty. Our next visit was to the orphanage. Here girls are raised who have been bought. It amounts to that. Mothers who are about to kill or desert their girls are sometimes willing to bring them to the mission and receive twenty cents for their trouble. [I bought a girl child as late as 1907 for a nominal price and placed her in the orphanage. She was about to be sold as a slave.—EDITOR.] The little one is raised, and, when old enough, drafted into the girls' school. There are, I think, about thirty babies here. Thirteen little ones, between three and four years old, were down-stairs and gathered around us. They are a perfect treat in their queer blue suits with wide pantaloons. (For you doubtless know that in China all the ladies wear bifurcated skirts, otherwise called pantaloons.)

These people are ahead of the Japs in their ordinary modes of traveling; that is, they have more modes. I have seen a great many horses and carriages (though many of them are the property of foreigners), and all of the horses I have seen are very small and insignificant. The cows are buffalo cows, I think, and queer-looking beasts at that. [There are also the water buffalos.—EDITOR.] The English are largely in the majority here, and things take their hue from them. The women that I have seen are very different from those I am used to.

The policemen in the English and American concession are Indians (not American Indians), splendid-looking fel-

lows, dark, with curly black heads, six feet tall or over, and wear on their heads tremendous turbans of red. They are most imposing.

I forgot to tell you of an experience of ours on shipboard. Early Tuesday morning, near the mouth of the Yang-tse, the officer on duty heard calls across the water, and soon descried several men apparently in the water. A boat was sent for them, and they proved to be four survivors of a wrecked Chinese junk. They had fastened spars and logs across a boat, forming a raft, and had floated thus, partly under water, for twenty-four hours. There were four dead bodies on the raft with them, and fourteen others had been lost. One of these four survivors was temporarily crazy. They were cared for on the ship, and a subscription taken up among the crew and passengers to help them. [Distress signals from junks far out at sea are common. Occasionally they are merely designs to obtain free food from the gentle foreigner.—Editor.]

I must close so as to get this in a mail which leaves to-morrow. I hear that our boxes, via Suez, may not reach us for months.

I have seen the house we are to live in, and I think it will be very comfortable. Began Chinese to-day. Don't know what to say about it. Will tell you later.

St. John's College, Shanghai, November 26, 1891.

Dearest All:

We find everybody here very nice, and I like Mr. Pott especially. There is a surpliced choir of Chinese boys, and, in chanting, the two sides of the congregation sing responsively, but there is no foolishness, and I am well pleased. The school buildings cost only $5000 and were warranted for ten years. They have already stood longer than that time. (As a sample of Chinese building I would mention that when one of the gentlemen suggested to a builder that his wall was out of plumb, he braced himself with his back against it and pushed it into place.) Mr.

Pott is anxious to go to America and try to get money for better buildings.[1] With such, a first-rate college could be put up here. The place is a splendid one for such an institution, far enough (from Shanghai) to avoid nuisances, and near enough for most needs. The canal which goes to Soo Chow bends around the ground so that we are on a peninsula. From my window I look out on the boats passing by all the time, driven partly by sails, partly by oars, sometimes dragged by men (taking the place of mules at home), and sometimes propelled by wheels. The passenger boats which go to Soo Chow have a wheel under the stern which is turned by a number of men walking on the flukes of the wheel, or on something which connects with it, just like a tread-mill. I saw one boat—the mail-boat—curiously moved. The man lay in the stern and steered with an oar, while with his right foot he rowed with another oar, pushing it, instead of pulling, as we do. It is a curious sight to look over the fields and see for a mile tall, square-topped sails gliding through the meadows, the boats being hidden entirely by the banks. Dr. Henry Boone stopped here recently to see me. He and his wife and two children had been living for some time on a house-boat, cooking, eating, and sleeping in it, while he visited his stations.

The other evening, while walking, we saw some Taoist performances in the little village just outside our gates. Some one had died and the priests were sent for. They placed several tables end to end, and another upon them. Then, amid beating of drums and sounding of bag-pipes (?), the soul was supposed to pass over this bridge from some place to some other place. We afterward saw the coffin set out in the field.

A new grave mound was recently put up near my window. No one is buried there, but the luck-doctor said that if a neighboring knoll was occupied the Fung Shui[2] of

[1] It is still said of Dr. Pott that every time he returns from America he brings a new building in his pocket.—EDITOR.

[2] Wind and water, luck.—EDITOR.

this place would be ruined and the place useless. So it was preoccupied.

I have been amused at the number of meals people eat in this country. I mean foreigners, of course. At seven the boy brings me a cup of tea and some little biscuits, which I take in bed. At eight is breakfast. At 12.30 is lunch ("tiffin"). At four, if I am in the house, he brings me tea and little cakes, and at 6.30 we have dinner. This style has some good features, but I don't think we shall keep it up.[1]

I find that all the missionaries here believe in marrying, but from my own observation I am constrained to remark that not many pretty girls are called to this part of the country. So much the more reason, say I, for letting these benighted foreigners see a really pretty girl. Of course I have found exceptions.

I find that not even in China are servants perfect. We are told that for the first year we must expect to be "squeezed" most unmercifully by everybody, including one's own servants. When you can talk well, and have studied them for a while, you can circumvent them somewhat; but they consider foreigners their lawful prey, and cheat you on every occasion. They do all the marketing, and consider a certain commission (ten per cent. among the honest (?) ones) their due, and take it whether you will or not. I am told that most of them belong to guilds which allow them to do only certain kinds of work. Your cook will not fix the beds or bring water. A repairer of Chinese shoes declined to mend a pair of foreign shoes, because they fell within the sphere of a neighboring cobbler. [He was probably either superstitious or desired to shirk the job.—EDITOR.] As a result, every family must have several servants, and their joint duties scarcely allow the master to do anything for himself. If he undertakes to do so, he falls in their estimation. The ordinary wages

[1] N.B. "We" did!—EDITOR.

of a servant is six dollars[1] a month, and he feeds himself, for they will not eat our horrid food. You can see that there are great advantages and disadvantages in this system.

St. John's College, Shanghai, December 3, 1891.

Dearest All:

I wish you could hear some of this pidgin English. "Pidgin" is the Chinese way of pronouncing "business." So the missionary is said to be doing "Josh pidgin," "God's business." It is a real language, an adaptation of English to Chinese thought and expression. It embodies any good expression from any language, including Anglicized Chinese or Chinesed English—I hardly know which. The following description of the purchase of a pair of turkeys is a simple example. It is genuine. "Missy, have catchee two piecee turkee; one piecee makee lay egg, one piecee no can." Bob quite upset his wife and me when he said to one of the servants, "Ah Sung, talkee boy, makee one lamp full oil." Sometimes it is very hard to understand.

I was thinking on Tuesday night, as I was whirling in a rickshaw through the crowded streets, how impossible it is to give in words any idea of this country. The atmosphere is a different one—a dangerous one, I think, in a moral sense. The mere fact that you are seated in a car drawn by a man instead of a horse, puts him immeasurably below you, and makes you, despite all your training, regard him as more an animal than an immortal being. But now and then you are painfully impressed with the humanity and the weakness of the people. Not many nights ago I heard a sound, regularly repeated, that sounded strange to me. I found out it was the Chinese death-watch. As the person is seen to be dying, some one mounts the roof, and at short intervals utters the wail of the departing

[1] Mexican currency, varying with the value of silver. Wages are much higher now.—Editor.

spirit, "Come back! Come back!" Another, on the ground, answers each time, "Coming! Coming!" And so they do for hours until the invalid dies or improves. It is very sad and very impressive.

Best love to everybody,

Lovingly yours, J. A. I.

P.S.—You may be interested to know that I have had to give up my own name and take the nearest sound to it which the Chinese can pronounce. I am now called "Yoong," but continue to address letters as heretofore.[1]

St. John's College, Shanghai, December 11, 1891.

Dearest All:

Recently I got a letter from Mr. Locke in Hankow, more than six hundred miles up the river, asking me to come to help him. He has a large and successful work and needs help badly. More than that, he expects to return home in a year or two to educate his children, and wants some one to take charge of his work. I have not yet accepted his offer, but I expect to go up on the boat this evening to see him and the work, and decide about it after I return to this place, for I hope to spend Christmas with the Massies. It takes between three and four days to reach Hankow, and I expect to spend three or four days there. I do not know whether we can get on together, for the men there differ, I am told, very much from my views. Hankow is not as nice as Shanghai, for some reasons, but the work is more active and encouraging. I shall write to you when I decide. One of the least pleasant features of going is that the Massies will not be with me, but will remain here. They seem to hope I will stay here.

At last I am in our house. I have furnished our rooms, bedroom and study, sleep and study here, and take my meals with Mr. Pott. Yesterday a convocation of the

1 "Yoong" in Shanghai dialect, later pronounced "Yin"—the Mandarin of it.—Editor.

clergy of this neighborhood was held here, and about twenty came. At five o'clock a big Chinese dinner ("chow" it is called) was given them by Mr. Pott, and Bob and I went. Of course no ladies were allowed. I wish you could have seen the viands. There were about fifteen courses—bird's-nest soup with pigeons' eggs, shark fins, meat of every imaginable and unimaginable kind, all cut up before it was put on the table. Of course we all used chop-sticks, and I became quite expert—took to them from the first. For soup and sauces we had little china spoons. A dish of each course is put in the center of the table, and each one pokes his chop-stick or spoon in and helps himself. It is a mark of politeness to fish out something with one's chop-stick and put it on a guest's plate. One man insisted on doing this for Bob, in spite of his repeated protestations that he had enough, and to his supreme disgust. I was so successful with my sticks that I generally escaped this attention. I am invited to dine with Mr. Yen, our native clergyman in Shanghai, this evening, on my way to the boat. I don't know what style he will put on. He is very nice and hospitable. He congratulated me on being engaged. Said if I should go to Hankow, I would find it rather a lonely place, and it was not a good place for a fellow to be long alone. For my part, I do not know the place where it is good to be long alone. Certainly not even here among friends. The general opinion seems to be that the greatest hardship is isolation. I don't wonder that the missionaries are often willing to take almost anybody they can get.

Bob and I went with Mr. Pott to one of his preaching stations. Part of the way we walked, and part we rode on wheelbarrows. The men balance these skilfully so as to carry a load on one side only. It is quite a novel sensation, but not uncomfortable, except when the way is rough. It seems that there are no roads except in and about the foreign concessions. But the fields are netted with paths from six inches to several feet wide, occasionally roughly

paved. Along these we rode, crossing streams and deep ditches on narrow pieces of stone, some not more than six inches wide, where, if the bearer had not preserved the balance exactly, or had stumbled, we should have gone head first into the mud or water. But they are very skilful, and I have learned to have full confidence in them. When we reached the village, Loong Hwo, we had some time to spare, so the deacon took us to see a Buddhist temple. We were fortunate in hitting on service-time. As we approached we saw an old priest (only the priest seems to take part in their services) telling his beads, meanwhile watching us. Inside were several immense figures of Buddha and hosts of other gods about the walls. Incense was burning, a bell tinkling, and a gong slowly beating, while the priests chanted their songs in a weird monotone. Then they marched, single file, about the room, forming a figure like the letter U in outline. Probably the form has some significance, but I am not sure. Near by was a pagoda seven or eight stories high, but we had no time to enter. There were several temple buildings, square with high roof, and shrine in the center, standing one before another, and all in a sort of court with a cloister about it. In the second four men were crouched on stools before an image of Buddha, droning out their prayers or praises, one beating incessantly a little bell, the other a drum. They did not seem particularly interested in what they were doing, and looked at us with languid interest. They were a very unattractive lot of men, and from their appearance I should say, "blind leaders of the blind," and worse than that, bad.[1]

Steamer Ngankin, Hankow, December 17, 1891.

Dear All:

I told you in my last letter that I was about to pay a visit to Mr. Locke in Hankow, and, true to my word, I left

[1] Good, bad, and very bad.—Editor.

Shanghai for Hankow on Friday night, December 11, on the steamer *Ngankin*. This is a vessel of about one thousand tons, plying between Hankow and Shanghai. It is quite a good boat, the table good, and the state-rooms comfortable. I got the last state-room that was to be had, and found my companion to be a young Scotch Bible agent, a rather nice fellow. In fact, out of nine passengers, eight were missionaries, including the Roman Catholic bishop of Honan and three young priests he was bringing from Italy. I passed a wretchedly uncomfortable night in an upper berth, and woke the next morning with a bad headache, which assisted an alternating series of chills and fever in its (quite successful) effort to make me wretched; but I got some medicine from the captain Saturday night, and was much better the next day. About noon of Sunday we reached Wuhu, where we could see on the hills the remains of the Roman Catholic buildings which were wrecked by the mob. We did not stop long, so no one went ashore. About seven o'clock Sunday evening we came across a Japanese coal-steamer stuck on a bank in the river. A boat came to ask us to tow her off. Captain agreed to do so for five hundred taels (about five hundred dollars in gold). This was accepted, and we lay by for a couple of hours, taking soundings steadily and trying to come close enough to her to take a cable from her; but the water was very shallow, and we gave up, leaving her to her fate.

The view in parts of the river was beautiful. In some places it is so wide that you can only dimly see the other bank, but at Hankow it is only about a mile wide. It bends very much, and the current is enough to make the up-trip three days and four nights, while the return trip is about eighteen hours less. The banks along the lower part of the river are flat, and the land beyond almost an unbroken level. But as we ascend the river, the country becomes hilly, until at Kiu Kiang the mountains are real and very pretty. Some very precipitous hills project into

the river, and remind me very much of portions of the Inland Sea. On Monday morning we passed a great mass of rock standing in the river, about three hundred and fifty feet high and perhaps as much in diameter. It rises abruptly from the water and is called "The Orphan." On its top is a temple, and on the side is a cluster of buildings which seem to be growing there. I was told its story. It once stood in a lake above its present location, beside another rock, grander and more imposing than itself. But it grew jealous of its rival,—so to end such feelings, the river god floated it down the river. At this spot it struck a dragon and stopped, holding him fast to the bottom, where he struggled to free himself. This story is proved beyond question by the current about the foot of the cliff, which shows that the dragon is still struggling. When we passed it this evening, the cliff was swarming with birds, chiefly water-fowl—ducks, geese, etc.—with which the country abounds.

We reached Hankow early Tuesday (December 15), and I received a note, while at breakfast, from Mr. Locke, asking me to come with his coolie to the house. I started, and met him on the way. He took me home, and after breakfast we visited several of his day-schools near the concession. He has nine in all, embracing about three hundred scholars, and all of them attend morning prayers in one place or another. I went through his hospital building, generally empty now, as there is no physician connected with this mission. After that we went into his new church. It is a beautiful building, Gothic in style, with high roof and large transept. The chancel is unusually large. The church is built of native brick, of a bluish color, ornamented with red sandstone. It has no spire. On each side of the church an aisle is cut off from the nave by arches of sandstone on pillars of the same, while the arches of the chancel and the entrance to the transept are made of the same. The floor is paved with stone. The bell has arrived, the benches are ready, and

the building was promised for use on Christmas day, but I doubt if it will be ready by that time. It will hold eight hundred persons. Mr. Locke intends to use it as a sort of cathedral church for out-stations, having periodical gatherings here for all the converts, and having baptisms and confirmations in it. It is on the edge of the concession, and as near the Chinese quarter as it can be without being in it.

I spent a good deal of my time talking with Mr. Locke, and found him very entertaining. It seems to me that he is something of a High Churchman, without being at all a ritualist. His views differ from mine on several points, but I do not think that will make any trouble. He is much in earnest, and very hopeful about the new plan he is trying. So far it has had great results. He trains those of his converts who seem to be fit, for six months or a year (the latter, I think), and then sends them out among the people. They go to a village, rent a house, and make known that they are ready to talk to any one who comes. Inquirers are sure to come, who drink a cup of tea and stay to talk over the new Doctrine. The news soon spreads, and sometimes the evangelist is kept busy night and day. When he has taught them some Christianity, and they know the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Catechism, they are brought to Mr. Locke. Up to that time he has not seen them. He examines them, rejects those he thinks unworthy or unprepared, and baptizes the others. One day he baptized over eighty, and he has about two hundred on hand now. In one week he had two applications from villages for teachers, one of which offered to provide a room and furnish it, and the other had collected thirty dollars for the purpose—a large sum. In response to the first, a Christian man, employed in Hankow, offered to go if his boat fare was paid. So he was sent. He receives no pay. Mr. Locke sent an evangelist to one village, who finally brought back word of two hundred men who wished to be baptized. He then sent two deacons, who reported the same.

Finally he sent another, with strict orders not to exaggerate. Mr. Locke read his letter to me. He says there are really two hundred candidates there, and he and his companion have been working day and night to teach them, and that in a neighboring village there are already twenty baptized, and twenty-three who wish to be. This, he says, is a true tale. Mr. Locke plans to keep in the background and work entirely through the Chinese. As a result he has already a large congregation, and among them are twenty men who have degrees. He expects soon to have a class of evangelists, all of whom are degree men—scholars. This will be quite a triumph. He has had overtures from two mandarins, and has, I think, baptized one. His plan is to work up congregations among the villagers by means of evangelists, and then place over them Chinese ministers to instruct them.

A good deal of opposition has been made to this work because its results are so soon visible. People say it cannot be real, but will soon pass away; that Mr. Locke's evangelists deceive him; etc. In fact, one evangelist did turn out to be a rogue and was "bounced." But while he admits his converts are weak and sometimes fall, as all others do, he believes they are in earnest and cites their offers to furnish a house for a teacher as evidence. I had no opportunity to see his congregation and judge from personal experience of them, but this is my explanation of it. The truth is simply presented to the Chinese by one of themselves; the foreigner is kept quite in the background. It is explained in the course of private and quiet conversation, by one who understands their difficulties. Why should they not believe it, just as the Jews and heathen believed the apostles? Of course they are weak, of course they are superstitious and ignorant, and it will probably take a century or more of Christian teaching to evolve out of them a high Christian character. But Mr. Locke assures me that he believes they accept Christ as their Saviour, and I don't know that any more is needed

for a beginning,—but, as he says, time will try his work. Meanwhile it is full of encouragement. But he is the only man in China (to his knowledge) who follows that plan. Others are not willing to trust the Chinese so readily, and they have to oppose the hatred of foreigners, which is deep in Chinese hearts, and so move very slowly, indeed. For my part, I believe in Mr. Locke's work, and am glad of an opportunity to join it.

Wednesday afternoon, Dr. Merrins, our missionary physician at Wuchang, across the river from Hankow, lunched with us, and I returned with him to Wuchang to see Mr. and Mrs. Graves, from whom I received a very kind invitation to visit them. We crossed in the mist and rain, on a Chinese row-boat with a little roof of matting arched over the middle for a protection, just high enough to knock your hat off. The river at Hankow is about a mile wide, and in winter is forty or fifty feet below summer flood-level, so that when we reached land there were one hundred yards or more of mud before us. Dr. Merrins's boy, who had come with him, called for sedan-chairs, which appeared from the town. The bearers carried us up the bank on their backs, in regular old-fashioned style, to the chairs, and off we started. They dropped us at the city gate, for they were licensed to go no further; and leaving them to be paid by the boy, who was coming along behind, we started off and walked to the mission church compound. There is no foreign concession in Wuchang, and the grounds are merely a lot in the city, surrounded by a high wall. The inclosure is quite large, and includes a large double dwelling-house, a boys' school and a divinity school, a chapel, and a building for the girls' school. The girls were sent home when the riots drove the missionaries away, and the school will not reopen till Chinese New Year, the latter part of January. This school is the Jane Bohlen Girls' School, and the college is the Bishop Boone Memorial School for boys.[1] Mr. and Mrs. Graves were very

[1] Now Boone University.—EDITOR.

pleasant, and I enjoyed very much seeing them and the children. Thursday morning, after going over the building in the compound, Mr. Graves, Dr. Merrins, and I started to walk to a Taoist temple, about three miles from the city. We passed through part of the city and environs to reach it. It was my first experience of a native city, in its native grandeur of smells, dogs, and people. The dogs are much prejudiced against foreigners, and were very rude to us. As long as they are in front of you and plainly visible, they carelessly look at a stone or a speck of dust at their feet. But as soon as you pass you are greeted with growls and barks and fierce rushes which need all your attention. Most of the missionaries in Wuchang, I was told, had been bitten. One old dog, blind in one eye, rushed out of a house at Mr. Graves, who was leading. Mr. Graves struck at him and missed him, but Dr. Merrins, who was on the blind side, gave him a good rap on the back with a heavy cane, and with a shocked and grieved bark he bolted into the house. As we returned he gave us angry looks with his sound eye, but contented himself with looking and growling. The people only encourage them to attack us, but they do not seem to resent our whacking the dogs with sticks and stones. I have provided myself with a heavy stick with a knob on the end.[1]

The temple was a queer place. There were some images of gods and heroes, a few of them nearly twelve feet high. One was the god who hauls the body from the coffin. His feet were heaped up with shoes—bribes to be gentle to the givers, I suppose. But the chief interest centered in the groups of figures representing the tortures of hell. Along the sides of the building were inclosures about fifteen feet long and five feet wide, with slats to keep out intruders. Within was a large figure of a god on a platform; below

[1] There is a great deal of hydrophobia in China, so that the dogs are a real menace. Foreigners make a practice of carrying canes in native cities,—so much so that the Chinese name for the foreigner's cane is "hit-dog-stick."—EDITOR.

were the good receiving favorable sentences, and the lowest step was taken up with the torments of the lost. The figures were about eighteen inches high, of plaster and clay colored. The executioners were black fiends with red stripes, supposed to resemble foreigners. As assistants or judges they had men with heads of cattle. The poor wretches were having a hard time in their hands. Some were freezing in ice-water, some were scalding in hot water, some had their tongues torn out, some had lost eyes and nose, some were sawn in two, some impaled, some fastened to a brass cylinder and roasted. In fact, the ideas are unlimited and ingenious. At the end of the line we saw them reappearing, after transmigration into women, birds, and beasts, the lower orders of creation. A crowd followed us through the building, discussing us freely and telling us about the figures. They seem to have no reverence for those things. One fellow went within the railing and handed out parts of figures for inspection, saying he did not believe in such things. The crowd seemed to enjoy the joke when Mr. Graves told one of them that a certain idol looked as if he had a stomach-ache.

We wended our way back through the mud and the children and the dogs and the smells (all pretty well mixed up), past a camp of Hunan soldiers (who would probably have given their dinner for the privilege of cutting our heads off), back to the compound. On our way we passed a great many men carrying burdens on poles balanced on their shoulders. They go along at a jog-trot, shaking their bodies or grunting and singing something in time with the motion. One was shouting, "I 'm carrying, I 'm carrying." When he met us, without the least pause or change of tone he continued, "I 'm carrying, foreign devil, foreign devil, I 'm carrying," etc. One of the gentlemen passed some men hammering piles by the river. They at once changed their song, "Here comes a foreign devil, here goes his head (giving a heavy blow), here 's for his body (another sounding whack), here 's for his feet, here goes

all of him"—with a finishing stroke. Their greeting is not always cordial, as you see, but very warm.

I left Hankow on Thursday evening by the same steamer, the *Ngankin,* and was the only passenger down. I managed to do some reading and played games with the captain. We reached Shanghai Sunday morning, and I came to St. John's and found my mail waiting for me (four letters and the papers). You may imagine I was glad to get it.

I cannot tell you how much I was cheered by the news of what the dear people in Frederick are doing. In looking over the Baltimore "Sun," I am struck with the fact that I am probably in the safest part of the world, with almost every state in the world either at war or anxious to be so, with murders and fires and riots and anarchists and highway robbers (even in Montgomery County, Maryland). I am very nervous for you all. Direct letters to me in Hankow, China. I expect to go there to live about the first of January.[1] Will miss the Massies badly. Hankow is, next to Shanghai, probably the most secure place in China. In any event, I have a club.

1892

Hankow, January 9, 1892.

Dearest All:

Here I am in Hankow. I left Shanghai last Saturday, and arrived about noon on Wednesday. I was the only passenger except H. B. M. consul at Hankow, Mr. Gardiner, who was very pleasant. We played backgammon, logomachy, etc., and read. I read the life of Bishop Patteson of Melanesia, by Charlotte M. Yonge. It has helped

[1] Bishop Boone had died (October 5, 1891), and there had been no election. There was no bishop officiating at this time, therefore, and the movements of the staff were evidently largely according to individual preference.—Editor.

me, and I enjoyed it greatly. He has many of the same problems to deal with that we have here, and many of his statements about the people agree exactly with Mr. Locke's account of his own experiences.

On Christmas eve I was Santa Claus at both the girls' and boys' schools. I wrote some account of it for the "Christian Soldier." After the trees we had service in the chapel, which was prettily decorated. The singing by the children was very good and very hearty, and after service we had fireworks on the lawn. We spent Christmas very pleasantly at home.

I have taken an up-stairs room in the hospital building, and divide it by a partition so as to make a bedroom and study. Next to my study is my dining-room, for I am going to keep house—at any rate, try it. One's cook buys everything, pays for it himself, and you settle with him weekly, monthly, or daily, if you insist upon it. When you need to hire coolies for carrying furniture, etc., he attends to it all. A foreigner can do scarcely anything. He is bewildered in the intricacies of a fearful language, and powerless in the infantile innocency of Western shrewdness as against the fathomless devices of Eastern duplicity (duplicity is too weak, better multiplicity), which is heavy with its forty centuries of growth. In this unfixed state I can neither write nor read nor study. I expect in three or four days to move to my new quarters and begin my new life. I shall be a couple of squares from Mr. Locke, and immediately beside the new church, which will soon be finished. As soon as it is finished I expect to celebrate the communion every Sunday morning and preach every Sunday evening. I shall also begin a class in English five afternoons in the week. So I shall not be idle.

"So likewise ye, except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air."—1 Cor. xiv, 9.

"Lead, kindly Light."

"Lord, take my lips, and speak through them; take my mind, and think through it; take my heart, and set it on fire. Amen."

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THE LANGUAGE

THE Chinese tongue was in existence when St. James wrote, "The tongue can no man tame—it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." On the basis of up-to-date criticism, we therefore take it as proved that St. James was the first Christian missionary to China, and that he had a go at the language.

Ingle studied Chinese before the days when, "on arrival in the field, each missionary is placed where he will have the benefit of the advice and guidance of an experienced worker. He is supplied with a Chinese teacher, with whom he is expected to spend as much time each day as he can with profit. As far as possible, he is spared all responsible work during the first year, in order to devote all his energy and time to the study of the language. During the second year the bishop may assign light duties in addition, but with the understanding that the entire forenoon, at least, shall be reserved for study. There is a definite course of study laid down, with examinations which fall due each six months of the first two years; after which the student is free from this oversight, and is expected to pursue his studies as time and opportunity permit; etc."

On the contrary, Ingle's first year was half filled with other duties, and he apparently had no examinations and very little guidance—but he made good, all the same.

"December 3, 1891.

"I am busy with the language, and think I am making good progress. It is a tremendous job and will take no end of work, but I am much interested. The difficulty is that the difference of dialects makes dictionaries unreliable, and the text-books for the Shanghai dialect (which we are studying) are very imperfect. These Chinese teachers have no idea of systematic and well-chosen instruction, so I am teacher as well as scholar, and assign my teacher the parts I wish to recite on. I hope to study better, and have more chance for writing, when I am in my own house."

But his study was interrupted by the move to Hankow, where Mandarin had to be substituted for the local Shanghai dialect.

"Hankow, January 16, 1892.

"I have begun to study Mandarin. My teacher is a Mandarin who has resigned his position to teach me. As he is a degree man, Mr. Locke gives him eight dollars a month, and this is more than his position paid him."

"Hankow, January 23, 1892.

"I repeat over and over again, after my teacher, the sounds of the character, and try to imitate him exactly. But the sounds are so subtle that they often escape me. There is a *k*-sound and a sound between *g* and *k*, and the only—or rather the great—difference is that in the former you allow a little breath to escape. There is the same difference in the case of *t*, and the sound without a breathing, between *d* and *t*. To breathe in that place is fatal, and

may beget an absurdity or a shocking irreverence. After my usual exercises, and some conversation with him, I walked about the room, opening drawers and showing what was in them, giving a Chinese name, if I knew it, and otherwise asking it. Then I brought out books and my photographs of paintings, and as far as my small stock of words allowed, told him what they represented, and asked the names of things with which I was not familiar. As probably a third of them were Madonnas, I had not much trouble, and I got hold of a good many words. My teacher grows quite drowsy during the two hours I have him, and I must talk to him to keep him awake."

Then comes another interruption.

"January 31, 1892.

"And now, after my teacher has been coming less than a week, he must needs have a holiday for a week to go home to celebrate Chinese New Year. So for a week I must struggle on alone. Still, I have made some progress, but I don't feel the same intense yearning for a dictionary that I felt at first. Perhaps this language was n't invented by his Satanic Majesty. I would n't dare to say it was. But I 'll wager he smiled a satisfied smile when he heard it pronounced, for he could not have made it more to his purpose if he had edited the National Dictionary. Think of being able to say the sound of *po* in four different tones, possibly five, each one giving it a different meaning! But you must be careful to make the sound between a *b* and a *p*. If you let a little too much breath escape and give it the aspirated sound of our *p*, you will have a different word with a different meaning in each tone. That makes ten possible sounds. If you pronounce it too far down, you may make an eleventh. Now bear in mind, my youthful readers, that each of those eleven sounds may be represented by as many different written characters as his Majesty pleases. Take as another example an easy Chinese sound,

tsz. There are in my abridged dictionary sixty-five characters with precisely that pronunciation, but divided, of course, between the five tones. But if you let a little breath escape between the *s* and *z*, you have another sound, and the dictionary gives thirty-three characters for this, differing, of course, in meaning.

"I do not believe that it is possible for a foreigner to get the tones perfectly, but they can be understood. The five tones here are the upper even tone, the lower tone, the entering tone, the departing tone, and the ascending tone. The first is an unvarying note, rather high, long drawn out, *e.g.* (that means, 'No extra charge for examples'), 'Song-g-g-g,' pronounced in gizzard sharp. The second is similar but lower. The third, as well as I have been able to identify it, is neither an angle-worm standing on his head, nor a cork-screw, though its name might suggest the latter. Etc. Imagine your voice performing such antics, if you can! And then the sounds! O for a gentle South Carolina or Virginia tongue to whisper sweet words in soft accents (I am prejudiced against the word 'tones') into my suffering ear! But this fierce speech!"

"February 6, 1892.

"I still hammer away at the language, and have brilliant and exciting conversations with my teacher about things in the room: 'What is that?' 'It is a knife.' 'My sisters gave me that pillow.' 'My father gave me this watch.' This is really exhilarating, though you may not think so. This language is grandly indifferent to anything like a decent or consistent order of words. 'Bring me that large book' is nothing of the sort in Chinese. The noble Chinaman says, 'Take hold that piece large book carry come.' The word translated 'piece' is what is called a numerary adjunct. Different nouns have different N. A.'s, which thus give a hint of what is to come. Thus, for book we have one N. A.; for table, another; for man, another. If you get the N. A. right, it helps to interpret what fol-

lows. If you miss it, you may hopelessly entangle everything. We may make somewhat similar mistakes in English by saying, 'a drove of books,' 'a team of cows,' 'a flock of horses,' 'a covey of girls' (unless, indeed, we referred to the latter as 'ducks'). But it is worse in Chinese, for there is more of it. Almost every noun must have its proper N. A. The word 'carry' is also fraught with peril. You don't want to say, 'haul,' 'lug,' 'drag,' 'carry on your shoulder,' 'carry on a pole between two men,' when you speak of a book—at least an ordinary book. But, unless you are careful to use the word which means 'to carry a light article, as a book,' you are in danger of making a ridiculous blunder.

"I will copy from my text-book part of a model dialogue between a foreigner and a Chinaman. It will give some idea of Oriental etiquette. The foreigner: 'Please take a seat.' 'What is your honorable name?' 'How dare I?' 'I have not yet asked yours.' 'How can I presume?' 'My unworthy name is Pao.' 'Indeed! My name is Chang.' 'Where is your house?' 'The prefecture of An-K'ing.' 'Ah! the chief prefecture.' 'How dare I?' 'Kindly tell me what country you belong to?' 'My unworthy country is England.' 'What is your honorable age?' 'I have grown up in vain thirty-three years.' 'How many sons have you?' 'Four.' (If he had been a Chinaman, he might have said, 'Four little scoundrels.') 'Since you are a man of virtue, I congratulate you,' etc., etc. At parting the Chinaman says: 'Do not come out, pray.' 'I have been but poor company.' 'You are too polite altogether.' 'I have been rudeness itself.' So he leaves. You will see that the veneering of Western courtesy is but a shadowy film compared with the 'chunks' of dissimulation with which the Oriental plasters his conversation."

A characteristic of "Chinese" language study is an alternation of elation and despondency concerning progress. On May 1 he was feeling cheerful about it.

"May 1, 1892.

"I am getting on pretty well with the language, can talk a little and understand a little less, and feel sure that a couple of years will make it quite natural to me. One difficulty I have is that my boy waxes indignant when I try to talk Chinese to him, and he retaliates in the fastest and most difficult Chinese he can muster. But I fire an occasional sentence at him, and am content to try the Chinese plan of working up slowly. If I find that he offers continued resistance to these efforts, I shall reply to him in such stately Shakespearian English that he will be glad to resort to my shaky Chinese as better. I think I can beat him at his own game, for I am learning his language faster than he is learning mine, so I bide my time. Meanwhile he is doing very well, and I have no trouble with him.

"I have now only two night sessions, but have taken in hand the choir-boys' English to relieve Mr. Locke and enable him to give more time to their music. I still give two hours on each of four afternoons to the two deacons, from whom I get a good deal of Chinese, and to whom I give what English they can take. The English spelling-book I use has long lists of words, and, with the help of a couple of dictionaries, I get from these deacons their Chinese meaning in the colloquial, which I write down. When I make this list sufficiently complete and accurate, I shall keep it as likely to be of use to some future missionary. I cannot depend on my teacher for such things, for he not only knows no English, but when he grasps my idea, gives me some highfalutin classical word which is Hebrew to the common people. To the inherent difficulty of the languages and this trouble with an educated teacher must be added the fact that no dictionary or book that I have can be trusted without a Chinese to interpret its sounds, both because the sounds are different in any two places, and because the English writing of any sound differs in any two books. [There is at the present time a standard sys-

tem of Romanization, and a number of excellent text-books are available.—Editor.] So I often find that I have to unlearn what I have learned."

"May 8, 1892.

"My studies go on as before, ten hours a week with my teacher, eight with the deacons, three with the night-school, and three with the choir-boys, so that I average four hours each week-day with my Chinese. I am picking up. My boy takes kindly to my Chinese, and seems, much to my surprise, inclined to talk only in Chinese, so that, except in difficult matters, we converse in that."

"May 22, 1892.

"I am learning to write as well as read and speak, and hope before long to give you some specimens of my writing (really painting) and a little discourse on its methods and difficulty. For it is a most exact science. My night-school is progressing finely, and it is again growing popular. The choir-boys are doing well with their English singing, and are full of zeal and energy in their studies. They are very attractive little fellows."

"June 6, 1892.

"I am still advancing with my Chinese, and have occasional visits from a deacon or teacher, with whom I find I can converse tolerably well. It is not so hard to be understood as to understand, for the constant recurrence of the same sound with different meanings makes it necessary to become acquainted with each sound in each of its usual combinations. Still, this can be done, and I really enjoy my studying and feel very much encouraged by its results."

He had been studying the language for practically six months at this time.

"June 18, 1892.

"I am still encouraged with the language. I sometimes begrudge the time I give to my preparation of my English sermons; but, apart from the advantage to myself and the possibility of doing good, Mr. Locke reminds me that Chinese is not to be crammed by just so many hours' work a day; that he tried the plan and it failed, and he thinks I am following the best plan."

"August 10, 1892.

"Probably I have said enough about the difficulties of this language, but I cannot help talking of it, for the thought of it is always with me. Just now I am rather blue about it. I seem to have improved in reading, but have gone back in speaking. One day I think I know something and am making some progress; the next, I am firmly persuaded that I am a blockhead and know nothing. I ask one of my acquaintances (Chinese) for a phrase which he assures me is good, and constantly used. I use it to another, who says it is seldom if ever used. To tell the truth, I have n't as many opportunities for talking as I wish."

"March 12, 1893.

"Meanwhile I go on steadily with my studies, and can feel an almost daily improvement, though, of course, not as rapid as I should like. I enjoy it too, though I also enjoy a holiday."

"April 10, 1893.

"Now I know you will be glad to hear that I am still more encouraged about the language. I have fits of elation and depression. For a few days I will seem to have forgotten almost everything. I can scarcely say or understand anything. Then comes a time, almost suddenly, when it is all changed, and phrases that I scarcely know come to my lips and fit themselves into my conversation.

It is the natural result of steady, day-by-day plodding. These phrases are hid in my memory and come out under the pressure of favorable circumstances. And every few days some of the Chinese tell me that I speak with unusual distinctness and accuracy. They go further than this. One of the deacons told me that in a few years I would speak better than any of the missionaries. That was a mixture of flattery and good wishes, but it is nevertheless the goal I have set for myself. It is still a long, long way off, and there are many years of hard work between, but I shall not be satisfied till I reach it."

Probably no missionary to China forgets his first public address in Chinese—if he ever gets so far. On April 30, 1893, after fifteen interrupted months at the language, Ingle writes:

"P.S.—I forgot to say that I made what was practically my first talk in public on Wednesday night in our instruction class. It was very well received and was said to be understood."

"May 7, 1893.

"I am gaining quite rapidly in the language, and sometimes find myself speaking on ordinary topics with little effort. I have spoken a few times in our instruction class, and get along all right. But my vocabulary is very limited, and I have to be careful to avoid starting on a line of thought which I cannot carry out. I hope to be preaching in the church before many months. To-day, for the first time, I read *all* the communion service, including epistle and gospel. I could have done it before, if I had taken the time to work it out. But as the deacon could take the first part for me, I thought I would wait and spend the time on something that was more pressing. But I had no trouble with it. I also baptized eleven persons."

"September 17, 1893.

"I have been studying hard all summer on this barbarous language, and expect to continue to study as long as I am in China. You see, a man never reaches the end. He may be able to speak fluently and not know a single character when he sees it. The characters (as you know, there is no alphabet) are merely so many pictures, and one learns to recognize them only by seeing them constantly. So if a man ceases to study, he may talk better and better every day, but he is forgetting characters every day. Even the native scholars would soon forget a great many if they did not constantly read them. So if a man intends to go forward instead of backward, he must take his doses of Chinese as regularly as he takes his meals, otherwise he will soon forget more than he ever knew."

The word "sinologue" has been overworked and is suffering from nervous exhaustion. Ingle became proficient in the use of the Chinese language. He spoke it fluently and gracefully and was at home in its primeval depths, and out of its depths he blessed God. He also compiled and translated a number of useful books. But the venerable Archdeacon Thomson remains the only man in the Church's mission who counts and dreams in Chinese (we have all had nightmares about it!), and whose voice and language can be depended on to deceive a native completely. We are accustomed to call our Chinese teacher, "our writer," after we have passed the mission examinations and begin to feel our sinologic oats. I remember witnessing with delight my writer's (?) complete taking in, during a long conversation, by the archdeacon, whom he supposed all the time to be an invisible Tsoong-k'oh nyung. And the archdeacon has been in China only a little over fifty years!

Mr. Ingle in the Early China Days.

"I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents."

"Grant us that the Spirit of Wisdom may save us from all false choices, and that in Thy light we may see light, and in Thy straight path may not stumble."

—

LEARNING TO BE A MISSIONARY

"The Han River enters the Yang-tse over six hundred miles from its mouth. At the junction of the two rivers are the cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang, with a population of over a million, of whom a large majority live in Hankow. The American Church Mission was established here in 1868; but while work in Wuchang had been fairly well manned and Boone School brought to a state of considerable efficiency, the work in Hankow had never been pushed, for lack of workers, until 1886, when the Rev. Arthur H. Locke was put in charge. He at once began to branch out on new lines. The old street chapels were practically abandoned and a more efficient method of work, with individual inquirers in the guest-rooms, was introduced. Classes of evangelists were instructed and sent to labor in the city and some of the surrounding towns. Large numbers of converts were baptized. A new church, seating nearly a thousand, was built. The faults of the work were such as might be expected. The converts were insufficiently instructed and the moral and spiritual standard insensibly lowered. The catechists were not always examples to the catechumens. The work was, in fact, much too large for one man to manage.

Ingle came to this work at the height of its progress;

over three hundred persons were baptized in 1891. He could, of course, do little until he had some command of the language; so the first thing to do was to study, and to this he set himself with the steady persistency which characterized everything he did. During the first six months he also taught English in a night-school several evenings each week, and held occasional English services. This latter work he continued till his death.

At the end of his first June he had an attack of fever, in consequence of which he was sent to spend the summer in Japan, returning at the end of August. Two months later Mr. Locke decided to return to America. At first it was intended to put an older missionary from another station in charge, but the Chinese clergy objected, and in consequence of their representations Mr. Ingle was made head of the station. His life work may be said to begin from this point—November 1, 1892. At that time he found it impossible to continue the catechists' class for lack of knowledge of the language, but the other work was continued as before. Most of his time, however, was still devoted to the study of the language. He continued living and working alone until 1894, when he made a rapid trip to America and was married to Miss Charlotte Rhett, of Charleston, South Carolina, to whom he had been engaged before he left America. At this time the work was carried on in three chapels in Hankow, and in two towns, one sixty and one a hundred and twenty miles distant. There were also eight or nine day-schools and one small boarding-school. Ingle continued in charge of this until 1896."

The first couple of years of a missionary's foreign service rarely bring in any adequate return to the church which he serves and to which he is a by no means inconsiderable expense. It is a term of unskilled apprenticeship. He is subject to constant errors of judgment, owing to his faulty understanding of the natives and their customs and manners of thought. He is filled with preconceived notions which must be largely modified or discarded. He has

the language to learn and the methods of missions to grapple with. These are the so-called "griffin" years. A griffin is an unbroken Chinese pony; and a foreigner, be he layman or clergyman, missionary, business man or what-not, during his first three years in the East is always called a griffin. It may be said of Ingle, to his great credit, that his "griffinate" really lasted only one year. At the end of the first year he spoke the language fairly well, was ready for active missionary charge, and because of his abounding sympathy and common sense was no longer a greenhorn.

The missionary griffin may, however, usually be credited with a few things. He is in an impressionable state and is able for a year or so to write home interestingly of all that he sees and does. After this period the strange becomes commonplace to him, and his letters drift into family details and missionary news, the material of his daily thoughts having passed beyond and over the peculiarities of Chinese hair-glue or the ways of the wily "wonk" (Chinese yellow dog).

The letters of Ingle's first year in China give a very intimate picture of first impressions of things Chinese, and this will explain the disproportionately large number of letters quoted from this year, as compared with other far more important years of his active missionary service. The letters of this first period are largely his picture of China, while those to follow will deal exclusively with his life's work.

Ingleside, Hankow, January 16, 1892.

Dearest All:

As you see, I am writing in my new quarters, though I have not yet moved in permanently, for the plaster of the partition is not yet dry and I am afraid to sleep here. See how prudent I am! We had quite an excitement here early Tuesday morning. About four o'clock the fire-gong was beaten, and when Mr. Locke awoke me at 4.20 the fire

was in full blast. We dressed and went to see it. It was just outside the concession, and separated from it by only a narrow street. It started down in Chinatown and swept away probably two hundred dwellings, also two missionary printing establishments, and then consumed several lumber-yards. There were crowds of Chinese standing by, but they could not be prevailed on to do anything, for the property was not theirs. We found out the next day that eight of our Christian families had been burned out. They came to Mr. Locke, imploring aid, but he could do nothing for them. Fortunately I had twenty dollars which had been given me by different persons to spend on the Chinese as I thought best. Twenty dollars in gold meant twenty-seven dollars in Mexican silver, so it was enough to start them all again.

P.S.—Sing a jubilate with me! My boxes are in Shanghai. Mr. Locke says they have been there three weeks. I had ceased to expect them, thought they were either at the bottom of the ocean or had been missent and were on their way to Greenland. Either one would have been quite proper. You see, the buoyancy of youthful hope is leaving me. Now that my beard is growing, I am just lovely, but expect to be still more beautiful by and by.

HANKOW, January 23, 1892.

I have had a good deal of disagreeable business lately, but I am becoming used to it and it does not worry me as it used to do. When a Chinaman, after long indulgence and kind treatment, has been dismissed from employment for misbehavior or general incompetence, he generally amuses himself blackening his former employer's reputation and offering indisputable proof that those still in employment are scoundrels. I have had something of this lately and have had my deacons investigating the charges, with the result that we have had some changes in our staff of workers.

You have no idea how fearfully prevalent the use of

opium is here. High and low, the people are infected with the disease. It seems to have a stronger hold than liquor, and I fear that only a small proportion of those who break the habit by the use of medicine fail to go back to it. And when a man is once in the toils he is good for little. His moral nature seems to be crushed and he will lie and steal without hesitation. My teacher says that thirty years ago, when only foreign opium was to be had, comparatively few used it. At that time a governor here undertook to put to death all opium-smokers. But the plan did not work. Now the people have been driven to cultivate their own opium, and the number of victims of all classes is enormous. Its use, too, is not easy to detect except in rather advanced cases, so that it is impossible to guard against it completely.

Ingleside, January 23, 1892.

Dear All:

It is rather late Saturday night, but I shall begin my Monday letter before I go to bed. I am in my quarters, have taken my first solitary meal, and expect to sleep here to-night. My supper to-night was a grand success. Chiefly I had fish chowder. If you have never tasted it, you have something to live for. It is made of fish (as you may have guessed), bread, potatoes, and milk (I suppose). It is good, very good.

I have felt all the delight and the trepidation of a young wife just undertaking housekeeping, except that I have no one around to scold me. I have monkeyed around my spoons and china, and trifled with my little copper kettle (a beauty, too!), as a child with new toys. I hardly cared to take a walk, wanted to hang around to look at things, and finally dragged myself out to get a lemon, but I did n't stay very long.

I had made an engagement with Mrs. Hadley to call on some of the concession people on Thursday, but the night before ran my nose (quite accidentally) through a glass

door, which in the darkness I could not see. The pane of glass was smashed, and my nose and general feelings somewhat lacerated. I bought a nice lantern early the next morning. Under my efficient treatment, my nose is now nearly restored, and I hope to call upon some of the genial Hankowers in a few days.

The new church was used twice yesterday. No special intimation was given to the Chinese of its readiness, but two hundred were present at the morning communion service and sixty partook. I was in the chancel with Mr. Locke and the Chinese deacon. As the floor is of stone, I knelt on a straw mat which happened to be wet and stained my surplice badly. But I think washing will fix it. The choir consisted of eight choristers whom Mr. Locke has formed into a sort of boarding-school, two day-school teachers, and three evangelists, all in white cottas. They sang very well—for a Chinese choir. They made a false start from the choir-room, and had to return and start over, but the congregation probably thought it was intentional. The organist is a boy of about fifteen and plays very well, though the organ is only a parlor organ and far too small for the church. The church is as cold as a sepulcher, all of brick and stone, stone floorings and no stoves, for that "no b'long China custom." I expect to wear two pairs of socks and heavy shoes, and to stand on a mat whenever I can. I may have to have a cap made to protect my poor head, and I should like to wear an overcoat, but that is inconvenient with a surplice. [Some of the clergy now wear fur-lined cassocks in winter.—EDITOR.] The little choristers are nearly spherical with clothes, and take up about double their proper allowance of space.

I suppose it is a sign of proper training that I was shocked when Mr. Locke told me to keep my hat on in church after service. It took several moments' reflection to remind me that the uncovered head is merely a Western way of showing reverence, that it is inconvenient and unsafe in a building that is colder than "outdoors," and that

it is incomprehensible to the Chinese, who keeps his hat on, if he has one, everywhere, indoors and out. So I put my hat on my head again, and shall try to show my reverence in other ways.

Ingleside, January 27, 1892.

Dear All:

The other day I took a walk on a part of the city wall which runs back of us, *i.e.*, north and west, and extends several miles. I don't suppose I am thoroughly acclimated yet, for I don't feel perfectly at home or welcome. Do you think you would mind being pointed at by every other person you met, and stared at by all, as some strange beast; marked out occasionally for the benefit of the children as a foreign devil who steals boys and girls; and made the sole aim and object of every dog within barking distance, by the muffled "sss-s-s-s!" of their owners? [We have all been through this in our early days in China, and I have seen Chinese treated worse on the streets of Philadelphia.—Editor.] Perhaps you would n't mind it, but I rather think you would not enjoy it. To tell the truth, I am not used to the attention I receive on such occasions, and my head is so turned (watching the dogs) that I think, for my own welfare, I had better abstain from such visits. But I can assure you that no dog came within my reach, for I carried my most royal stick, always loaded, cocked, and primed. It is the one thing for which a Chinese dog seems to have a respect which amounts almost to awe. I am told, however, that it is not considered *au fait* among discreet foreigners to strike a Chinaman. If you should happen to draw blood, he will smear it over every conspicuous part of his person and either fall down and declare he is dead or go to a mandarin and depose to that fact. In either case you may have trouble.

Ingleside, Hankow, China, January 31, 1892.

I have made a venture on some corn-cakes for to-night. If I succeed, my future is secure. When I get a little more

Chinese I shall tackle Wong on the question of biscuits and rolls; meanwhile baker's bread and toast are my staff of life. Not that I don't have other things—chickens, pheasants, ducks, etc., are not expensive. Yesterday's duck was like most Chinese things, rather old. Wong said some people liked things that way. I requested him to write me as one that loved his game fresh and sound. He acquiesced.

Ingleside, February 12, 1892.

Dear All:

This afternoon I took Wong as a guide and went to Wuchang to see Mr. Graves's family and Dr. Merrins. It was a very pleasant visit. On Thursday I played foot-ball for the second time. I am becoming acquainted with the fellows and find them very civil and rather sociable. One of the sailors engaged me in conversation on several occasions. At last he told me that I had a "Dublin accent." He said he could tell I was "not from England or America, for you have a Dublin accent. Yes, and it 's very pretty, too. And I should say you came from Dublin or Holyhead." He ought to know, for he is an Irishman, and his name is Murphy.

Mr. Graves said that recently he and Dr. Merrins were walking in Wuchang (not Hankow), when quite a number of boys yelled at them (some on a previous occasion had stoned them). The next day he sent in his card to the mandarin with a complaint. The mandarin sent the police to see him, and he rated them soundly. They returned later with humble apologies, and said that they had seen to it that every father in their districts had spanked his son. The next day Mr. Graves says their walk was like a triumphal procession, the boys gazing at them with bated breath, without a sound. You see, these things can be easily stopped, if the officials choose to stop them; and foreign governments could easily compel them if they would. The demonstrations are not against missionaries

as such, but as foreigners. I hear that trouble is brewing at Ichang, four hundred miles up the river. The Chinese are putting up some of their vile placards, too blasphemous and filthy for description, with which some parts of the country have been flooded. From all I can hear, there will be serious trouble this summer, and probably some of our inland friends will lose their lives. I say this not to alarm you, but to prepare you to hear alarming reports. The river, however, is likely to be secure. The British consul here is bestirring himself, and expects to have ten gunboats on the river. Besides these, there are many belonging to the other nations, for every nation is represented here.

Remember that Hankow is one of the safest places in China. When it falls, Shanghai will probably go, and all foreigners be driven out. Then the civilized nations will lay China in the dust, divide her among themselves, and we will start again, with some prospect of decent government. These are not opinions original with me. They are what I hear about me; so when you hear all sorts of alarming reports, remember what I have told you. We are well protected here, and likely to hear of any designs against us long before they are put into execution. Mr. Graves, who is well qualified to form an opinion, does not anticipate any trouble in Wuchang or Hankow. To-morrow I begin my English class, and next Sunday an English service. This week I am to learn the Chinese sentence for the Cup in the Lord's Supper. By doing this I can help Mr. Locke, whose Chinese deacon has been sent to Wuchang.

INGLESIDE, HANKOW, February 22, 1892.

DEAR ALL:

I have started a night-school to teach English. I have had three meetings, with about fifty scholars, and hear that I am likely to have many more. All the concession policemen, compradors, house-boys, cooks, etc., wish to learn

English, which gets them good positions, and there is no other place in Hankow where it is taught. Of course it is free and has no religious features. It is simply an advertisement, and an effort to gain influence with the men.

Yesterday I administered the Cup in the Chinese communion. I had struggled with the sentence for a week, and knew it only tolerably. But I managed to get through with it, and do not feel any uneasiness for the future. We had English communion at 8.30, Chinese morning prayer at nine, Chinese communion at 10.30 with sermon, Chinese evening prayer at three. In a few weeks I shall add English evening prayer with sermon at 6 P.M. I think both English services will be well attended. There are quite a number of English Church people here, and only nonconforming ministers, though they read the English service in the English Chapel. Five services will make a busy Sunday. I usually attend daily morning and evening prayers and am becoming used to my Chinese books. I can find most of the places and follow the reading, though I cannot pronounce the characters. It will be a long time before I can preach in Chinese, and the thought of preaching in English is a great pleasure to me. There are some very good church people here, and also some very careless livers.

Later.

I have just returned from night-school. The room was filled. I suppose fifty were present, ranging from ten to forty years—all men, of course. I made them repeat the alphabet after me a number of times, picking out individuals, sometimes to correct their pronunciation. Then I held up various articles, gave the Chinese name and the English name, and made them repeat it after me. Then I held up the article and they gave the English, or I spoke the Chinese and they gave the English. I then gave short Chinese sentences with their translation, gave them the name, and showed them the action of sitting and standing,

etc. To-morrow we are to have a blackboard. I will write and pronounce the name, and indicate the object, and they will copy on paper. It is very pleasant work and they seem interested. As soon as the do-nothings and the blockheads are scared off by these drills, we expect to have more books. I wish you could see them. Some of them are very bright and attractive and good-looking. This work also helps me with my Chinese studies.

The women's work here greatly needs a head. Mrs. Hadley cannot do much, though she is the nominal head of the Woman's Guild. Of course the head must be a woman.

Ingleside, February 29, 1892.

My dear All:

My night-school is very encouraging—in fact, too encouraging. The room is so crowded that I fear I shall have to call two classes and teach five nights. But they seem interested and are very interesting. I do not venture on complicated sentences with them, but they usually understand what I say.

The Chinese, *en masse,* are a symphony in black and blue. Their blue is cheap and lasting, and the usual color for garments, especially with the poor. Their black fades, but it is quite good and rather common. The children, especially little boys, wear a great deal of scarlet, but I have seen some very pretty costumes among the better classes. They wear all colors together, yet the shades are so delicate that there seems to be no clashing of colors. I saw a fine-looking young fellow dressed in a long outer robe of brown, and over it a short loose jacket of brown velvet, buttoned obliquely across the breast, with no sleeves, large armholes, and reaching below the waist. I assure you no gentleman need feel ashamed to wear it. And the effect of all these colors on the street is a marked contrast to the sober colors at home. We rarely see women of the upper class on the street. Those we see wear pretty much the same colors as the men. Their skirts are shorter, the

trousers fuller, and not gathered and tied around the ankle as the men's are. They wear their hair carefully tucked up on the head (an operation which is performed about once a week, I think), and a queer skeleton of a cap on it. The most noticeable feature about them is their poor little feet. The binding turns the toes under the foot. In walking they do not seem to use the heel at all, but walk with the whole leg, as if it were of wood. To see one of these women going down a long flight of stairs is a pitiful sight. I watched one recently. She could not go straight forward, for she had no elasticity in her feet, and probably would have tumbled on her head. So she slid down three or four steps right foot first, and then turned and went left foot first, and so on down the fifty or more steps. I think foot-binding is more prevalent here than in Shanghai.

I took a walk through the Chinese quarter, in which one soon loses consciousness of the charms of nature. I may have remarked it before, but I reiterate, Chinese streets are not paved and not clean. And if the Chinese men are heathen, their dogs are heathener. David's words came to me this evening, "Many dogs are come about me."[1] I can realize the force of the figure. The number of dogs that can get about a man in a short time is remarkable. One half-awake bark from a single cur will arouse all the whelps within a hundred yards. And their number is not inconsiderable. I estimate the dogs in China as one to every square yard and one on each corner. And such curs! Chiefly hair and teeth and growls and legs, all of which they use vigorously. None came near enough for a friendly (?) pat with my stick. I am not quite as warlike as Dr. Merrins and Mr. Graves, who provoke these encounters and use their clubs freely. They know the disposition of each dog along their route in Wuchang, just what he will do when they approach, and how best to circumvent him.

I have n't yet gotten over the unpleasant feeling which

[1] Psalter.

attends the knowledge that I am regarded by the persons I meet as either a freak of nature or a protégé of the devil. The way they stare would be amusing if it had any limit. As it is, it is ineffably boring. And then one grows tired of being regarded as an ogre by the children and a beggar tramp by the dogs. But there are a good many things I cannot dispense with, though I would, and this, as one of them, must be borne.

Ingleside, March 5, 1892.

It takes very little to put some people in the dumps, does n't it? I think my last letter had a bluish tinge (I 'm not referring to the paper), and I fear this one will somewhat resemble it. Let me tell you my grievances. Firstly: The weather. On Sunday we had every appearance of spring. Tuesday continued the delusion, and Wednesday still further heightened it. On the latter day I sat in my room, with windows open and the fire nearly out. It was simply a perfect day. The trees were half taken in by this extremely Chinese trick on the part of the weather. They put forth buds on Monday, and fairly burst into leaves before Tuesday. I, poor, innocent little Occidental, thought the trees knew what they were about, so I cut off my beard. I might have known it. Even at home thin clothes bring cold weather, and making a tennis court is a surer way of bringing rain than General Dyrenforth has ever found. Of course the thermometer immediately began to fall and the wind to rise, so that the budding spring of Thursday morning became biting winter on Friday evening, and to-day—Saturday—the ground has been covered with hail and ice is forming in the streets. I think the thermometer must have fallen between thirty and forty degrees in thirty-six hours, and my spirits have accompanied the mercury in its downward course, urged on by secondly: The mail, of course. The mail is late. The *Gaelic* was three days late when the mail reached Yokohama, and there is no telling when the mail will reach

Hankow. Probably the steamer will burn up on the way. I shall find that the Hankow bag went to Cape Colony, or Greenland, by a slight mistake on the part of some efficient United States officer. Unless I get some letters by my birthday, I expect to pack up and leave by the next steamer. I am neither a block of stone nor a machine. I am affected by change of temperature and disappointments, and I can't stand everything. As long as the weather is decent, and the mail comes at respectable intervals, I can get along without my friends and family; but there is a last straw. However, that last straw has not been reached yet, and I am fully persuaded that if I had done my duty this past week, I should feel differently, even with these slight inconveniences and others I have not mentioned. You see, a man out here is at the mercy of his own conscience. There are enough distractions at home to cover over, after a time, omissions and commissions; but here they stand out on the unvaried and little occupied page of a fellow's life with startling distinctness and unpleasantness. He is forced to look back and look within. And while introspection unquestionably has an important part in forming a man's character, in such a life as mine, where there is little external activity to occupy one's energy and divert one's thoughts, I think it may become painful and dangerous. And in this case it must share the blame for my low spirits.

[The first year of a missionary's life is a hard one. (Perhaps the second is the hardest.) Cut off from the people by lack of knowledge of the language, with a very few fellow-workers, and they too busy to give him much time either by day or by evening; mentally exhausted after his daily struggle of several hours with a difficult language taught by a teacher who does n't know how to teach and is n't interested in teaching; with few diversions to rest his mind after work, the newcomer goes through a period of semi-mental and spiritual discipline. It does n't seem to be a necessary discipline; it is difficult to see what its ad-

vantages are. Its disadvantages are discouragement, introspection, morbidity, and often ill health. The new idea of having union language schools in various centers, where there will be experienced teachers, and the incentive of fellow-students, and the diversion of their society between times, will bring a new zest to the study of Chinese, and shorten the time spent in the mastery of the rudiments of the language.—EDITOR.]

Before I go I must copy two characteristic extracts from a Chinese newspaper.

A Peking woman gave birth to two pairs of twins—two boys and two girls. Her mother-in-law retained the two male babies, and gave away the two females, as she was too poor to keep and feed them all. Poor girls!

The second relates the official examination of an alleged "Ko-Lac-Ui member." The prisoner showed the greatest possible obstinacy, and though placed in a kneeling posture in coils of chains and stretched on a bare pole, simply exclaimed he was innocent. Then five hundred blows with the rattan were given, after which he was made to inhale the smoke from a roll of burning paper placed under his nostrils. All this did not, however, elicit anything further from him. He was again remanded. Probably the better policy would have been to say what was desired and be immediately beheaded. He would have been saved this pain, and he will probably be beheaded in the end. Later he was again stretched on the bare pole and tortured, without, however, extracting anything from him. Mr. Yu was of the opinion that unless some more agonizing mode of torture was employed, no confession could be wrung from the accused. The prisoner was accordingly ordered to have his hands tied behind his back, and then to have a rope attached to his hands, by means of which rope he was hoisted up. For some hours the prisoner was kept dangling in mid-air, with the weight of his whole body on his arms, forced as they were out of their natural position. The long-continued agony must have been most excru-

ciating; nevertheless nothing incriminatory was uttered by the accused. There are three things here that I think deserve notice. First: The brutality of the proceedings. Second: The fixed purpose, plainly shown, to make the man say he was guilty. Third: The utter absence of regret and shame for this treatment, shown by the publication of the report in a newspaper. All this shows a very low grade of civilization—almost none.

I have received my copy of the reprint of one of the violent Chinese books against foreigners. It consists of thirty-two cartoons, with translations of their inscriptions, and a couple of introductory chapters on the history of Chinese intercourse with foreigners and their anti-foreign literature. I have not words to describe the character of these cartoons and the charges they make against foreigners generally and Christians in particular. All the foul stories circulated against the first gathering of the Christian Church are repeated and elaborated and illustrated. That this was designed and executed by scholars and officials, and circulated at their private expense, speaks volumes for the moral condition of this class; while the fact that the common people are influenced by such stories tells an equally sad tale of their ignorance and need of the religion they revile. Hunan, from which these publications come, is resolutely closed against foreigners, and there are few residents among its 20,000,000 people. "Thick darkness covers this people."

The fact of the issue of this vile stuff, and the account I have given you of an official examination by torture, are strong arguments for Christianizing China. In all decent parts of the world such things have been relegated to the darkness of the past. But here they flourish and grow unchecked, and there is not enough moral sense in the whole nation to raise a cry against such atrocities. Let the people who praise the simple, peaceful life of the untrained savage and untutored natural heathen, breathe a little of this atmosphere, if they would know the truth. They will

see things happening day after day, scarcely exciting comment, which, if but once perpetrated in Christendom, would rouse whole nations to a fever of righteous indignation.

In regard to the copy of one of these Chinese placards which I have, I want to add a few words. It is too vile and blasphemous for more than a few men to see, and will give you no pleasure. But nothing can give you an adequate idea of the depth of depravity of the scholars of China in printing and circulating such things by thousands. If the educated gentlemen can circulate such things, and the common people believe them, what must be the state of the Chinese heart? It will give you an idea of the need of our work and its difficulty which volumes could not convey.

This is Monday. Yesterday was clear and cold, moderating in the evening, so that when I went to bed I did not know whether to expect summer or winter during the night. However, I made preparations for an arctic freeze, so was not kept awake long by the cold. One of the greatest mysteries of China is how the cold manages to make itself felt. It is not intensely cold. The thermometer rarely goes below freezing-point. But, somehow or other, clothing and covering seem incapable of keeping me warm at night. In the daytime I hug the stove and exist in a semi-comfortable state. But I look forward to a cold night with dread, for I lie awake for a long time. And yet I have plenty of covers. I will make an inventory of last night's stack of blankets, etc. Under me was (1) a mattress of bamboo shavings fully four inches thick, (2) two thin raw cotton mattresses (Chinese, both covered with unbleached cotton), (3) two well-padded coverlets, (4) a sheet. About my body I had (1) my *robe de nuit,* supplemented by a pair of socks and a heavy wool undershirt; (2) an afghan about my feet; (3) a blanket wrapped about me from shoulders to feet. Over me were six thicknesses of good woolen blankets (a sheet, of course) and one spread. Under my pillow I spread my dressing-gown to

keep my hands warm. As the night was not extremely cold, I did not suffer much and was not long kept awake. But my toes were cold when I went to sleep. And yet could an Eskimo have asked for more cover? This winter I expect to make a special study of this matter and reach some sort of a settlement, either by wearing warm night-clothes or by having a fire in my bedroom. [The solution is a hot-water bottle in the bed, and plenty of exercise by day.—EDITOR.]

Mr. Locke has a good deal of encouragement in the work at present. He is trying a new departure. He has had guest-room work, which I have described as the conversation over the pipe and cup of tea. But this has been a private and personal attack. To extend the scope of the plan, he now has daily public preaching, by himself and his evangelists, in two rooms below. The rooms are furnished in Chinese style, and a coolie is always at hand with tea; while the pipe circulates from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth. A notice on the outside wall commands a street which is unceasingly traversed by the Chinese, and the best class of them, the honest (?) (comparatively) countrymen. The attempt has been hitherto encouraging. Several of my night scholars have appeared there, and several of these guests have come to the guest-room for further information. According to Mr. Locke, the advantage over the usual street chapel lies in this, that by accepting your hospitality the guest is in some sort bound to respectful behavior. In the street chapel they often come only to jeer and annoy. I have not attended any of these meetings, but I can hear the evangelists preaching below me, and they are vociferous and apparently most earnest.

Mr. Locke is a very broad and liberal man. I believe he is unusually earnest and prayerful. His view is that no very deep or wonderful spiritual experience is to be expected or required of the Chinese as a beginning. An appreciation of the fundamentals of our religion, and an earnest desire to be saved through Christ, are enough to

start with, and on these Christian character and life must be built up. We cannot expect any very great hatred of sin or overpowering gratitude for its forgiveness, when it is a labor to persuade them that they commit any sins. "Oh, no, you are mistaken; I am a very decent sort of fellow. I don't steal or kill." I think he has a better appreciation of their needs and difficulties than most men. He and I get on splendidly together, and I am requested by him to do just as I am in the habit of doing, or as I wish. I am perfectly free.

INGLESIDE, March 13, 1892.

MY DEAR ALL:

It seems a month since I last wrote, though my diary shows that only a week has elapsed. Friday morning Bishop Hare arrived [on a pastoral visit from America.—EDITOR], and with him one of our missionaries, Mr. Sowerby, on his way back to Ichang, from which the riots drove him last summer. Mr. Sowerby is staying with me. The bishop has allowed himself only four days in Hankow and Wuchang, but he makes good use of his time, and is learning all he can. Mr. Locke and I are charmed with him, and would give anything if he were our bishop. He is just the sort of man we need, sagacious, experienced, and what we need so much—spiritual. Mr. Sowerby prevailed on him to confirm a class, and it was intended to have a large baptism in the afternoon, although he was not present. So Saturday there was an examination of the candidates for baptism. Mr. Sowerby and three Chinese deacons, nice fellows, conducted the examination of about sixty persons, and I sat through it all. I understood parts of what was said, and Mr. Locke translated some for me. Two opium-smokers were discovered among the applicants and remanded until they had reformed. Their cases are quite sad. One makes his living by selling rice-cakes in the opium-dens. So long as he carries on his trade in such places he cannot hope to

give up the habit. If he gives up his business he may starve, for every occupation is overcrowded and he may not be able to find work, even if his vice has left him strength enough to do hard work. Yesterday morning the bishop confirmed eighty-seven men, women, and children. He learned the Chinese of the usual sentence and repeated it, and, Mr. Sowerby says, did remarkably well. He gave them a short talk which Mr. Sowerby interpreted. At communion a large number partook. I do not think there could have been fewer than two hundred. Mr. Sowerby and I distributed the elements. And the congregation—I wish you could have seen it! The benches will seat from six hundred to eight hundred comfortably. Yesterday three hundred school children were packed on a few benches, the transepts probably held over three hundred women and babies, and the rest of the church was packed with men. Some sat in the aisles, some stood, some were coming and going continually, and altogether the Chinese estimated them all at one thousand, and probably they are not far wrong. These, excepting most of the children, are baptized Christians. Part of them belong to our church here, but most of them are the parishioners of our three deacons, who have churches in the Chinese city, and who came themselves and brought their people with them. One of them has four hundred members. The crowd was very orderly, considering its size and material, though there was enough confusion and disorder to be annoying to me, who have not gotten over the habits of home. The morning service took about three hours, beginning about 10.30. Then there was an intermission, and it was intended to have the baptism (about one hundred candidates) at two o'clock. Meanwhile the people were hungry, their breakfast hour having passed while they were in church. Some who had come from a distant part of the native city had eaten nothing all day, and it was then nearly two o'clock. Yet they were well-behaved. But they roused up when there was an appearance of bakers' trays

of dumplings—one of the cheapest kinds of Chinese food. (It looks like an uncooked Maryland biscuit, and has a little jam inside. They cost a quarter of a cent apiece.) There was some rushing and pushing to present the tickets they had received. I kept one gate and had to do some brisk shoving and some cruel refusing. But finally they were provided—not, however, till we had sent away many of them so as to be able to handle the others. It was then so late, and so many candidates for baptism had come away after getting their four dumplings, that we had only evening prayer and a short sermon by one of the deacons. The bishop had gone to Wuchang. The candidates will be baptized in smaller detachments. I think the service was very successful and will encourage and help the Christians and be a great advertisement to the people. But Mr. Locke does not think he will repeat it in just that form.

During the communion service Mr. Locke and the deacons left the church. I thought he had gone because he was tired, for he had been exposed greatly in cold rooms, and had not only caught cold, but was hoarse from talking and singing. I thought he had gone to rest in preparation for the large baptism in the afternoon, but afterward found that he had gone to look after the children. Then I began to realize—and even more during the service—how different is a pastor's life here from that at home. He must be head nurse. Why, if one of those children had strayed off and been lost or injured, the old cry of "stealing children" might have aroused the city against us. He took the three hundred little chaps into the guest-room, made them repeat the Creed and Lord's Prayer (which they are taught in the schools), and then he and the deacons preached to them until the grown people came out. In this way he not only kept them together and out of harm and mischief, but had an opportunity to teach them something.

I have heard only once from the Massies by letter, but Mr. Sowerby and Bishop Hare bring me rather amazing

reports from St. John's. They say that I am living like a hermit in gloomy loneliness, that I am unhappy and discontented, and am starving. Altogether the picture is calculated to make me appear very miserable. I don't think I have written anything to justify this, though I have written very freely. But I must deny that I am wretched or discontented. In fact, I believe I have never been better satisfied, all things considered.

INGLESIDE, March 26, 1892.

I have been reading a very interesting book called "Chinese Characteristics." [Enlightened Chinese resent this book as a caricature of the people.—EDITOR.] The style is bright and witty, and it gives an idea of Chinese character that I think nothing else could do, short of a long residence here. The writer is Arthur H. Smith, a missionary in the north. Every one seems to speak highly of the work both for truthfulness and interest.

I have been impressed lately with the abundance and variety of the noises about me. Just at present a crowd of the ragged school children are making the usual Chinese row in the yard directly below me. But that is an incidental, not the regular disturbance. Let me give you the program of regulars. Between 6 and 7 A.M. from fifty to a hundred coolies gather at the tan-yard, a few yards from my window, and begin to scream. I suppose they are trying to attract attention and get a job. Several mornings I arose to see what had so stirred their angry passions. I saw this swarm of men clustered about a building opposite, surging back and forth, yelling and screaming. Occasionally a man would rise from the crowd on the shoulders of others and seem to be trying to scale the wall of the building. If I had just come to China, no one could have persuaded me that this was not a riot in full blast and that my turn would not come next. As it was, I concluded it was an honest effort, injudiciously made, to earn their

daily bread. So I went back to bed and awoke to find the crowd at work and peaceable, though far from quiet. They almost incessantly shout while at work, and when eighty men are carrying heavy loads of skins to or from the tannery, the noise they make is positively amazing. This goes on intermittently all day, and is the background of the other noises. Then during the day I hear bugle-calls, gongs beating, drum-taps and cannon, at short intervals, from the camp on the wall within sight of my window, and there seems to be a chronic saluting from the Chinese cannon all over the province. Then from earliest morning there is a constant stream of people from the country passing my window. Most of them are talking, and when a Chinese talks (or quarrels) his idea seems to be, not to say something which is worth hearing, but to say what he has to say so that the greatest number of people shall hear it. I may not have mentioned that the small tradesmen of China are peripatetic. The barber, cobbler, petty blacksmith, corn-cutter, peddler, caterer, carry their establishments about, hitched to the two ends of a pole slung across the shoulders. If a customer is scented, the establishment is lowered and trade begins. You see the advantage of having the tradesman come to you. Now, as Chinese houses have n't any windows (worth mentioning, if any at all) which open on the street, the attention of the Chinese must be attracted otherwise than through the eyes, so each tradesman has his distinctive musical (?) instrument, making a distinctive noise. One has the faintly sounding bell with a deep note; another carries a little drum with a handle, which he revolves so that the little bullets fastened to it with strings strike first one side, then the other, making a rolling beat; another shakes five or six brass pieces, joined together, which strike on one another in succession; another has five or six cash (brass coins) on a wire which is set in a wooden frame, which he shakes—the latter is the corn-cutter, I am told. Those who have whistles, etc., blow them. Then the wheel-barrows! The

creaks and groans that issue from them are blood-curdling. They are made entirely of wood, axles and all, and seem to be innocent of any grease, because, as Mr. Smith says, "To those who are gifted with absence of nerves, the squeak is cheaper than the oil." Sometimes they sound like the screams and groans of tortured children; again, like pigs at slaughtering-time. In addition to this imitation of a pig, my humble abode is frequently passed by the genuine article, generally screaming lustily at the end of a rope that has been drawn through his nose or ear, or tightly about his neck. These are the common every-day sounds, to which may be added vigorous preaching in the room immediately below me, and the noise incident on the attendance of about fifty small boys at prayers twice a day. Some of the sounds mentioned above continue into the night. Besides these, there are some which are especially prominent at night. The manager of the tan-yard keeps four or five healthy dogs, and every family in the empire from one to ten starving curs. These rest neither by day nor by night, and at night are especially pronounced. It is now five minutes before ten, Sunday night, and I have just heard the drum on the wall tuning up for the night's festivities. The gong will soon begin, and the guns; and then, just as I am about to fall asleep, some fire-crackers will be set off. Then, when these noises are resting, I shall hear the monotone of a watchman as he hammers two pieces of bamboo together all night long. Just now things are very quiet. I can hear only the dogs and the drum and the creaking of the shutters—and a Chinaman coughing in the ward next to my dining-room. (He is not known to be diseased, so don't be alarmed.) There goes a gun!

I shall soon begin afternoon services on Sunday. Quite a number of the concession people have volunteered the information that they intend to come, and I hope the service can be made attractive to the men of the place, who are not a church-going crowd. There seems to be little real piety apart from some of the missionaries.

INGLESIDE, April 2, 1892.

Two or three things of more or less interest have happened recently. One occurred early this week on the bund. A number of Chinese youths are attending the military examinations in Han Yang. One of them mounted his pony, rode through Hankow to the concession and down the bund. On his return he galloped his horse, as fast as he could go, and made for the gate which leads into the Chinese city. Just as his horse reached it, he shied, and, being a Chinaman, the rider was pitched to the ground and his face badly cut and disfigured. He was hauled into the police station for his disturbance, and word immediately spread through Hankow that the foreigners were killing a Chinese. Ten or fifteen of his fellow-students mounted and came for the concession, and by judiciously scattered remarks that they were going to drive the foreigners out and raid the concession, brought a crowd of about two thousand rowdies with them. The rabble was stopped near the gate, but the horsemen, several of whom were armed with pistols, rode into the concession. On the appearance of the police they retreated in haste, and have not since been heard of. Most of these Chinese seem to be arrant cowards. They hunt only in packs, and even then can often be routed by one or two determined men.

I will mention another incident, taken from a native paper. A man's house had been set on fire, and many others burned with it. Although on examination it was fully shown that the man was in no way to blame, and had himself lost everything, the magistrate punished him. As you are not Chinese, you may fail to see the justice or wisdom of this. But the Solomonic wisdom of the officer explained that the neighbors who suffered might void their discontent on this unhappy man unless by this device all ground of resentment should be removed. Commend me to the Chinese for perspicuous perversity!

There need be no trouble about the money coming directly to me. Send it to Dr. Langford, marked "Special for Hankow, at Mr. Ingle's discretion," and I will report to you the use to which it is put. Money that comes in that way is of the greatest service, for we always need more than the appropriation, and need money for uses not included in the objects for which the appropriation is sent.

We have had a tiresome day's work to-day. At the Chinese communion service a large number were baptized—about sixty, I think. They were the results of the work of one of the deacons in Hankow, and some of them had been waiting a long time. I think there must have been six hundred in the congregation, many of them school children.

A great many inquiries are still made about the English evening service, and many people have expressed their intention of coming. I think I shall try to have the first service Easter evening. It will be a great help to me to be preaching. I feel the need of something to keep me up. Though I can join to some extent in the Chinese services, they do not feed me, and I am hungry for our own good old English language and the beautiful service of our Prayer-book.

Ingleside, April 12, 1892.

My dear Papa:

I see the announcement of the passage of the Exclusion Bill. I don't see what the Chinese can do in return other than to order us out. The uncertainty as to the outcome of this will be another burden for us this summer. If we should be forced to go, Mr. Locke thinks the English Church would gladly take up our work. I begin to believe that popular government is a dangerous thing.

This, the exclusion question, has recurred time and again in our dealings with China and Japan, and is at the present time again critical in connection with the Alien

Land Bill recently passed by the California legislature. Both the labor interests and our fellow-citizens in California should and do have the sympathy of the whole country in their difficult race problem, and the National Government owes the Pacific States its efficient support in the proper settlement of the whole matter. But, having said so much, we cannot but add that the interested parties in California have shown themselves grossly crude, and also weak-spirited, in their dealings with reference to the magnificently proud and sensitive people of Japan and to the less well-informed and more childlike people of China. And as for the treatment of these peoples as individuals at our ports of entry in Honolulu and on the Pacific coast, it is rude and often absolutely brutal. If these affairs were locally placed in the paws of so many grizzly bears, the consequent bearishness would be an improvement on our "humanity." The recent resolutions of the Japanese residents of the Hawaiian Islands are founded on fact and deserve the consideration of our claim to fair-mindedness.

INGLESIDE, April 20, 1892.

MY DEAR MAY:

Thank you again for the recipes. How tempting they sound! But, to tell the truth, these directions sound to me rather complicated. I had expected something like the following: "Slice an onion, boil for half an hour with a bone (no meat required) in half a gallon of water, season to suit the smell; serve hot!" Or directions for making "a delicious pudding from a handful of oatmeal and some stale biscuits." Have I overtasked the skill even of my accomplished sister?

As for riots, I suppose that the reason that summer is their schedule-time is because it is easier to exist then, and consequently the people have more time for amusements. But things seem quiet now, and we occasionally hear of laudable efforts on the part of the government. There is

no special reason to fear now, least of all in Hankow. As for the pistol, I don't feel the need of it. But after talking the matter over with Mr. Locke, I have decided to keep my eyes open for one. I hope never to use it for myself, but it might help to ward off from the women and children of the place the most horrible barbarities, in which the unrestrained Chinese is an adept. [Whatever the barbarities in the treatment of foreign women which can be laid at the door of the Chinese, and they are many, they have almost invariably taken the form of mutilation and murder; but we do not remember any authentic accounts of prolonged torture, and it is certainly to their credit that the desire of the Chinese is for their own, and that, perhaps without exception, the purity of foreign womanhood has been respected, though we believe the question was once raised in connection with the sacking of the convent in Tientsin.—EDITOR.] A well-directed stream of water is said to be the best mob-scatterer in the world, but it is not convenient for the pocket.

Papa asks about the concession and its people. It is perhaps as long as Church Street, and is two blocks deep. The people are government representatives. I should think a dozen nationalities could be found there—imperial customs officers, bankers, merchants (chiefly in tea and hides), steamer and shipping company men, and missionaries. Quite a number have families. I think we could muster at this time one hundred men, most of them young or middle-aged. We are under the government of her Britannic Majesty's consul, Mr. Gardner. [In Hankow there are a number of separate concessions—British, French, German, Russian, Japanese, and so forth—lying side by side along the river bund; the British being the largest and including the major part of the foreign business, even to the present day. The center of the mission work in Hankow, with which Ingle was connected, has always been in the British concession. It was the Cathedral Church and its branches are now well distributed

and include very active work, especially in the native city.—EDITOR.] The affairs of the concession are regulated by a council. The preponderance in everything is English, though the Russians are wealthy and important. As is to be expected under the circumstances, most of the young men are careless livers, but I have been pleasantly surprised, when I joined them in games and talked with them, at hearing almost nothing that was objectionable. I believe there are fine fellows among them who have wandered off, but are not vicious, and may be helped, if the man who tries to help them can win their friendship and respect. Most of the missionaries have nothing to do with them, consequently few attend church. I think, too, that many of these men and women are used to the Church of England, and have no fondness for nonconformists, so that they are in a special sense our charge.

June 18, 1892.

All jurisdiction on the part of the English Church along the Yang-tse has been definitely given to our church; any chaplain of an English church within these limits is under our bishop, and the responsibility actually and inevitably falls on us. So I do not feel that I am doing work outside my proper lines, while I should be glad to be relieved of part of it.

The history of the definition of jurisdiction by bishops of the Anglican Communion in China is a matter of considerable interest to those affected, and has from time to time involved not a little friction, certain important questions having been settled only in very recent years—fortunately, as in all recent Anglo-American questions, by diplomatic means. The first bishop ordained in China was undoubtedly an American (the first Bishop Boone, in Shanghai), and had the American Church claimed and held unwaveringly its jurisdiction, no serious question need ever have arisen; but there was at least one period

which gave ground to the claim of the English Church that a certain amount of jurisdiction in the Yang-tse Valley had been waived by the American Church, and that the Anglican bishop had been permitted to inaugurate Chinese work in various river-ports, particularly Shanghai. We believe it was never for a moment desired by the American episcopate to have jurisdiction over the British foreign congregations, although its priests in Hankow have for years officiated in the English church there. It was entirely with regard to the Chinese work that the matter was in dispute.

As bishop, later,—and that was long after the division of the territory of China between the bishops of the English and American churches—Ingle took considerable interest in the efforts made to settle the matter of the Chinese work, and always held out for the American claim; but it was not until several years after his death, under the episcopate of Bishop Graves and of Ingle's successor, Bishop Roots of Hankow, that the Chinese work of the English Missions in the Yang-tse Valley was finally handed over to the two American bishops.

Ingleside, Easter day, April, 1892.

I attended only one Chinese service yesterday, as I wished to save myself for the evening and our first English service, which was held at six o'clock. We have been very much gratified at the interest people have shown.

On Saturday I wrote a notice of our services which Mr. Oxley of the Bank had carried by the Bank coolie to all the firms and families of the concession. As a result, we had a splendid congregation for so small a place. I did not see any other missionaries, for most of them have their own services, which are not, as a rule, popular with the resident foreigners, who prefer the English service. I use this instead of the American at both services. I greatly prefer ours, but the differences, though so slight, are somewhat confusing, so I consult their convenience. Yester-

day we had at service not only the nicest and "highest-toned" people, the consuls, etc., but a fair showing of young men, and some customs men, who, I am sure, rarely, if ever, go to church. So we are greatly encouraged. The concession will soon have large additions to its people in the shape of tea merchants and other employees, for the tea season is at hand. These we hope to interest.

We men went for a walk in the rain and tramped some distance into the country, and on our way back took shelter in a temple from a heavy shower. Some men were making a coffin, and several were soon gathered about us, who expressed great interest in everything that pertained to us. After a while we left them, followed by a crowd of small boys yelling, "Yang'gwae dzuh!" ("Foreign devil!"). We managed to walk away from them, and were not far from the boat when I, who was walking in the rear, felt something strike my neck and lodge in my collar. It came from the door of a house as I was passing. I stopped, turned back, and with a stern and menacing countenance looked in the open door. There were several women and girls and a man or two inside, who were bowing, and seeming to protest they "did n't mean to." As they really seemed good-natured and friendly, I forbore to kill them and burn the house, but passed on. The missile was a bit of sugar-cane, which the Chinese are very fond of chewing. [They probably spat it out as the party passed by.—Editor.]

Ingleside, May 1, 1892.

My dear Papa:

In bad weather I amuse myself in the afternoon by the riverside, listening to and watching the boatmen. I have recently seen two boats unloading pigs. Most of the pigs (all of the native ones, I think) are black with short snouts and long shaggy hair, and lack the intelligent and aristocratic look of our pigs. They are not treated with much respect, and I was amused at the way they

were unloaded. The boats could not come alongside the bank, so they stood several yards offshore, and the pigs were hauled up from the hold on deck. The natural handles of the animal were used—ears (very long) and tail—with a grip on the long hair of the back occasionally. By these each one was lugged up, amid blood-curdling shrieks, which were suddenly cut short as he was plunged into the water. If he started at once for the nearer shore, he was undisturbed; but if he headed for the other shore, he was mercilessly hauled and beaten back with boat-hooks until he finally clambered up the bank and joined the herd on a little patch of ground. I saw a hundred pigs landed in this way, and they seemed none the worse for the swim.

INGLESIDE, May 8, 1892.

MY DEAREST RIA:

Friday morning: I had a visit from two of the Committee on the English Church. They told me that the missionaries had definitely withdrawn, by note, from their work in the English Church. Our mission was accordingly asked to hold one service for them each Sunday until they can make definite arrangements. As Mr. Graves had agreed to help, we promised them to do as they asked.

Saturday I felt pretty badly all day and did not accomplish any work, but I doctored myself and about five went to Mr. Oxley's, for it was his tennis afternoon. I wish I could describe all the charming features of one of these occasions—the large garden, beautifully kept, bright with many blossoms; the carefully prepared turf, with the courts marked with tapes, and the coolies dressed in white and blue, picking up the balls; the table on the green, with handsome silver and pretty china, and laden with tea, sandwiches, and cake; and the guests, ladies and gentlemen, dressed chiefly in white, playing or sitting and talking. It was a pretty picture, and I had a delightful time, though I left early to be at my Chinese choir practice.

To-day I have had a good deal to do, and I don't know how I 'd have done it if I had not felt much better than yesterday. My first service was at eleven o'clock in the English Church, where I conducted the service and preached. It was very warm. There were punkahs swinging all over the church, and one just opposite me, over the choir, but none for me. I afterward spoke of it to Mr. Oxley, and I think he will have it attended to. I see no reason why every member of the congregation, and even the choir, should be fanned, while the minister, who certainly has most of the work to do, is left to swelter.

I have a suggestion to make to Papa for the Guild. It was inspired by a notice of the success of similar attempts by Rev. A. B. Kinsolving. It is this: That the Guild use part of its money, perhaps a fixed sum, each year, for several years, in fixing up a Chinese museum on a small scale. I will be their agent and ship them the things. They could thus have, without great cost, a collection of clothes, tools, books, etc., which would give them some idea of this people, and be interesting to the community at large. I am sure it could be made exceedingly attractive, and, if individuals become interested in it, might be the nucleus of a valuable collection. Tell Papa to think over this and, if he approves it, put it before the Guild.

Ingleside, May 15, 1892.

I am amused at one family trait that is conspicuous in most of them[1]—worry. If I tell of possible dangers, you are worried; if I do not, you are worried for fear I am keeping something from you. My dear family, will nothing convince you of my security, except to come and see? I assure you I have not the slightest ground of fear for Hankow. At present our harbor is alive with ships—two men-of-war (more coming) and four or five immense European tea-ships (and more coming), and the concession full of people. Besides these, we have at least one

[1] Members of the family.

steamer a day going to or coming from Shanghai, and it is easy to get away from here. The real danger is to the missionaries away from the ports. The rebels in the north might be a million miles away, as far as their effect on us is concerned.

As to the overwork, I am in no immediate danger of that. I have night-school only twice a week now. My time is well filled, and I have none to spare. But I take my exercise time every day, generally in tennis, and read newspapers besides. My English preaching takes a great deal of thought in its preparation, but it is great pleasure and helps me.

The crews of the English men-of-war attended morning service in addition to the inhabitants. Just now this place is thronged with tea-merchants, some with their wives, and this morning I had probably one hundred in my congregation at the English Church. Most of the people, church-goers, were at morning service, and two services a day go beyond the Christianity of most people in this region. And yet I must say I have been agreeably surprised at some things I have seen in them. They are frequently very careless livers, but it is not to be wondered at. They have little public opinion to support them. But more than that, I think, is the fact that their religious life has often no overseer. When they have services, they are generally held by men whom they do not know and who do not understand them, because they know nothing of their life and have nothing in common. From what I have seen and heard in Hankow, I should say that the systematic avoidance of the foreigners by the missionaries is a bad thing. They could see more of them, without interfering seriously with their work, and might thus be a leavening power, whereas now they are often unknown, even by sight, to the foreigners. I find that I can take my exercise more pleasantly and more profitably with the foreigners than otherwise, and it takes no more time. So I do so, and feel sure I am right in doing so. The tennis has generally

been delightful. I think I can hold my own against any of the fellows I have played so far, and look forward to the summer without dread, so long as I can count on this.

In answer to Papa's question as to what time it is here when it is 10.30 A.M. of March 27 in Frederick, the difference is, I think, about thirteen and a half hours, and we are ahead of you, so that at that hour it is about 12 P.M. of Sunday and my day's work is done before his begins.

INGLESIDE, May 22, 1892.

MY DEAR FATHER:

We do not play tennis till five, and at that hour the heat has greatly moderated and we play chiefly in the shade. I played four times last week, and, as a result, am in fine condition—better than before. At other times the ladies are at home and the men at business. There seems to be no evening visiting, or one does not meet the people except at formal dinners, and many of them not even then. As I have attended only one formal dinner, my experiences in that line have happily been limited. These afternoons are so pleasant to me, and I look forward to them with so much interest, that I sometimes feel that I am growing very worldly. But when I stop to think how much better I feel after playing, how the prospect of it brightens the whole day and makes my work more pleasant, I come to the conclusion that I am doing right. I think that I shall join the Golf Club when tennis wanes, and in that way will be able to get exercise during most of the year. But golf is more expensive.

I grow more and more fond of the Gardners and Oxleys, and find them both good people and very kind friends. I know them better than any other people. [A rapid change from his "griffinish" expressions with regard to English people. See p. 53.—EDITOR.]

To-day we had another baptism of sixteen men, the work of Rev. Mr. Hwang, one of the deacons who are

studying with me. They were a fine lot of young fellows, most of whom have degrees, and two are employed in a mandarin's *yamen*. All three of the deacons are good fellows and very successful, but Hwang especially so. He is a very hard worker, and Mr. Locke said yesterday that he feared he was working himself away. An excellent fault, is n't it? He is bright and quick.

We had rather a sad exhibition of human nature about ten days ago. Mr. Locke has organized a Friday social meeting for the men of our church here and Deacon Wang's (not Hwang's) congregation in the city. They gathered about 7 P.M., attended evening prayer, then spent the evening in the guest-room below me, talking, playing games, and leaving about nine, after light refreshments. On a recent occasion of this sort one of Wang's workers seemed more engrossed with his child, during the service, than seemed proper to one of Mr. Locke's men (a fellow employed in some inferior work), so he rebuked him. As soon as service was over and the men were outside, they proceeded to the national duel of reviling, screaming at the pitch of their lungs, calling each other, I imagine, some very unpleasant names. Mr. Locke managed to shut them up, but the clan feeling had been aroused, and Wang said one of his church members had been insulted and his people would not stay. He refused to listen to reason and went off in a huff, though Mr. Locke reminded him that not only was he, a deacon, entirely subject to Mr. Locke and liable to have his pay withdrawn, but that the congregation itself had been gathered by Mr. Locke before Wang came. The next day Mr. Locke dismissed the combatants from employment. Both of these were to blame and had made themselves somewhat objectionable before. Wang, however, soon came to his senses and went to see Mr. Locke. He acknowledged his fault with tears, and expressed himself ready to endure any punishment; and after being shown what a serious fault it was, he was restored to favor, and has been himself ever since. Last

Friday he was present at the meeting, and everything seems to have turned out for the best. You can see that each missionary has many of the cares and responsibilities of a bishop. The prospect of such a thing is overpowering.

Last Friday I introduced the game of "questions" among the men, and they seemed much pleased with it. I suppose you remember it. One goes out, and the others agree on some subject which he tries to guess by questioning them in turn. One Friday they were taken up with some "wire troubles" (puzzles) which the choir-boys had copied from some I had. They have games of their own as well. I am going to try by and by to master some of these. Several of them have some resemblance to chess or checkers.

Ingleside, May 28, 1892.

My dear little sister Ria:

The church trouble continues, and I see I am bound to get some of the odium. Mr. Foster (a London Mission man) called to see me to tell me how rudely he had been treated by the present committee, and how infamously that committee had acted throughout. He undoubtedly had grievances, but I doubt if he could maintain his position in a court of law. I have talked the matter over with Mr. Locke and with the English consul, and have decided to continue as I am doing. The consul—the highest authority here—says the acting committee is the true one, and until this decision is reversed by a higher judge I intend to act on it. It is a deplorable state of affairs, and there has been great want of tact and charity on both sides.

Two little things that have recently occurred have cheered me. One was the offer by a young business man, who has recently come here, to read the lessons for me in the morning service when I have two services. I don't yet know enough about his life and character to be able to say that I shall accept his offer, but I hope to be able to do so—more for his sake than mine.

Monday.

Yesterday morning we had the usual service in the English church and a good congregation. There must have been fifty sailors present, and almost everybody listened well. After the service I took a quiet tiffin with the Oxleys and enjoyed it very much. They are wealthy and live handsomely, but I did not feel overpowered, for they are so kind. Just before going there I was stopped by a man whom I recognized as a church-goer and communicant, but whose name I did not know. He prefaced his remarks by saying I had called on all the other outdoor customs employees except himself, and he wanted me to come to see him. The men on whom I called live in the adjoining house, while he lives on the steamboat hulk down on the river, and I had known nothing about him. None of these men are in society here, and I called on them in the hopes of winning their friendship and bringing them to church.

This morning, soon after breakfast, I had a visit from two Chinese, one of whom showed me some testimonials as to the ability of one, Wong Tien Yu, as a pilot; he said he was a friend of my Wong, and I supposed that my boy had run off and gotten a better position elsewhere, and had sent these papers by his friend as the friend's credentials. I understand that he wanted me to write some sort of "character" for Wong and pay this man the balance I owe Wong. The American gunboat and Ichang were somehow mixed up with the affair, and I was dreadfully puzzled. Still I was about to act as I supposed they desired, but decided to send first for my present cook. He questioned them, and I learned from him that, on the strength of my being an American and the employer of Wong, Wong's friend desired me to write a testimonial of his (the friend's) skill as a pilot, and thus get him a position as pilot on the American gunboat when she goes to Ichang. I told the gentlemen that, owing to the deplorable fact that I had never seen them before and did not know whether or not

they could steer a boat, such a service from me was quite out of the question, and they politely left. It was a very Chinesy affair. Soon after, just as I was starting to call on the gunboats, Deacon Hwang called with three promising children and their nurses to pay their respects, this being a visiting season. The little ones nosed about, and I allowed them to stick their hands up with some of my candy. After three quarters of an hour they left, but just as I was setting out for the ship Hwang reappeared with three of his assistants, who also called to show their politeness. They were interested in my photographs, especially groups of the family. When I showed them my books, they asked if I could read the Hebrew, Greek, etc., Bibles I have, and on being told that I could, one of them politely pronounced me a sage, an honor which I modestly repudiated.

Ingleside, June 6, 1892.

Thursday afternoon the British admiral came to Hankow, and there was tremendous cannonading forthwith. In a little while the captain of every war-vessel in the harbor was in his gig, racing to greet him, as if everything depended on getting there first. Mr. Gardner, at whose house we were playing tennis, donned his uniform and went. In short, our games for that afternoon were broken up, and we went out on the bund to see the sights. Saturday Mrs. Oxley gave up her afternoon to the Gardners, and the whole concession was invited to a reception, with tennis, given to the British admiral—and he was sick and did not come.

Yesterday St. Paul's was filled with Chinese who came to see the baptism of thirty persons, nine women (the outcome of Mrs. Hadley's Guild), four or five boys, and the rest men. I did not see it, but Mr. Locke says it was very impressive, and the candidates were serious. He said their faces looked as if they had come under the influence of a new power. I trust they may show its influence.

The weather has not been very oppressive yet, and we

have frequently had nice cold days like this. The afternoons are generally pleasant, the nights warm. My three chief annoyances are sounds, smells, and feelings (mosquitoes). But I am getting somewhat used to these, and even to the tannery smells; but the bugs torment me at night. They range from the tiniest gnats to creatures a couple of inches long, and are innumerable. When I go to bed, their scorched and mangled corpses surround me and cover the corner of my table on which the lamp stands. This would be a happy hunting-ground for an entomologist. My mosquito-net is rather ragged and does not afford perfect protection, but I thought it could be patched, and was a little astonished at Wong's interest in my comfort when he several times declared it "no good" and insisted on my buying another, which I declined to do. [A Chinese mosquito can find a single, minute hole in utter darkness and within ten minutes of the time the light goes out.—Editor.] I have come to the conclusion that he thought it was good enough for him and that he would fall heir to it.

You must feel, as I do, that these letters are very unmissionary. They will probably help you to realize, as I do, that a man, by the mere fact of going to a mission field, is not in the least metamorphosed. He is still just an ordinary man, with the same necessity of sleeping, eating, and exercising upon him, however much he might like to dispense with all three. And he does n't get away from human weaknesses in others or in himself at all. If he was weak at home, he is weak here; if he found people at home hard to get along with, here they are the same. He has no special immunities; only some special privileges, and, with them, some special temptations.

So far, and for a long time, it will hold true, I am not a missionary. I have done and can do no such work; I am not hand to hand with heathenism. I only see it as a vast, distant bulk. When I know it, and as I know it, I can write about it. Till then I have not much to say about it.

Rev. Mr. Hwang and Family, Nganking.

Catechists and Women Workers, Hankow.

INGLESIDE, June 18, 1892.

MY DEAR FATHER:

It is pleasantly cool to-day, though very damp, so I have put on one or two extra garments. For some days my uniform has consisted of three pieces of clothing (not including shoes and socks)—a pair of trousers and a coat of white duck or silk, and a gauze undershirt—and it is quite enough.

Things are perfectly quiet here, and we have three or four gunboats in port. In Ichang the people are insolent, and further down the river there have been threatenings, but precautions have been taken. In other parts of China buildings have been destroyed and missionaries attacked, but we have no reason to fear.

Last week I wrote a letter to Mr. Foster, telling him that I did not think it my duty to question the consul's pronouncement that the acting Church Committee was valid, and said that until it was reversed I expected to continue to hold services for them. He acknowledged my letter, recognized the propriety of my position, and said that if he took steps against the committee, I must not think he was opposing me. So things are smooth, and I think I have lost nothing. I am still on good terms all around.

INGLESIDE, June 25, 1892.

How I would enjoy being in a party of young folks—fellows I knew well and girls that are girls and not merely half-fledged dames! Mr. Pott leaves for America on the twenty-ninth of July. I am sure Papa and the entire congregation will like him. He is every inch a man, and an exceedingly able one. I expect to see him before he goes, and talk over my plans with him. He recently wrote me a very kind letter, offering to help me in any way he could.

It will be quite a relief to get rid of my Sunday sermons for a while. I enjoy them and they help me, but they give

me a good deal of worry. However, I can't help believing that, apart from the possibility of doing good, they are training me for something that I do not yet see. So I hold on, though I often feel discouraged after preaching. I am sure that preaching to the heathen can be no more discouraging. There are encouraging listeners, but, especially on a warm day, many who annoy me.

Everybody continues very kind, and I enjoy myself and keep warm. (I did not mean to say that. I meant to write "well." But it is true, so I leave it.) The American consul tells me that he may have to call on me, as one of the three American citizens here, to sit with him in the hearing of a libel case against an American. But he will let me off, if possible, and I sincerely hope it may be.

Lots of love from yours,

J. A. I.

INGLESIDE, June 27, 1892.

I suppose you will think it very extravagant when I tell you that I have for several days been spending thirteen dollars each day for something I do not want—something that is neither food, clothes, housekeeping, nor amusement. I ought to modify this a little and tell you that the mission ultimately pays the bill, for it is a doctor's bill. Now, hush, every one of you! Don't say a word, but let me finish. I know you will be wanting to cable and to come. But let me remind you that unless you have already, before this letter reaches you, received a cablegram to the contrary effect, you may satisfy yourselves that as your eyes read these lines, the occurrence is already in my dim past, probably forgotten.

I get along fairly well and have nothing to complain of. I have had a good deal of time to think about you all, and to congratulate myself that you have had no opportunity to worry yourselves about my sickness, until this letter, written by myself, assures that I am much better and stronger, considered in no danger, and likely to be about in

a few days. And, "an you love me," don't do or write anything rash.

I 'll stop now, as I want to write a little letter to Charlotte. One of my most earnest wishes for the last few days has been that I might be able to-day to relieve you of needful anxiety. Of course I cannot rid you of the Addison proclivities to worry, but I think I have said enough to make it unreasonable to do so. Still, I shall be surprised if a couple of the females don't faint and the others start to walk to China.

My next letter may be from Shanghai.

The doctor ordered a trip to Japan, and not to return to Hankow until all signs of fever disappeared. This order Ingle complied with, though he felt so much better by the time he reached Shanghai that he writes: "I dislike to go, much as I shall enjoy it, and I feel ashamed of going, for really I am myself again and feel no inconvenience from my little attack, which was checked by prompt treatment."

He was away about six weeks, thoroughly enjoying Japan and friends he saw there, and returning to Hankow in good condition. He writes, under date of September 5, 1892, from Hankow:

My dear Father:

Home again! And you don't know how glad I am to be here. I managed to get myself on board a river-steamer before midnight on Thursday, August 25, and soon afterward we set off on our voyage of six hundred miles. This boat belongs to a Chinese company, and is patronized by Chinese more than the others. I had two Chinese companions at the saloon table—one a steamboat manager at Wuhu, the other the son of the treasurer of Sze Chuan Province, 'way up the river. The former showed his good feeling by little acts of courtesy and by ordering champagne for the captain and the other two passengers, one day at dinner. He had some little ways that

do not ordinarily obtain at gentlemen's tables, but I pass over these. [It should be remembered, however, that many of our accepted social customs—dancing, for instance—are abhorrent to the Chinese.—EDITOR.] His companion, however, astonished me by his behavior at dinner. The dish that was handed him contained six nicely browned little sausages, resting softly on a bed of mashed potatoes. The other guests had each taken one. When they reached him he took one, tasted it, and seemed to like it, so he harpooned the remaining five on his plate and set to work. They were a little too much for him, so he sent the debris to his cabin. When curry came, he piled the rice up on his plate, put his head down till his lips touched it, and sent his ice-cream and a bunch of four or five bananas (I think he emptied the dish) to his cabin, and I afterward saw him, walking about the cabin, eating his ice-cream. He soon afterward left us, and I suppose took his booty with him.

We had beautiful weather and a pleasant trip. One disagreeable feature of the ride was the pervading smell of opium in the saloon, which belongs to Chinese second-class passengers. Some of them—the men there or in the steerage—seemed to be constantly smoking it, and the smell is very nauseating, though I am somewhat used to it now. The captain said that a few years ago the company prohibited it, and when a man was caught smoking his pipe he was thrown overboard. Now the habit has spread so widely that it is impossible to cope with it, and they do not try to stop it.

I am perfectly well and strong. Have had extremely kind greetings from the men here, young and old, and feel much drawn to them, foreigners as well as Chinese. I am delighted to find that I have not forgotten much Chinese. I think I both speak and understand better than before, though I have lost a good many words. I feel encouraged in every way. Everything looks bright. The weather is cooler and the nights are delightful.

Lots of love to all.

HANKOW, September 12, 1892.

I expect soon to begin lessons in the Chinese Bible with the choir-boys. I am not yet able to do much, but hope to be soon able to start them in Bible studies. Mr. Locke looks forward to their being evangelists, and proposes training them with a view to that, and afterward choosing those that seem fitted for the work. They will thus, you see, have the advantage of continuous training under our own eyes, and we can hope to see more signs of spiritual life and growth in them than in the average convert. For the growth in grace is slow enough and hard enough at home, and what must it be here, where everything is against it! I can give you no idea of the problems that have to be met in this work. We must try to organize the converts in some way so as to keep them together, to make the service attractive to them—for they are mere children in everything but years—to give them opportunities of intercourse with one another, and make these occasions pleasant; and in and through it all, what is hardest of all, to cherish and feed their spiritual life and make them hunger and thirst after righteousness. It takes time, especially the last. There is no man living, of however wonderful ability, who would not have full scope for it in facing the difficulties that meet us on every side. The mere bringing into the church of the heathen is only the first step, though one at which many fail. After that they must not only be trained in spiritual things, but taught to be independent and self-supporting, and supplied with pastors. And everything must be carefully watched over by foreigners. One of our greatest needs now is women from home. Our women's work needs to be organized and pushed forward, and there is almost no limit. At present comparatively little has been done. We are in dreadful need of several women trained in women's work. Whether the Board would send them out if they offered, I don't know. But our need remains the same. And this branch

of work is of the highest importance, and one that we now cannot touch. We want the best and brightest for this work. No second-rate material will do. I know of a couple of Frederick ladies who, I think, would fit the position. Humanly speaking, our future, with reference to money and workers, depends largely on the bishop they give us. How we pray he may be both able and consecrated! So much is dependent upon him.

I suppose Saturday will bring me a large influx of "fever letters," answers to mine of the early part of July. Now, if you did vent your anxiety in your reply, don't you feel foolish, now that you have had so many letters saying I am all right? I have a large chest ready for the directions for my treatment which I expect to receive, and will utilize the next room to store medicines which I shall probably receive from Kitten by a special State Department pouch. I did my best to relieve your anxiety, but have no idea that I succeeded.

Ingleside, Hankow, October 3, 1892.

Nothing exciting has happened this week near us. In Hunan, the fiery province south of us, the people have decided to refuse their governor because he is considered friendly to foreigners. What will come of it, I don't know. Rebellion, probably. But there are almost always a few rebellions going on in various parts of this huge country. There is one now in the north, which sprang out of the harsh tyranny of a mandarin and the natural resistance that followed.

The floods are also abroad in the north. The great Yellow River—"China's sorrow"—has burst its banks, as it so often does, and has spread ruin. I believe the loss of life from the water is not so great as is likely to result from famine in consequence of ruined crops.

The cholera has also made dreadful ravages in the north, thirty or forty thousand having died in one province. A native paper says it is very bad in Hankow, but

we had not known it. Mr. Locke says he has gone through the streets when the dead were lying unburied around him, and Mr. Sowerby says that this summer men were falling dead in the streets of Ichang; but it rarely attacks foreigners, because they are cleaner in habits and surroundings, and live on better food.

My classes are learning English pretty well, and naturally want me to talk it to them. And when I ask them for a word or phrase, from ten boys I get four or five responses. I feel much cast down at the thought of having the responsibility of this work, though I am becoming acquainted with its method. Perhaps you have never thought what our church expects its missionaries to be. I say "ours" because in most other missions there are more men and the work is divided. Let me tell you what Mr. Locke has had to do and be. First: Something of a real-estate dealer. There is land to be bought and sometimes sold, improved, and looked after. Second: An accountant. The mission's accounts are kept by him. Third: An architect and builder. The Chinese will not build decently unless watched, and this is a very trying business. Fourth: A physician and hospital nurse. We were given a hospital, but no doctor. The concession doctor was employed to visit once or twice a week, and Mr. Locke had charge meanwhile and conducted the dispensary. Fifth: A preacher. He is expected to find time for this. Sixth: An organizer and administrator. He is working on perfectly raw material, and if it is to retain the impression made on it, he must have the gift of administration. Seventh: A bishop in all but the name and the power of "laying on hands." Apart from that, a bishop could scarcely have more authority and responsibility than a man in Mr. Locke's position has. When you add to these the trying climate, social loneliness, and anxiety about his hostile surroundings, do you wonder that he is not as strong a man at forty as he would be in America at fifty or sixty? I do not. I trust that, if I have charge here, I may at once have a business manager

to take the mere routine and clerical labor from my hands, and soon another clergyman. I cannot pretend to do all that Mr. Locke will leave to be carried on. The work has opened so many departments that it is overpowering.

Your birthday will have passed before this reaches you. But I will think of you and make for you all loving prayers and wishes. I can't help thinking, now and then, how nice it would be to have a little visit home.

HANKOW, October 17, 1892.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I thought for some time that he (Mr. Locke) was rather negligent of the people after they entered the church, and had not sufficient oversight of them. Last night I had my usual Sunday evening talk with him, and found I was mistaken. He has men whose duty it is to keep a constant watch on every person who is baptized and visit him every one or two weeks. He is anxious to organize a class for the instruction of the Christians, but with the lack of men and the work he has to do, it is at present impossible. The former difficulty of persuading men to enter the church seems to be well met by the means he employs, but an equally great and equally serious difficulty is to keep them in the church and build them up in the faith. This is, I think, his special study now, and he is making experiments now and then in this direction. As I have said before, he has great faith in the church service as an educator, and puts himself to great inconvenience to be present at daily morning and evening prayer, so as to sustain the attendance. He aims to make the church building pretty, and the service bright and attractive, so that the people may take pride and pleasure in their church. You cannot realize, at your distance, how many motives must be played on to get a response from these people.

Our Chinese deacons are excellent fellows, but they have not much development; they have had little Christian

experience and are in great need of more thorough, deeper, and fresher instruction. They seem to run out in their preaching and to descend to commonplace platitudes. It is no wonder. I feel more and more the need in myself of deep-rooted and living convictions, and of a more thorough acquaintance with, and apprehension of, spiritual realities. I have hopes that if I can keep the present choir-boys under my care, I may teach them enough English to enable them to profit by the good literature in our language. I have not begun the study of the Chinese Bible with them. I do not feel equal to it.

I am rather blue about my Chinese now. I am making good progress in reading, but little in speaking. I have an idea that Mr. Locke is somewhat disappointed in me, though he has never told me so. It was by his advice, and rather against my will, that I embarked in this English Church work; but though it has somewhat retarded my Chinese, I believe it has repaid me in other respects. I can feel that I have grown spiritually since I have had the spiritual oversight of these people and have had to think for them. I have improved physically, for it has given me opportunity for exercise and amusement that I probably would not have had. And I can see that I have the good will and respect of most of the men here, even of some of the hardened old sinners whom the other missionaries denounce. I constantly receive little kindnesses at their hands. I was gratified about a week ago to find two men, one a steamer captain, who remembered what I had said in my service and wanted to talk about it.

About a month ago I begged the people not to neglect the Lord's Supper, and read the solemn warning to that effect in the Prayer-book. You may imagine my joy in having nine come yesterday—more than ever before, except Easter day. I feel the pleasure of the man who sees before him a work which, by God's help, he believes he can do. The soil is not bad if the crop of weeds can be killed. These weeds are the natural result of neglect.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening."

"O Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, . . . and our work is done."

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THE DAY'S WORK

MORNING

On the resignation and departure of Mr. Locke for America in November, 1892, Ingle was simply left in charge of the work in Hankow, "and no questions asked." The *raison d'être* of this frequent eventuality in mission work is beautifully expressed in Carroll's classic lines:

"You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly."

Ingle was far too young and far too inexperienced for a post of such responsibility. That goes without saying. But he made good, and that with fewer errors than many of us who have, almost without exception, found ourselves at one time or another in a similarly difficult and perilous position in the missionary service of the Church.

This was the real beginning of Ingle's day's work, which lasted eleven years and one month.

To Rev. W. S. Langford, D.D.

HANKOW, CHINA, November 9, 1892.

Mr. Locke left Hankow on Saturday, November 5. He put me in charge, awaiting the confirmation of the Standing Committee. Mr. Sowerby is here and is assisting in the work, which is going on as before.

HANKOW, November 7, 1892.

MY DEAREST FATHER:

What do you think of my being in charge of the work? But that is just the case. Let me try to give you an idea of what I have to do. Every morning at nine, prayers. I read two short prayers in the choir-room and go into the chancel with the boys and men. I expect to read part of morning prayer in a few days. From 9.30 to 11.30 I study and read with my new teacher, a very nice scholar, who is preparing for baptism. About 11.39 I go down to the guest-room, where the deacon and evangelists are preaching, and say a few words myself, which I have prepared with the help of my teacher. So you see I am beginning to preach, though in very poor fashion, after seven and a half months' study. Of course I speak simply and slowly, and the listeners generally say they understand me, and I think they really get some of it. At one I have tiffin. Somewhere between two and three I go out for one and a half or two hours of golf, which refreshes me very much. I come back to five-o'clock prayers. I have supper at seven, and at 7.30 or eight I have a meeting. On Monday and Wednesday it is an instruction class for candidates for baptism. Mr. Sowerby and the Chinese do the work here. Tuesday and Thursday evenings I have night-school, and Tuesday and Thursday afternoons give my choir-boys an hour of English. Friday evenings at seven we have short evening prayer, followed by the social meeting of which I have often spoken. Sunday at 10.30 we have the commu-

nion service. Mr. Sowerby took it yesterday, and I preached in the English church. The committee asked me not to desert them, now that the congregation is beginning to grow, so I think Mr. Sowerby and I can manage to serve them till Mr. Partridge comes to help us.

Then I have the accounts of the mission to manage. There are probably forty employees of all kinds, including deacons, evangelists, teachers, etc. But this is so organized that each deacon has charge not only of his immediate helpers and employees, but is overseer of a couple of evangelists and regular visitor to several schools. He brings an itemized list of expenses, and I pay him by check. Mr. Locke says these deacons are trustworthy, and in fact everything, humanly speaking, depends on them, and I could not hope to do anything without them. As it is, I realize the greatness of the work, but I do not feel despairingly. I believe the work rests on true foundations. I accept it as a tremendous and unsought responsibility, and I believe God will help me to carry it on. I greatly hope, too, that Mr. Locke will be back before many months.

Of course I am greatly hampered not only by imperfect speaking and understanding, but by having to spend a certain amount of time in studying the language. I fear this cuts off all chance of my becoming a scholar in Chinese, as I had once hoped. It will greatly hinder my reading and study of English, but I think it will contribute to my spiritual growth. I am quite ten years older than I was last month.

HANKOW, November 27, 1892.

MY DARLING FATHER:

I am still plodding on with my work. I have visited the deacons in Hankow, and think they are doing good and faithful work. I have recently heard some charges against some of our evangelists about sixty miles away from here. The reports come through a Wesleyan minister, who heard them from his Chinese. So far as I have been able to in-

vestigate, they seem to be great exaggerations, and the true blame to belong to one of our men who was recalled from the place two months ago, when our present men were sent there. He seems to have been quarrelsome, but I have heard of nothing worse about him. These things, as you may imagine, are very annoying. At the very last, in investigating them, one has to fall back on the statements of the Chinese, and then the balance must be struck between the reliability of one's men and that of the accusers. As a general thing, each missionary believes his own men, so these fusses generally end in a draw.

I judge that our course of instruction is much more regular and thorough than theirs.[1] Surely, no one could want a better basis of instruction than the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Commandments, which are regularly and carefully taught to all our people. Our system aims at teaching a great deal, in a comparatively short time, by regular meetings held for the purpose. They seem to leave the man to learn from the regular preaching to the heathen (in the street chapels, where many points of doctrine cannot be brought out, "casting pearls before swine"), from attendance on public services, and reading. I think our system is likely to achieve better results in the matter of preliminary training. But they are far ahead of us in teaching and overseeing the members after they are baptized. They have plenty of foreigners, and attend to that part of the work well. This is where we are weak, as we are always in need of foreigners. Then, too, they have no native clergymen. Their policy is congregational, they ordain a man only when a congregation is ready to support him. I think our system is much better for laying the foundation, and capable of wider expansion, and that with one or two more foreigners we could do more than they are doing with quite a staff. Our system, too, is much cheaper, as you can support ten or more Chinese at the cost of one foreigner.

[1] Other Protestant bodies.

Well, this is a tremendous work, and awfully tiring sometimes; and if I had n't believed it was God's work, and He would carry it on, I would have been at home before now. But I trust His promise and do my best.

1893

HANKOW, January 1, 1893.

I have much—very much—to be thankful for. Altogether, my position here becomes more and more pleasant. I think the missionaries are beginning to regard me with a more friendly eye, though I have heard of some of the unpleasant misstatements about my work, and I think some one is trying to injure my English work by giving the impression that I am a "very High Churchman." I think the verdict of most of my congregation would be that I am too far in the other direction.

But there has been another side to my festive season that has not been gay. I have had one anxiety and worry after another, and, in fact, it seems to me that I have a fresh one every two or three days. Some of them are serious, some trivial, all annoying. On the top of those of other kinds, I now have a choir-boy quite sick. I don't know just what is the matter with him, but I fear he is rather sick. Dr. Thomson was very kind about visiting him, and for nearly a day he remained in the school, where I could look after him or the doctor visit him. But his stupid old mother insisted on taking him to her wretched home, and I had to yield. I told her that I would nurse him if he would remain in the school, but could not be responsible if she removed him. But nothing prevailed, and he went home to fall into the clutches of some Chinese quack, who is as likely to feed him on tiger-bones as anything else. [Tiger's bones are considered a strength-giver by the old Chinese practice. "Tigers are so strong."—EDITOR.] I send him soup twice a day, and

the teacher visits him regularly. Unless he soon improves, I shall try to prevail on the mother to let me move him to the Roman Catholic hospital, where he can be suitably treated.

You can have no conception of, and I cannot describe, all the worries that constantly come to me. Sometimes I really feel as if I must give up, that I cannot grapple with these difficulties. No one who has not tried it can have the least imagination of the difficulties of this work and the liability to mistakes on every hand. If this were a mere business venture, no amount of money could make me undertake it, for the strain is of a kind that money cannot compensate for. And yet I believe in the work, and think that in time it will succeed. But we must have men and women, and that soon.

To the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 21–26 Bible House, New York City

Hankow, China, January 22, 1893.

The Board knows that, on Mr. Locke's departure for America, I was left by him in charge of the Hankow work, and the Standing Committee confirmed this action. Mr. Sowerby has rendered valuable assistance, but his presence here is temporary, and all the responsibility has fallen on me. With my short residence here, I could not have kept the work going, had it not been systematized by Mr. Locke and put under the constant personal oversight of three very faithful deacons. As it is, things are going on almost as before, and, while I expect a temporary check, I do not think that ground will be lost.

Now, apart from the fact that there is work to be done among our English-speaking citizens which the ministers of other churches cannot do, it is to be remembered that these people are in the jurisdiction assigned to our Church, and consider themselves under our bishop (when we have one). So they naturally look to us for assistance. Not

long before his death, Bishop Boone agreed to get a man to conduct these services, if the committee would guarantee half of his salary. The bishop's death prevented the perfecting of the arrangement.

Mr. E. H. Oxley, the manager of the Hankow branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and the representative of the Church Committee, has lately renewed this offer.

As to the need of more than one man in Hankow, there can be no doubt. The work is spreading in a way that demands more workers, unless what has been gained is to be lost through lack of oversight. I am not asking for women, though the work needs them sadly; nor for a physician, though some of our Christians must be sent to the Roman Catholic hospital when they are sick. I am asking for a clergyman to assist in direct ministerial work. His English work will not take much time, and will be of great spiritual benefit to him, especially while he is in the discouraging stage of beginning this language.

It is not easy for people in America to appreciate the position of your representative in Hankow. While the Wesleyans have a score or more, the London Mission more than a dozen, and Swedes and Norwegians galore, we have three missionaries in Wuchang and Hankow, and in this city, with prospects and opportunities second to none, a single man, and he a newcomer. For Christ and His Church's sake, send us a man, that the work that promises so well be not allowed to fall to pieces. How can we be successful and the work be well done when one man is left to do work which it would take two or three men to do properly!

St. John's College, February 8, 1893.

Coming to Shanghai after being for nearly a year and a half in Hankow is like coming as a countryman to the city. The big shops, the carriages, and all the fine houses seem strange, but very attractive. Just now the Chinese New

Year holidays are in full blast, and the streets are full of men and women dressed in silks and furs of all colors. It is a great treat to see it all, but I am glad I live in a quieter place. I shall be glad to get back to my home, though I shall be sorry to leave the Massies.

P.S.—I expect to engage passage for Vancouver by the *Empress of Japan,* which leaves Shanghai May 26 and ought to reach Vancouver about June 17 or 18. I shall cross the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and hope to be at home about the twenty-fifth of June.[1]

HANKOW, March 6, 1893.

MY DARLING OSCAR:

Contrary to custom, one or two little things have happened since I last wrote, and I will try to tell them. First: It seems that at last we have a bishop—Mr. Graves. I was over there Saturday when Mr. Partridge got a telegram, in answer to one he had sent, saying that Mr. Graves was elected. We had some trouble then because Mr. Graves had not been notified.

The other piece of news is not so pleasant. Some of our church members are having a rather hard time. As far as I can learn, the facts are these. One of our people who, like all living or dead Chinese, owes money, was staying in the house of another Christian when a crowd of neighbors, including his creditors, came, and after cursing them pretty vigorously, broke windows, dishes, and furniture, beat the occupants of the house, and said that after three days they would drive all the church members out of that vicinity. As we have eight families there, who do not rent but own the houses they live in, this would be a serious matter to them. Two of the deacons, who happened to witness most of this, came to me and reported it, and the next day I heard that a woman, who had been very pr

[1] At this time he was expecting to return to America in 1 to be married.—EDITOR.

inent in the attack, had since then scratched her face till it bled and then gone to the mandarin with the charge that it was done by these Christians. There are two very Chinese features about this: First, the false charge, and, secondly, that it was done by a woman. I have told you what fearful pests the women are, and how hard to get rid of. This woman was put forward by her husband, as an attack on and maltreatment of her was a more serious matter than attacking a man. Now another feature of Chinese life, ever present. To get her petition presented to the mandarin she had to pay the underlings, always notorious scoundrels, four thousand cash (about four dollars). I was afterward told that after she had paid them, they demanded more, and when she would not give it, refused to present the petition. But hearing of her charge, I went to the United States consulate and had a letter written to the mandarin, asking him to see that justice was done. Perhaps you do not know that the treaties with the foreign nations promise that Chinese shall "not be subject to ill treatment because they are Christians," and this seems to come under that head. Since then I have heard nothing about the trouble, and hope there will be no more of it.

March 12, 1893.

My dear Father:

Although Mr. Graves's election to the bishopric has yet to be confirmed by the Standing Committee, it is regarded by all as practically settled, and he is making arrangements for the management of the diocese. He says he is pleased with what he has seen of my efforts, and will leave me just as I am. He apparently does not intend to interfere in my [illegible]rk. He does not intend to take this church as his, but [illegible]s it to the work that is now going on in it. I think [illegible]y one in the mission will have fair treatment from him, [illegible] that he will spur us all up to better efforts. It is a [illegible] relief to feel that there is some one now to whom I

can refer my troubles and doubts, with the prospect of getting help. You cannot imagine how wretched the former state was, when there was absolutely no one to counsel or help. I look forward to a great improvement and extension of the mission under him.

I am trying to get my teacher to bring his family over from Wuchang to live on this side. In this way he will be always conveniently near, and, besides that, can come regularly to service. He does not seem to be much pleased with the Wuchang church because the men are so few. Over here the balance is on the other side. So I offered him a place in the house we rent, and he seemed pleased at the prospect. But just now, at all events, it is impossible for him to move. And this is the reason. A Chinese is not an individual. He is a member of a family. The sons are always expected to live together and with their parents. They hang around each other's necks and prove a fearful incubus to a man's efforts to rise. The successful man is at once seized by his needy relations and reminded that he belongs to them. In this case my teacher, together with his two brothers, owns a house. The brothers keep an inn, and the presence of my teacher's family is of assistance to them. The season has not been very good, and business is dull, so it would be to the disadvantage of the two brothers if the third moved away. No matter what the prospect of benefiting himself may be, he is bound by the common weal and he does not dare to leave. Like everything else Chinese, their relationships are very complicated, and, I think, fearful impositions.

April 30, 1893.

My dear Father:

I have had a good many annoyances during the week. My two men are still in jail (the result of the incidents told in the letter of March 6), though the consul is trying hard to get them out. To-morrow is the first of May. I had hoped to have this affair settled before the putting into

effect of the Geary Law, and I am sure that will not help me. Our consuls in China are of little use. By our partisan system of politics, a consul does not stay long enough to make it worth while to learn the language, and he has little opportunity to know much about the people. So he is entirely dependent on underlings and Chinese for all his information, and he has not one chance out of a thousand to escape if they, for reasons of their own, unite to deceive him. In the English system they have a regular graded course, by which men rise from one position to another as they are qualified to do more difficult work. But ours is no system at all, and is little fitted to care for the country's interests.

In my last letter I spoke of the man who complained that a Roman Catholic priest had encroached on his land in building. I am glad to say this matter is settled. I advised the man to send his friends to discuss the matter with the priest and try to sell him the land at a fair price, and suggested one hundred strings of cash. This was carried out, apparently to the satisfaction of every one, especially the five middlemen, who received eight hundred cash apiece for their manipulation of the business.

The latest thing of this sort occurred on Friday. One of my workers came to ask me for leave of absence to attend to business. It seems that when he was a boy his grandmother borrowed forty strings of cash. This has never been paid, and the young man, who is the only member of the family who is earning money, has been persecuted for payment. I think I have told you before that in China a man is not an individual but a member of a family. This is an illustration of it, and shows how a man (or an old woman) may mortgage generations yet unborn. The hard part of this is that my man had previously lent just this sum to another man, stipulating to be repaid in large cash. When the time for payment came, the debtor sent forty strings of small cash, which are counterfeits and useless. These were returned, and the man refused to pay

proper money. My man has hopes now of getting this sum, or at any rate, by the prospect of it, of putting off his grandmother's creditor. Is n't this a glorious land?

May 7, 1893.

My two poor men are still in jail and suffering. Both are more or less sick. But I am utterly powerless to help them.

I am not baptizing as many as Mr. Locke would have baptized if he had stayed. This is for two reasons: First, because I am stricter in my requirements and am trying to make the deacons and evangelists so. Secondly, because I do not think we have at present facilities for taking the needful care of more persons. So I have given orders to the families of the church members, the wives, parents, children, etc., who have not yet been baptized. I have many plans as to the work I myself will do as soon as I am better equipped. There is enough work fully to occupy several men, and I am constantly brought back to the realization that I am but one, and a very poorly prepared one at that.

I see before me the program of an entertainment which I attended on Thursday night aboard the *Porpoise,* the British gunboat. This was a farewell to Hankow, and most of the ladies and gentlemen of the place were there. The deck of the ship was roofed in with flags and pennants and bright with electric lights and colored lanterns. Mr. Partridge and I were the only missionaries present, though a number of others were invited. I think the words "Private Theatricals" on the invitations scared our good friends away. But both the officers and men seemed gratified by our presence.

Hankow, June 5, 1893.

Last Saturday I decided to take a holiday. So I went with Mr. Sowerby over the river about seven o'clock, and spent the morning. The Pagoda is on quite a high hill in

a large inclosure, in which stand a number of temples, or rather a series, with idols and other appurtenances. They were making a large plaster image of Buddha, perhaps twenty feet high, which is to be gilded. But this zeal seems rather exceptional, and most of the temples are dirty and old-looking and in great need of repairs.

We found the priests very pleasant and chatty. They seemed to recognize Mr. Partridge and Dr. Merrins. In fact, one of them had attended service in Wuchang, and he showed us about and explained things to us.

We climbed to the top of the Pagoda by a tortuous stone stairway which has outlets on all seven stories. The top is probably one hundred feet above the foundation, and it is placed on a high hill, so the view is very good. A priest, who had followed us up the hill, brought tea, which he poured for us in the resting-room at the foot of the Pagoda. We afterward learned that we had acquired no merit from our climb, because we had failed to record ourselves on the walls of the tower.

HANKOW, June 12, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Monday again, and, I am thankful to say, a bright day. For about three weeks we have had rain almost every day. The result has been very trying, for I have been kept in the house most of the time, and that means that I have not felt very well and have been in a bad humor too often. But I find that a little free expression of dissatisfaction, such as often accompanies this state of mind, has a good effect on the Chinese. I fear I am not strict enough with them, and they are the first to note such a defect and take advantage of it. I believe that the great mass of them will never feel any great respect for a man who is not sometimes stern with them. They need to "stand in awe" if they are not to do wrong, and, knowing as little as they do about God, they are not likely to fear Him much if they have n't some of the same feeling of fear for their pastor

Of course they are open to kinder influences, but I don't think they are yet ready to be controlled by them.

Mrs. Graves expects to leave for Japan in a week, and then I shall be quite alone. She expects Mr. Graves to return early in September, perhaps even earlier, as he thinks he can do nothing at home during the summer, when ministers and people are away. I wish you could meet him, but I fear you will not be able. I have already found him a congenial friend, and think I shall like him equally as a bishop.

June 26, 1893.

The holidays are over and I am again at work, but I feel rested and well. I did not, of course, do half the work I undertook to do, but I accomplished several things. I have come to the conclusion that the best time for doing extra work is when you are already tolerably busy, and not when you have little or nothing at hand. At least this is my case.

To the Rev. Joshua Kimber

HANKOW, CHINA, July 6, 1893.

You will notice that the number of baptisms is smaller than last year. That was to be expected from the change made in the missionary. There is, however, an additional reason for it.

The other work has not slackened, and we have daily preaching to the heathen in guest-rooms in seven places. But I have made the rules a little more stringent. The instruction covers more ground than formerly, it is extended over a longer time, and before a man is baptized his character and antecedents are inquired into as fully as possible. In this way the class is delayed a little and the number is smaller, but we have a steady and by no means small stream, and I think time will show the wisdom of it. This work has reached a stage of growth where it will

continue to grow even under some restrictions. And, as I said, my inexperience is afraid of too large additions to this large number. As it is, about one hundred and seventy-five have been added in the past eight months.

Most of this work has been accomplished by the deacons, or by the evangelists working in immediate connection with the deacons. Much less has been done by the evangelists alone. I am very fortunate in my deacons.

July 10, 1893.

DEAR RIA:

I am a mixture of pleasant and ugly feelings to-day. But I have one thing to congratulate myself on: I have developed skill in organ-repairing. The church organ (parlor size) had become quite useless; the keys stuck, and it was apparently hopeless. Saturday I took it to pieces and resolved it into its formal elements. Then when I put it together, it was worse than before. But this morning I made a deeper study of it, and now it is, to all appearances, as good as it ever was, and my organist is quite enthusiastic over it. So, as far as that goes, I am in a good humor. Two of my choir-boys are sick, but not seriously, I think.

I have feared lately that you would be anxious about me, after hearing of the murder of two Swedish missionaries near here. But there is not the least danger here, for we are well defended, and this was a local affair and not a general uprising. The poor fellows were buried yesterday, and almost everybody was present. It remains to be seen what punishment will be awarded.

The weather is quite hot, though mild for the season. It is a little hard to sleep with more under one than a cane chair. I intend to follow the Chinese custom of sleeping on a mat placed on a bedstead. I am very well—in fact, better than when the weather was cooler, though of course the heat is very annoying. If I can ever become used to this living in two places at once, I shall get on very well.

Hankow, August 13, 1893.

My dear Father:

In China a fan is one of the necessities of life, and no coolie is without one.

I have recently been asked to take charge of the September meeting of missionaries, in place of an old missionary who is away. I have written quite a long address on St. Paul's two public sermons to the heathen in Lystra and Athens. It is a very interesting subject, and the trouble is not to say too much. I shall probably raise some opposition by my views as to St. Paul's concessions to heathen knowledge in the case of the altar to an "unknown god" and the heathen poets' statement that we are children of Zeus. But I think my views can be sustained from the Bible. It is surprising how many occurrences here are quite parallel with others mentioned in the Bible. Perhaps you do not know that the Emperor, and, I think, he alone, worships the Supreme God, Shang Tien, whose altar is in Peking, and whose rites are solemnly celebrated. This god is not an idol, and has no such representation. It is much like the "unknown god" of Athens. This term, Shang Tien, is used by most Protestant missionaries as the name for God, probably for the reason given above. We use a different term, meaning "Lord of Heaven," which is also used by Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Mohammedans.

Another case parallel to one in the Bible was the treatment of my men by the Chinese mandarin. In Acts xxiv, 26–27, St. Paul is treated in just the same way by an outgoing magistrate. The custom here, when a magistrate is going out of office, is to compound with the prisoners for as much as can be squeezed from them. A prisoner can get off at such a time for less than usual, because the rogue wishes to harvest as much as possible while the sun shines, and leave as little as possible for his successor to gather. If no money is to be had from a prisoner, he has no objection to leaving him for the incoming officer to try his

hand on. After I have read my address here, I will send it to you for your opinion.

HANKOW, August 20, 1893.

Now, in regard to making things to send here for Christmas, as you say the Chinese Chapter think of doing. I, myself, do not know enough about the women to say what would be acceptable to them and, at the same time, wise to give them. There is so much danger of the Chinese coming to regard us as an institution imported to supply them with work, food, and clothes, that the matter of charity has to be carefully watched and the effort made to have charity exerted by them toward each other. I do not doubt that Mrs. Graves knows of plenty of things that would be useful, but I do not think it would be wise to send until you hear from her. I will write to her and ask her to write to Miss Mary on the subject.

Last Tuesday evening I had an unpleasant little experience. We had two young men to dine with us, and afterward were sitting in the dark on the porch. I had on a loose linen Chinese coat, with big sleeves which were rolled up to the elbow, and my arm was resting on the arm of my wicker chair. I felt a sharp bite, and cried out that it must be a centipede, as it was too painful to be a mosquito's attack. We struck a light and found an ugly centipede, probably between four and five inches long, which was promptly killed. This is a most repulsive creature, with a red head and innumerable legs, and is quite poisonous. Fortunately, Collins had medicine at hand, and my arm did not even swell. This is the third one I have had the pleasure of meeting, but the first I have become intimate with. He made all the advances, but we reciprocated.

September 3, 1893.

MY DARLING FATHER:

I have had two very encouraging signs this week. The first was from Sowerby. After he left us, he wrote thank-

ing for entertaining him. At the close he said that, in spite of the mistakes I have made, he thinks I have done very well in a very difficult position. It is gratifying to me to have the man who, last fall, assured me that the work would inevitably go to ruin if left in my hands, now say that, in spite of my mistakes, I have done well. I am not only glad to have his good will, but I sincerely value his opinion, for he is both a valuable and a faithful worker. If I have time, I intend to write to ask him to point out the mistakes.

The other pleasant occurrence is that the bishop has appointed me a member of the Standing Committee. This is neither on account of my long residence in China nor my unique ability, but because I am in charge of an important work which ought to be represented. But the sight of a kid like myself in this position ought to make the Church at home open its eyes and see that it is not wise to let the work reach the condition which makes this necessary.

HANKOW, September 17, 1893.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

The work is, in some respects, more and more encouraging, though the deeper one goes into it, the more difficulties he sees.

In spite of the fact that I have grown steadily stricter in my requirements of candidates for baptism, I have baptized a great many—last Sunday twenty-six, and to-day four.

One of these, who had desired to be baptized, was what the Chinese call very "hot-hearted," very zealous, and wanted to be baptized at once. I found the man came from the province of Hunan, the hotbed of the anti-foreign movement, and so fierce in its hatred that no foreigners are allowed to live there. If they try it, they are promptly driven out by the people. I told the evangelist that we knew too little about this man. He must wait, and mean-

while his character could be looked into. On examination it turned out that his wife bore not the best reputation, and as, according to Chinese ideas, the husband is responsible for his wife, I decided that I could not admit him.

I supposed that after this he would have nothing more to do with us, so I was surprised when, a few weeks ago, the evangelist again presented his name. He said that, in spite of his rebuff, the man came regularly for instruction and to attend services.

He had inquired more carefully about him, and showed me a written testimonial from four of the man's neighbors, one a Christian, saying that his character was good. Meanwhile his wife had died, and he professed himself as very sorry for having let her do as she did. This was a good deal in his favor, but there was still room for caution, as a bad reputation is hard to get rid of here, and we cannot afford to accept such men without good evidence of change.

So I told the evangelist that he should tell him to wait, a thing which displeased both of them. After a few weeks had passed, I again inquired if he still came and seemed to intend to continue coming. Learning that he was still regular, I said I would examine him with the next class from that place, and, if satisfied with his examination, baptize him. When I next met him, he was all smiles.

Under the circumstances, I do not think I was too severe with him, and with the evidence I finally got, I think I would not have been justified in refusing to baptize him.

An interesting case was in Han Chuan, a town thirty or forty miles from here. I could not go myself to the place, so I sent one of my deacons, Wang Li T'ang. I have had two evangelists there for more than a year, and we have fifty or sixty converts.

When Mr. Wang went there three months ago, among the candidates for baptism was one man who had quite a reputation. He was fifty or sixty years old, and had land and money.

Besides this, he was the acknowledged head of a sect of vegetarians who believe that abstinence from animal food is very meritorious, and who seek for salvation in this way. This is a Buddhist doctrine. For generations this man's ancestors had eaten no meat. He was the head of the sect, which numbers a large part of the inhabitants, and was looked up to by all as their teacher. He had been instructed by the evangelists, and wished to be baptized. I may add that he bore an excellent character in every way.

The deacon talked to him plainly, telling him, as we tell all candidates, that we do not use the influence of the foreigner to help church members in lawsuits, nor procure work for them, nor give them money, nor provide coffins for them when they die. (These may seem trifling remarks to you, but this is enough to turn back many a man who comes to be baptized.) He told him, too, of the things he would have to give up; that, among others, he must stop teaching this doctrine of meritorious abstinence from meat.

He asked if he would be compelled to eat meat, and the deacon said he might please himself about that, only he was not to think or teach that there was any merit in eating or abstaining. Finally he told the old gentleman that he thought it would be best to wait a while longer before baptism, so that he might carefully count the cost and make all necessary arrangements to break with his followers. This was three months ago. About three weeks ago I again sent the deacon to Han Chuan.

He found the old gentleman still coming and still anxious to be baptized. He examined him, and found that he had a very good knowledge of Christian truth. He questioned him further, and asked if he had entirely given up the worship of idols. He said, "Not quite." It was so hard to break with those whom he had so long taught and who looked up to him as their leader, so hard to come out openly and repudiate his former teaching and incur the odium which was sure to follow, that he still sometimes "bowed himself in the house of Rimmon" in worship.

Deacon Wang told him that he could not worship both God and idols, he must choose between them, so the old man agreed to wait, and meanwhile settle the matter finally with his disciples.

I am deeply interested in this case. If the old man is in earnest, his conversion will be a great help to us.

When you remember that he is a man generally esteemed, of good education, with some property and money, you will see that there is still further reason for trusting him. He has little to gain and much to lose by becoming a Christian, for much of his income and most of his reputation will be lost to him.

Besides this, his followers are men and women of good lives, many of them small farmers. These men, who own land, are much more to be trusted than those who follow other pursuits, both because the nature of their occupation tends to produce more sturdy and healthy characters, and also because, being landowners and so tied to a particular place, it is to their own interest to be peaceable and well-behaved, and to abstain from anything which might jeopardize their position and property. Their vegetarian habits, too, are in their favor, for if they care enough for their souls to submit to such restraints, they are much more earnest than most of the Chinese, so that I have great hopes that this beginning will lead to something real and lasting.[1]

September 25, 1893.

My darling Father:

This will have to be your birthday letter, though it cannot arrive in time for that day. It is full of love and good wishes for a happy day, and many more to follow. I hope you are growing young as fast as I grow old. If I can't see you soon, I shall forget the necessary differences in our ages, and begin to consider myself the patriarch of the family.

[1] Mentioned as baptized in last part of letter of November 12.

I have stopped studying and have been engaged in making for myself a Chinese harmony of the Gospels, following Dr. Smith, and pasting in a book the sections cut from a Chinese Bible, in chronological order.

October 8, 1893.

On Thursday I married one of my deacons to the sister of the only native priest in this station. They are very nice young people. We waited some time for the bride to arrive at the church. She came in a large sedan-chair, which was so wrapped up in heavily embroidered red silk that there seemed to be no breathing-place. Although it was a Christian wedding, there was a great deal of native custom about it. None of the bride's family were present. Several friends of the groom went over the river to escort the bride's chair, and were very seasick on the way. This sort of red chair is used only for wedding purposes. Some years ago a young missionary lady made herself famous in our mission circle by taking a great fancy to the red chair at first sight and saying she wanted one like it.

Well, we waited some time for the bride, and at last she came. To my surprise and displeasure, the chair was brought into the chapel and placed at the foot of the chancel steps. Here it waited some time, so sealed and quiet that one would have thought there could be no life inside. When the groom came, with his middlemen (who had arranged the betrothal, etc.), they took their stand in the chancel. Then two old *p'o p'o* (women) opened the silk covering of the chair and tore away the mottoes (on red paper) with which the bride was sealed in. I then for the first time got a glimpse into the chair, but not of the bride. Nothing was visible but a mass of red, and its position, with stooping shoulders, suggested an old woman of sixty, rather than a pretty girl of twenty-four or five. The old ladies then helped her out and up the steps, she seeming perfectly helpless—in fact, she was so, for she could n't see a thing. Besides that, it is Chinese decorum

to be very bashful and reluctant about the whole thing, and to appear to be forced into it.

Finally, after nearly falling up the steps, she stood before me, and yet I had not seen her face. From head to foot, she was scarlet. Her tiny shoes were wrapped in red. She had on a queer "unfitting" dress of heavily embroidered red silk, which gave one no idea of her size or shape. Her head and face were entirely concealed by a square veil of red silk, with nuts and copper coins hanging from the corners. This veil was never lifted. During the ceremony not a word of response came from her. It would have been improper. When the time came for putting on the ring, the old lady had difficulty in finding and getting possession of her hand. Finally it was accomplished. So she tacitly agreed, though she spoke not a word and never promised to obey, as I afterward pointed out to the husband. But that will give no trouble, for it is customary for the wife to obey the husband, and custom is the strongest law in China.

The deacon had invited the foreigners of the mission to take some foreign refreshments with him. So we adjourned to his house (the bride leaving the church with the women, and afterward the groom), where the groom (not the bride) sat with us around a table covered with tarts and cakes, native preserves, etc., which he had bought from a native pastry-cook who made foreign things. The bride, meanwhile, was in the bridal chamber with the women.

October 30, 1893.

My dear Father:

It is hard for me to realize that to-day is the anniversary of Mr. Locke's sudden purpose to go home, and Wednesday, November 1, will be the first day of the second year that I have been in charge here. The time has gone by so rapidly, and the work has been so much better than I could ever have dreamed it would be, that it is pleasing as

well as surprising to look back on it and think that if the hand of my God has been with me in the past, why should I fear for the future?

I have been very busy for some time past, and made some changes in the work. There were two semi-detached guest-rooms which were overlooked by deacons, but had as residents simply evangelists. These are both near by, in Hankow and Hanyang. I decided that they did not pay, so I closed them. Then the work here at the big church is not in a flourishing condition, and I came to the conclusion that it was because there was too much of what is foreign about it. All the work was carried on in foreign buildings, on a foreign street, and the result was that men came too much to catch the foreigner's eye and be in a good position for a job. So I closed all the public preaching and instruction in the concession, rented a good-sized building on the Chinese street, fitted it quite nicely as a guest-room, put in it my most scholarly evangelist with some assistants, and told my deacon, who works here, that he was to take charge of and be responsible for it, as the other deacons are for their work of a similar nature. Previously our preaching here had drawn almost exclusively from the people of this neighborhood, which is notoriously poor. Now, while of course we want poor people in the Church, and must have them, yet it is perilous to have a congregation composed exclusively of them. They are constantly moving about, trying to better their position, and they have everything to hope for and almost nothing to lose by becoming Christians. In my opinion, in the present state of China, the only congregation that is likely to be strong and at all self-reliant must have a good sprinkling of the middle-class merchants or the petty farmers, two classes which are more permanent residents and less likely to come for alms. So this last move is an effort to get hold of the shopkeepers. It is not yet fairly started, and I cannot judge of its success.

I think I mentioned that I was making a Chinese har-

mony of the Gospels, following the plan laid down in Dr. Smith's New Testament history. I have had it bound and interleaved, and for some time past have been translating the titles for the different topics. Of course this means that I got Chinese to come, told them the idea I wanted to express, and then made them write it,—I, of course, trying to improve it if I did not like it, and being judge of its suitability. I afterward went over it with two Chinese scholars (separately), correcting it each time. I am now reviewing it with the bishop, and shall then submit his improvements to a Chinese scholar. Then, when it has been copied, it will be ready for printing. This is the only way for an ordinary foreigner to get anything written in Chinese that will be both intelligible to a Chinese and pleasant to his literary taste, for this is in Wen Li, the literary style, and not in the conversational style.

Now, don't think that I have done anything remarkable, for I have not. It was rather rash in me to undertake it so soon, but I needed it and had no one to do it for me. Then the Chinese and foreign help made it seem possible. I shall send you a copy when it is printed.

Perhaps I told you of my efforts to start one of my congregations toward self-support. The congregation is large, and they have a very small and unsuitable place of worship. I suggested building a church (in native style, as far as possible), and asked how much they would contribute toward it. They took to the plan, and, after consultation, said they would build the guest-room if we got the land and built the church. It is not very much, yet a good deal for them, and much more than most congregations would be able or willing to do. Some of them came this afternoon to talk to the bishop about it. It will be some time before they can raise the money, and the same way with us; we have no fund. It is for such purposes as this that I need specials. The bishop has not formally sanctioned this plan, so I will not yet make any definite appeal.

November 6, 1893.

My darling Oscar:

The bishop asked me to go to Wuchang on Tuesday to assist in the examination of two candidates for the deaconate. I did so, and Mr. Partridge and I examined them in the presence of the bishop. I let the former do most of the work, as it was my first work as examining chaplain, and my Chinese is not yet very free. We spent Tuesday night in Wuchang, and Wednesday, All Saints' day, the two young men were ordained to the deaconate. Very nice fellows they are, and apparently very well trained.

Hankow, November 12, 1893.

Last Monday I met with a great disappointment. I told you about altering my work, closing two places, and opening another guest-room in a newly rented house which was nicely stocked with new furniture. Monday evening fire broke out two doors from the place, and in fifteen or twenty minutes it was all gone. We lost everything worth speaking of, including three months' rent in advance. It will pinch me somewhat in my accounts, as I already had several hundred dollars of unexpected debt to shoulder. I am trying to find another place to rent.

I sent by this mail a letter to the Board of Missions asking for one thousand dollars (and more if they choose to give it) to buy a lot, as the first step toward building a church. I think I have spoken of the work of Deacon Hwang and its success. He is getting hold of a substantial and reliable class of men, and succeeds in keeping them interested and in getting them to contribute a little money. They cannot buy a lot or build a church, but they say they will build a guest-room to accompany the church if we do the rest. They have already bought lamps, etc., for their chapel, but this is the first decisive step toward doing something for themselves. Land is scarce and dear here, but a good lot

is to be had near by, in a good location. I am very anxious not to lose the chance, and the bishop is backing me.

I don't need half a million just now, unless as an endowment fund, but three or four thousand would be a great help to me in a critical time. I think that if this congregation is carefully watched and guided, they will be the beginning, for us, of a partly self-supporting work; and until our people are self-supporting we cannot say that the work is really on a very firm basis. Of course it will take years to make them entirely self-supporting, but I believe it can be done in time, if we make the right use of such opportunities as this.

There are two other little incidents which may interest you. You remember the man whom, for several reasons, I kept waiting nearly a year, before I baptized him. He was baptized yesterday. It seems that he was the possessor of a book of magic, which had come down in his family for generations. It was a family secret, which he dared not reveal. But he brought the book to the deacon and burned it. Does n't it remind you of Ephesus?

As we returned from a picnic the other day, right across the narrow stone path on which we were walking was a cross made of powdered lime. Some one, knowing we should return that way, had put it there for us to tread on as an involuntary profanation on our part, and, I think, to make us neutralize by such act of profanation the magic power that many think we possess, and which is associated in their minds with the cross. We brushed it away and came on. This device is one recognized method of exorcising the "foreign devil."

When we began eating lunch, the onlookers began to gather. As we looked down from the hillside, we could see them flocking to us from field and village and road—old ladies with babies, farmers, boys, girls, and finally some merchants who were passing. They gathered round and watched every action. Mr. Partridge had a field-glass with him, and that entertained them when they were not watch-

ing the preparation, etc., of the coffee, asking if we ate the grounds. Finally the cloth was spread on the ground and we began to eat. The crowd completely encircled us and discussed our food and manners in a very free but perfectly friendly and respectful way. One old gentleman said he recognized nothing but the eggs and oranges. We had no trouble at all with them, and when we had finished, gathered up the fragments, and descended, many of the crowd followed us to the temple. We reached home about dark, having had a very pleasant day.

November 19, 1893.

My darling Oscar:

I usually have a "second-hand" feeling on Sunday evenings, so if my letters have a made-over ring to them, you need n't be surprised.

I had another wedding this week—Deacon Nieh. I think I wrote you about his engagement, and told you how his mother, while he was himself arranging for a second wife, fixed the matter with another girl, so that he had to give up his former plan and marry the girl his mother had chosen. Love has nothing to do with the making of matches here, as the parties often have never met. After the wedding I went to call, and found the room crowded with men and women who were, according to custom, making fun of the bride. During the first three days after the wedding, any one who calls is allowed to criticize the bride's appearance and make all sorts of fun of her. She is not allowed to speak. The whole thing is disgustingly rough and coarse, but it is "custom" and so must be put up with. I felt heartily sorry for the poor girl on this occasion, for she looked as if she might burst into tears any minute. [This chaffing the bride is rather brutal and often vulgar. The idea is to test her temper and self-control. If she fails to stand the test the laugh is on the groom.—Editor.]

1894

January 7, 1894.

I must tell you something about my proposed trip. To-morrow morning I start for Han Ch'wan, a place about one hundred miles away. I have over fifty members there, and hitherto they have been cared for by two evangelists. But the bishop has given me another deacon, so the one who has been working here is to be removed to that place. I start with him and another evangelist to-morrow morning, between eight and nine o'clock. We go all the way by water, so I have engaged a large boat to take us all. My cook goes with us, and in addition to things to be bought by the way, I have invested in some tinned soups, fish, meat, and crackers. I have also bought a little earthen foot-stove and some charcoal. I shall load myself with clothes and take lots of bedding, for these boats are just like out-doors. I also take my sedan-chair. Most of these preparations I am making with the bishop's advice. It does not sound very apostolic, I admit, but then this is not the apostolic age. I am putting on a little style, as much for the sake of my people as my own. It would really be more pleasant to walk, but it would be a great disappointment to them.

We go by a little river which is very tortuous, so that a wind that one moment is favorable may be a head wind the next. We will use sails when possible, and at other times pole the boat, or men will draw it with ropes from the bank, just as a canal-boat. The trip ought to take about two days and a night up, and a night down, but there is no telling how long we may be delayed. I hope, however, to be back before next Sunday.

April 18, 1894.

My dear Father:

Of course I am constantly thinking about coming home. It cannot fail to disturb my work, but I cannot help it.

The prospect of being away prevents my planning the work, except for the immediate future, and equally prevents my undertaking anything that cannot be finished in a few weeks. For I leave here in a little more than six weeks.

If I can judge at all from the way in which people here treat me, I can safely say that Charlotte will find some very kind friends in Hankow. I meet only kindness on every side, and my life is, so far as foreigners are concerned, very smooth. I have had a number of Chinese troubles lately, but I am getting used to them. One of my school-teachers died to-day, leaving, of course, a widow and debts. It is very hard to know what to do with her. For a week or two I have been conducting at intervals a trial of one of our members, and expect to ask the bishop to excommunicate him. Then a rascally brother of one of my deacons took his wife to Shanghai and sold her, thereby getting his brother into a peck of trouble. So you see I have not been free from anxiety. But tennis and the prospect of home are rejuvenating me.

P.S.—Charlotte and I both want you to marry us.

HANKOW, April 22, 1894.

MY DEAR FATHER:

The bishop is in Wuhu, and the service which he usually has Sunday at 6 P.M. fell to me. I made rather a bold use of it. I knew that most of "the elect" would be present. I talked to them plainly. I said I had chosen this time, instead of the public service in the morning, because it was more like a family meeting where we know and trust one another. I alluded to what they well knew: the utterly irreligious state of most foreigners in Hankow—in fact, in all China. They know as well as I how little success has attended our weekly services. I told them that we have no hold on the greater part of Hankow men; that the duty of reaching them lies at their door, for they can do what we

missionaries cannot. I pointed out how difficult the undertaking is, how impossible to man in his own strength, yet our duty, and as such it must be possible in God's strength. I then suggested three points: First, that the basis of it all must be God's Spirit, working first in our hearts, and then out from them to others. Second, that we need to take a plain stand in matters of right and wrong, and let the world know where we stand and why. Third, that we need some sort of organization—at all events, something that shall unite us in one effort and in some uniformity of action. I then left it to them to think and talk and pray over, begging that they would do something definite, as we are accomplishing nothing and must strike out a new path if we are to accomplish anything for Christ. It was very bold and must have come with a shock to their English and Oriental sensibilities. But they saw I was in earnest, they knew that what I said was perfectly true, and they listened with interest. I have hopes, though they can scarcely be realized suddenly. After they have talked it over, we may arrange some definite plan. The people to whom I was talking are, like all aristocratic English, very conservative. But they are good Christians, and I trust to that to overweigh the other. At all events, I could no longer keep silent on the subject. I have told them plainly what our duty is, and how I think it can be done. The rest is with them.

HANKOW, CHINA, May 6, 1894.

My work goes on much the same as usual. I have made the time of preparation for converts longer than before, so that the numbers will be smaller. Besides, I have quite a number of candidates, who could be ready for baptism next month, but whom I have told to wait until I return. The bishop agreed with me that this would be a wise course, as it relieves him of the responsibility for them which ought to fall on me. So these names will not go on this year's

report. But this diminution in the number of new converts gives more leisure for the upbuilding of those we have, and that is a vital consideration. With only one foreigner here, it is impossible to admit large numbers and at the same time properly care for the older members.

By the way, I have changed my mind on one point and cut off my beard. I thought it was just as well to yield gracefully before I was compelled, so I took it off a day or two ago, apparently to the great satisfaction of my friends, some of whom congratulated me very heartily, though, as I told them, my beard was the best in Hankow. No more now. I may write one more letter next week.

In the summer of 1894, Ingle made a flying home visit to America, to claim his promised bride, Charlotte Rhett, daughter of Mr. Albert M. Rhett, of Charleston, South Carolina. After the wedding they visited the rectory in Frederick, and left for the Far East on the seventeenth of August.

Dr. Ingle made a note in his journal that night: "Addison and his wife left us this evening to return to China. I think I feel his going more than when he first went; he will now have a home there, and his interests will all center there. This is as it should be, and as I would have it, but I feel as if he were gone from us in reality now. He will probably not return for seven years. The present war between China and Japan makes it dangerous there for foreigners, so I can but think that I may not see him again; but this is all according to the course of nature. I have never ceased to be thankful for his call to the work of Missions. I would not detain him."

Dr. Ingle lived to see him again on his furlough in 1899, and in the end outlived his son by several years.

"I know thy works and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is; and thou holdest fast My Name."

"So that Thy Name may be glorified, and Thy kingdom come, O gracious Saviour of the world."

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THE DAY'S WORK

NOON

From the return of Ingle to Hankow, with his beautiful young wife, his life sounds a tenderer and more solemn harmony. Already he was in the rank of the veterans who had fought through the years of their initiation. Lonely years, discouraging years, arduous years had left their mark, and the marks of Christ's service are deep and permanent. And he had tasted the flavor of victory, and had realized therewith his power. He had learned to follow the Voice and to trace the crimson way. There came to him, almost at once, a veteran's work.

1895

Hankow, January 20, 1895.

My dear Ria:

I think I mentioned in a recent letter that the bishop had appointed me one of a committee to revise the Prayer-book (Chinese version, of course). I asked to be excused, as I thought I could be of no service, but he wishes me to remain on it, so of course I shall do so. It will mean a good deal of hard work before it is finished, and, not unlikely, a trip or two to Shanghai for consultation. Be-

sides, it will be valuable training for me, and cannot fail to teach me a great deal.

I have had various and sundry dealings with the mandarin lately. I mentioned in my letter in the last number of the "Church in China," that I had complained to the local chief mandarin of several men who insisted on collecting money from one of my Christians. The treaties exempt all Christians from paying it. I was very well treated by him, and got complete satisfaction. Soon afterward I sent to another mandarin a complaint of one of my own people who had gotten into a number of rascalities and used the fact of his being a member to shelter himself. When the mandarin understood the real state of the case, he gave the man two hundred blows with the bamboo. The rascal, seeing that things were taking a serious turn, and fearing to be kept in prison all through the New Year festivities, with perhaps additional beatings, sent to beg for mercy, which was granted him on his promise of good behavior in future. So he was released, but we will have to get entirely rid of him, I think, so I congratulate myself on having established two good precedents for future offenders: one, that the heathen are to treat our people as the treaties say they shall; and another, that no member of a Church is to presume on the prestige of the Church's name to perpetrate his villainies. It must seem strange to you to hear of missionaries using such methods, but they are our only defense, in many cases, both from the heathen and from the bad ones among our own people. My direct dealings with the mandarin have ended here, but I got the United States consul, in his own name, to complain to the head mandarin of a man who used a lantern, with the words "American Public Hospital" on it, to help him in his villainies. On the strength of this inscription, he proclaimed himself as intrusted with national affairs, and even had the city gates opened at midnight to let him enter on his own private business. It takes the consul about three or four times as long as it took me, so I have

as yet no news. But I hope the rascal will be severely punished, as he is a cunning knave.

We hear a little war news; the Japanese seem to be gaining ground, though the Chinese are hurrying men from every corner of the empire. I trust the peace negotiations will be successful, as the country is feeling the war in the shape of taxes, and the sufferings of the wounded must be terrible among the Chinese, who have no system of caring for them. Their soldiers are underfed and underpaid by the officers, and when wounded are sent home almost penniless, with no resource but to plunder all along the road. The people seem to fear their own soldiers more than the Japanese, who have, with some exceptions, behaved very well. You may have seen in the papers that the Chinese way of urging their officers to greater efforts is to degrade them for every little reverse and behead them for great disasters, incompetence, and cowardice. Several of the chief leaders on land and sea have been beheaded, but the plan does not seem to work.

To Rev. Joshua Kimber, Church Missions House, New York

HANKOW, CHINA, January 28, 1895.

I have not baptized very many persons because I am more and more impressed with the need of caution. But the people have been improving in various ways. Among other things, a weekly collection is made in each congregation for their own poor. When I spoke to the deacons of introducing this custom, they thought it could only fail, as the people are so wretchedly poor. But it has not failed. The total amount of these collections will not exceed twenty-five dollars gold, but it was enough to afford real help to our own faithful poor. I am thus teaching them that the Chinese and not the foreign Church is to look after our poor.

HANKOW, February 18, 1895.

MY DEAR FATHER:

We had distinguished visitors yesterday—the wife, son, daughter-in-law, and grandson of the highest official in these two provinces, the governor and acting viceroy. Dr. Mackay, a missionary friend and a lovely fellow, who has won an entrance into almost all the Wuchang *yamens,* brought them over to take tiffin with us, and afterward brought them to call. They are Hunanese, but anxious to know foreigners. They came in rich chairs, with soldiers, female attendants, red umbrellas carried in front, and all the rag, tag, and bobtail that is inseparable from Chinese rank. We received them in the parlor, but as it was crowded I went into the dining-room with Charlotte, Miss Ward, and the ladies, leaving Mackay, Collins, and Huntington with the gentlemen. They were all very much pleased with the sewing-machine, which I worked for them. They wanted to see the church, but that was reserved for another day.

Returning from Shanghai, where he served as one of the committee to revise the Chinese version of the Prayer-book, he writes:

HANKOW, July 15, 1895.

Here we are back in Hankow after an absence of twenty-three days, instead of the two weeks we had counted on. The work took longer than we had expected, but we finished all that we had prepared. We revised Morning and Evening Prayer, Litany, Office for Ash Wednesday, Prayer and Thanksgiving for Communion Service. These will be printed and put in use, and added to as other parts are finished. We had to work pretty hard, but fortunately the meetings were harmonious.

HANKOW, July 30, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

So far as the work is concerned, I think there has been an improvement, though not a large growth. Some of the methods that I have been employing will have to be altered, and every such alteration, while it may in the end be a great improvement, acts for the time as a check. For instance, I have been employing a number of men to assist the deacons in bringing in and instructing newcomers, and keeping an eye on the members. I find now that many of those who are brought in by them do not continue faithful, and if one of the assistants is dropped or discharged, many of those he brought in go with him. It follows from this that they have come in with wrong ideas, and the suspicion is that the men who brought them in are not just the men for that sort of work. It would be dangerous to attempt to give up the entire system at one time, and, in fact, I do not think that is necessary. I think the trouble is that work that ought to be done by the deacons has been given to others who have not had the training and so lack the character necessary for that work. I am now trying to concentrate, to put all real responsibility on the deacons, instead of dividing it among them and others. I think, too, that I shall have to reduce the number of my schools so as to accomplish more with them. And my effort now is not so much to get in new men as to teach those we have, and to train my workers. This work might well occupy several men, and you can judge of my delight at the thought of Mr. Huntington's coming.

One striking fact in our work in China is the absence in most of those we meet of any lofty feelings. Everything is so dull, so sordid, so selfish, that appeals that would stir the depths of our nature seem to elicit no response but a verbal assent, which comes very easily and means nothing. But in watching the progress of the recent war and noting the absence of patriotism on the part of the Chinese, it seems

to me that I found a clue to the lack of nobler aspirations. When a man's aims get outside of his own personal interests, they begin to affect his family, and he works for his family's benefit. The next step beyond that is to extend his affections to his country as a nation. But the differences of dialect, ignorance, and difficulty in traveling make him regard all people except those of his immediate neighborhood as aliens and more or less hostile to him and his interests. The natural result is that he has no higher aims than for himself and his family. Hence the clans and clan feeling, which is the strongest feeling that the ordinary Chinese has. He has not yet reached patriotism. He is devoted to his own home, but his interest in distant parts of the country is most vague and often felt only because of some old animosity which he would like to have an opportunity of gratifying.

You will easily see, I think, the natural outcome of this. The man's nature is closed against one of the most natural and healthy feelings—interest in persons whom he does not know, but who are bound to him by ties of kinship and a common interest. This common interest he does not recognize. The result is selfishness and extreme indifference to events and persons outside of his immediate sphere.

He knows little about the spirit and its needs, while he has had long and perhaps bitter experience of the body and its needs. If you, then, approach him with a claim for love and gratitude in return for God's love, you will find that he is usually very indifferent. He has heard about hell all his life from the Buddhists, in whom he has little confidence, so the terrors of hell are rather misty and unreal to him. As for tempting him with the promise of spiritual blessings, spirit is so unreal to him, and spiritual blessings are not to be seen, weighed, or measured. The end of it all is that he is very hard to reach.

But we think we already see prospects of better things. Now that the war seems to be over, we shall probably have the country opened more and more to new ideas. I believe

firmly in a providential ruling of the world, and I do not believe that God raises a nation up to a high ethical standard merely for its own sake, but that it may be the means of helping others. Too often this good is indirectly accomplished through schemes for self-aggrandizement. But even so it accomplishes its end.

August 13, 1895.

The terrific heat has again delayed this letter, and this delay has given me another Chinese outrage to add. On the first of August, one man, eight women, and a child were butchered by Chinese near Foochow, and a number of others severely wounded. All were missionaries. There was no expectation of any trouble, and no threatening. The victims were spending the hot weather at a place some distance from Foochow, and a band of men gathered about daylight and slaughtered them. It is the old story. The Sze Chuen rioters had not been punished, so others were encouraged to do likewise. Again it is not a question of missionary persecution. Missionaries are in exposed positions, and do not usually resist. The question is simply this. Will Christian powers allow this thing to go on until all their people are murdered or driven out? It is possible to deal with this case so that there will be no more like it.

Will it be done? We have given up all hope of help from America. The government does not seem ever to think of us. If anything is to be done in the cause of decency and national righteousness, we look to England for it. It is true the Armenian atrocities were on a much greater scale. They stirred the whole Anglo-Saxon world, though the Armenians are not Anglo-Saxons. These outrages are the same thing in embryo, and only lack opportunity to be on the same side. The men and women who have been slaughtered or driven out are Anglo-Saxons, Americans and English, whose countries boast that their power is great enough to command respect and make their citizens secure all over the world. But unless these nations

soon bestir themselves, China will add a page to history as black as any ever written. [Prophecy of the horrors of 1900—Boxer year.—EDITOR.]

Here in Hankow we feel safe. I am not speaking for myself, but first for the hundreds of unprotected missionaries scattered in the interior, and secondly for the Chinese people. The great powers have no right to allow a people to be so vilely misgoverned as the Chinese are, and until their present form of government is overthrown there is no hope for the people.

Pray for us, and for all God's people in this poor country, that we may be kept safe from our enemies, and pray and work that God may influence the Christian nations of the world to hasten the day of China's deliverance from her bondage.

I AM convinced that the native house is better for beginning work than the chapel, for several reasons:

First: It excites less remark and arouses less feeling in a new neighborhood. *Huis* and *Hui Khans* are so common that the appearance of a new one is nothing startling. [*Hui* means society; *khan,* rooms.—EDITOR.]

Second: You are pretty sure to have the landlord on your side if his property is involved in case of trouble, and, especially if he is a moneyed man, his influence may count for a great deal.

Third: Such a building is more in harmony with the lives of the new converts, and does not suggest foreigners, foreign help, and a foreign religion. They can feel that it is their own. They can be encouraged to expend money on it, because even such small sums as they can afford to contribute will make an appreciable difference in its appearance and comfort, while the total of the united incomes for a month, of many small congregations worshiping in foreign-built chapels, would scarcely pay for painting the walls and floors. I have felt this difficulty.

I am convinced, as I said, that it is not wise to build

churches for small congregations. In addition to the reasons given above for preferring a Chinese house, I may add a

Fourth: If the congregation dwindles, as they so often do, or is scattered by the changing or withdrawal of workers, the chapel may be almost a total loss. In the case of a rented house there is no loss.

I think, too, that the native workers require regular supervision, and this is best done by the foreigner. Very few can be trusted alone long. If they are insincere, huge scandals may arise. Even if they are earnest, they will be none the worse for a little instruction and encouragement from the foreigner, who, however inexperienced in the minute difficulties of the work, should have character and common sense enough to enable him sometimes to solve problems which, to his weaker brother, seem insoluble.

In regard to the church which we hope to build for Rev. Mr. Hwang's congregation, I would say that it was necessitated by the fact that the congregation had grown beyond the limits of any Chinese house. It was not undertaken until the people had contributed to put up a guest-room in connection with it; and we expect to put up a simple building as nearly as possible in conformity with Chinese taste. Even with these arguments in its favor, I have had misgivings, but there seemed no other course to pursue without danger of greater injury to the work in that place.

So much for the buildings. Now as to the workers and methods of work. I have at present only two evangelists engaged in evangelistic work—one working in Hsin T'i and one in Han-ch'uan, with Rev. Mr. Nieh. The others have all been dropped or put to school-teaching, and two are dead. Of the two remaining, the one in Hsin T'i seems to be doing pretty good work, while the other, I think, very good. The trouble with them as a class is that their Christianity has not gone deep enough to make them very zealous or very fit to do their work, and the lack, through short-handedness, of sufficient oversight has al-

lowed many abuses of office; they need more spirituality, more training, and more oversight.

But there are other things to be looked after. Those who wish to be baptized must be looked up, their antecedents, habits, and character inquired into, and they must be taught, many of them letter by letter through weary months of work, the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Commandments. The sick and poor must be cared for and, when necessary, helped out of the Church alms. Irregular attendance must be poked up; an eye kept on the whereabouts of our constantly moving numbers; the rights of the honest and stupid ones protected, as far as possible, in cases of fraud and violence; while the blessed services of the peacemaker are often called for. When his congregation has increased to several hundreds, the deacon cannot attend to all these things.

The principle of appointing men as catechists and evangelists simply because they have been Christians for a number of years is so evidently unwise as not to need controverting. When you have chosen your men, keep your eye on them. Let them see that you are watching them, and don't intend to allow any one to go to sleep on your ship. Don't merely scold them through the deacon, but talk to them face to face. And above all, teach them. Don't suppose that, because they have been in the Church for years, they know everything. The best of them know little and read less. Meet them regularly in classes, give them lessons to recite to keep them awake. When you meet greet them as fellow-workers; treat them with the politeness that they give you; pray with them and make them learn to pray; when you are berating sinners for their instruction, don't be afraid to include yourself by implication among them. I believe that the best way to train our workers is by meeting them regularly and intimately out of the pulpit, in classes,—best held, I think, in our own houses, where we can act the host as well as the pastor. And while we are with them, let us study our men and

their needs. No workman can do good work who does not know his tools and their limitations. You can't carve a Venus de Medici with an axe, nor yet with a rough Chinese chisel. But if the steel in them be good, you may grind them down and do fairly good work with them. So with our men.

The three chief requirements of a useful evangelist are sincerity, sufficient knowledge, and activity. Without the first there is no likelihood of getting honest converts; without the second, the work must be very weak; without the third, there will be no work.

By sincerity I do not mean deep spirituality. The more of that the better, but I have seen none of it, and where I have heard it claimed for others it has usually seemed to me accompanied by other very undesirable qualities. The case I have in mind now is that of an old gentleman who was said to drop on his knees whenever he had a spare moment. I never doubted his piety, but I had good reason to doubt his success as an evangelist.

With regard to the knowledge needful, again I say, the more the better. But I regard as indispensable a general knowledge of the Old and New Testaments, and a clear understanding of the plan of salvation. They ought to know also the distinctive teaching of the Church. But above and beyond all they ought to know their own sinfulness and the only Saviour who can cleanse and pardon it, and they ought to be able to make this clear to others. Until they attain this knowledge and can impart it, they will be very weak vessels indeed. I believe that God does sometimes use the ministry of even unworthy men to bring honest souls to Himself. But we have no right to count on it.

The churches in Hankow that have had most foreign supervision have yielded fewest satisfactory results, while those in which the deacon has had a freer hand have been decidedly more prosperous.

In regard to the general subject, it seems best to begin

the work as simply as possible. Make them look after their own poor and buy their books. In furnishing chapels, etc., supply only what is really necessary, and leave it to them to add little things to supply other needs and beautify. In this way the people will feel that they have a real part and responsibility in the work, and can be gradually made to take the whole burden on their shoulders.

The subject of the relation of evangelistic to educational work deserves more ability and more time for its treatment than I can give it. The great ultimate aim of all Christian work, and especially mission work, is to win men to Christ. In this respect, both preaching and school work ought to be one. The question which arises on comparing them, then, is, "Which method does most toward accomplishing our purpose of building up the Church?" The one which best does this ought to be given the pre-eminence in any question between them. If any question of retrenchment arises, it should suffer less. If the mission is growing, it should grow more there.

To my mind, the relation between evangelistic and educational work is like that between the stock and the bloom of the tree. If you wish good flowers, you need a strong, sound stock; while, if your blossoms are sound and healthy, and end in fruit, you have in the latter a fresh means of propagation. So, if you have a strong evangelistic work to supply Christian children for instruction, they ought to be able to show forth not only the flowers but also the fruits of Christian education, and in so doing to furnish the seeds for a still wider propagation of the truth.

The efforts that are put out in wisely conducted school work, if expended on wisely conducted evangelistic work, would almost certainly do much more toward gathering in Christians and establishing congregations. But we cannot be content with that. We must look to the future and provide leaders and teachers for the people. And there is no place in which they can be so well chosen and prepared as in our church schools. This to me is the most important

work they have to do. But the place in which our boys' and girls' schools show their worth is in the Christian workers they furnish. We must have priests, deacons, teachers, catechists, and Bible-women, and we ought to have Christian wives for all the former. These the schools can furnish.

And above all, let it not be developed at the expense of direct evangelistic work. It is true that the enlightening and healing powers of Christianity, as shown in educational and medical work, are the necessary outcome of it, and ought not to be repressed. But if we are to take as our pattern our Lord's own words and the method of the apostles, the natural way to establish the kingdom on earth is to make disciples by preaching the Gospel, admit them to the kingdom by baptism, and strengthen them in it by teaching them all that our Lord has commanded. These I regard as fundamental essentials. Other kinds of work may be invaluable as adjuncts, but they should be subordinated in the proportion both of workers and money employed.

To sum up, then: The prime work of the Church is to make disciples by preaching the Gospel. The simplest, cheapest, and most productive method, in my opinion, is by what is called evangelistic work—direct preaching. If so, it should always be kept in the foreground, and the major part of energy and money be expended on it. As schools have shown themselves so capable of supplying us with able and good workers, and have besides been the means of bringing many to Christ, let us look on educational work as the handmaid of the evangelistic. Let both be developed as highly as possible. Only be careful not to let what is secondary exalt itself into the foremost place, at the expense of the work which belongs there. [In this argument Ingle lays too little stress on the fact that medical and educational work represent the "works without which our faith is dead."—EDITOR.]

From Paper sent to Shanghai Conference, February, 1895.

1896

HANKOW, February 3, 1896.

This has been an unhealthy year, and we have lost a good many people. Floods and drought have made havoc, and famine refugees are flocking about us. In the face of all this, we have much to be thankful for; I think the work is growing steadily in solidity, and the tone of the workers improving. And so I feel more hopeful of the future of this work.

HANKOW, March 22, 1896.

MY DEAREST GRANDFATHER, AUNTS, COUSINS, ETC.:

I take my pen in hand, on this the second day of my terrestrial existence, to let you know that I, the first grandson, have arrived. I am told that I look like my father, but I think the judgment is premature, as I am still at that stage in which all human beings look alike, unless it be as regards color. I have long, dark hair the color of his, but perhaps thicker on the top. My father leaves me rather severely alone, and I suspect is afraid of me, because my mother rightly sets such a high value on me. She says I am the prettiest baby she has ever seen, which father says is "stuff and nonsense," as all babies look alike. But I notice that he stops saying, "Nonsense," when she adds that I look like him.

I am a fine healthy boy. The venerable Chinee dame, Mrs. Sz, who is my attendant spirit, says I look as if I were two months old already, and surely weigh ten pounds. The scales, however, report me at 7⅜ pounds.

With much love to all the clan and all interested friends,

Your loving grandson, etc., etc.,

JAMES ADDISON INGLE, JR.

HANKOW, April 26, 1896.

At the Chinese service in St. Paul's, Friday, I spoke about Christ's stilling the storm. After service I sent out all except Christians, and after a short talk to them we received the confession from a church member of a very grave sin, and his profession of repentance, after which we all united in prayer for him. He is to remain on trial for a year, and if satisfactory then, to be allowed to come to the holy communion.

I am about to put out a notice of excommunication against various hardened sinners who reject all counsel and warning. This man's name was on the list, but is now removed. I hope to have others yield as he has done.

It is quite impossible to keep a record of Chinese names and residences correctly. The people constantly move, and, worse than that, a man will have as many as five different given names during his life. So if, five years after his baptism, you ask for a child by his baptismal name, you cannot find him, and the name by which he is then called is not on your books. Then most of the girls have no special name, so far as I can learn, but are called by "daughter," "little daughter," "elder" and "younger sister," and if you get a baptismal name for them, it is probably never used except on your books. Even if the girl has a given name, it is lost when she marries, and she merely retains the two family names. Thus you would be simply Mrs. Ingle Webb, and nothing more. Think of it, "Mrs. Ingle Webb, I baptize thee in the name," etc., etc. A further difficulty of identification lies in the fact that there are only about two hundred and thirty-five family names in general use. Some of these are so common that it is estimated that out of one thousand persons seven hundred will be represented by only fifty-seven of these names. Li, Tsang, Lio, Wang, and Ts'un are the most common, and the Mrs. Li Tsangs, Mrs. Li Lios, Mrs. Tsang Lios, etc., etc., are so common on the books that you

soon despair of identifying them perfectly. The result is that when they are baptized I have all obtainable particulars of age, home, family, etc., entered on the baptismal blank, and this is some help. I inclose both a baptismal blank and a certificate. The latter is stout and has a hole in it so that it can be tied on the belt when the owner is traveling. The Commandments are given in brief on the back, both as a reminder for the Christian and for the instruction of heathen. They are stamped and then varnished to prevent changing or blurring.

Undated. Received at the Missions House, September 9, 1896

The figures of the report give no idea of the state of the Church here. They merely show that we are not idle. I think we are improving in quality. If so, it is more than the Church has a right to expect, considering how consistently she has kept the station undermanned.

HANKOW, November 22, 1896.

MY DEAR FATHER:

We have had the bishop here lately, as you know, and he and Mr. Huntington went to Ichang, and on their way down paid a visit to our work in Shasi. They were sleeping on a Chinese boat, and during the night Mr. Huntington was robbed of almost everything except his night-clothes and watch, and had to dress in the bishop's clothes. He had intended to stop at Hsin T'i, which I have handed over to him, but was prevented by his scanty wardrobe. He has now gone back to make this visit.

Mr. Roots, the new man for Wuchang, has come, and we are very much pleased with him. Our prospects are growing brighter, and we are now in better condition than for years past. But, excepting Mr. Thomson, we are all

too young. The bishop is reducing things to order, a state scarcely known in the mission previously.

I am very busy with my work, and am giving more and more time to Bible teaching. The assistants and school-teachers are studying the life of Christ, the deacons I am lecturing to, weekly, from Westcott on Hebrews, and I have started a number of choir-boys on Old Testament history. I enjoy this sort of work very much, but it is not easy to translate Westcott into Chinese.

HANKOW, December 13, 1896.

I seem to be busier every week. As I have n't told you for some time my schedule for work, I will give it to you.

Sunday: Always two services, sometimes three. I generally preach at least once.

Tuesday night: Class of assistants.

Wednesday night: Class of teachers.

Thursday night: Class of deacons. Preparation for this class is my hardest work.

Friday morning: Class of choir-boys studying Bible history (Chinese).

Friday evening: Chinese service. Deacon Wang and I alternate in preaching.

I am preparing and translating a Catechism on the Bible; preparing a Chinese Syllabary for the press; building a church 'way up in the city; superintending the work of three deacons; rector of the English church here, and responsible for the services, though the other three gentlemen take their part; a member of the Standing Committee; one of the vice-presidents of the Y. M. C. A. I have a dozen of little things constantly coming upon me, besides having my own private affairs to manage. So I am still busy.

1897

HANKOW, February 21, 1897.

You will be glad to hear that the new church for St. Peter's congregation, Hankow, is nearly finished and promises to be very satisfactory. All my specials for three or more years have gone toward it, and even now I lack a large part of the money needed to put up schools, guest-rooms, etc., in the same lot. The expense has been heavy for various reasons.

Kuling, the healthiest and most popular summer resort for foreigners in mid-China, must ever be closely associated with the work of the Hankow missionary district. It is here that the majority of its members spend their short vacation, and it was here that the Ingle family invariably spent theirs. Ingle loved the place, and the place loved him. He was closely associated with its municipal management, and took the heartiest interest in its welfare and development. He was on the council that controlled its destinies, and the Ingle bungalow, "Ingleside," Kuling Valley, was a haven of hospitality, peace, and good cheer. No better account of the place has ever been written than an unpublished one by Ingle himself. He sent his family here for the summer, thereby insuring, so far as possible, their health and strength He himself remained in Hankow, usually joining them for several weeks' rest and recreation during the most intense heat. Other members of the Hankow staff had, in turn, an outing at Ingleside, and so this little mountain home was far-reaching in its benefits to many to whom an Eastern summer is otherwise life-sapping.

INGLESIDE, KULING, September 12, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I am sure that you will be glad to see that I am back in Kuling with my family. I spent nearly six weeks in Han-

kow, and caught nearly all the hot weather there, but fortunately kept very well. As the fever refused to leave me entirely, we ceased to regard it as fever, and considered that my normal temperature had gone up one degree. The plan worked very well, and I have had no trouble since.

HANKOW, November 14, 1897.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I inclose you English originals of two notices I have recently issued. They explain themselves sufficiently.

St. Paul, in his Epistles, often says that the Church is the body of Christ. This being so, every insult to the Church is an insult to the Son, and so to the Father also. For our Lord said: "He that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me." (St. Luke x, 16.) Can this be thought a trifling matter? Every man then who uses the Church's name and influence to settle his private affairs, is using the body of Christ as a means, and offering insult to the Son of God. When to this he adds lying, surely such a man is not fit to receive the Holy Supper.

Since two of our oldest members have been guilty of these offenses, they are hereby forbidden to come to the Lord's Supper for three months from this date. If, during these three months, they attend service regularly and sit in the separate seat which shall be assigned them, and at the expiration of the three months make public profession of repentance, they may be received back into full communion. Otherwise they must be cut off entirely.

J. ADDISON INGLE,
Priest in Charge.

HANKOW, November 3, 1897.

DEAR BRETHREN:

There are a few points to which I wish to call your attention, with the hope that my words may lead to more reverent behavior on your part in divine worship.

First: There should be no laughing or talking in the church. "The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him." Hab. ii, 20.

Second: You should be careful to appear with both person and clothes clean, your hair neatly fixed, and all other signs of respect. The Scripture bids us "draw near, having our bodies washed with pure water." Hebrews x, 22.

Third: While in the church you should remember that you are in the presence of the Almighty and Most High God. Such acts as loud belching, spitting on the floor, sleeping, etc., which would be regarded as breaches of propriety in the presence of a high official, must not be indulged in in the house of Him who is "King of kings, and Lord of lords." Revelation xix, 16.

Fourth: In coming to, or presenting children for, holy baptism, care must be taken to choose names that are in accord with the teaching of the Church and the respect due to God. St. Paul says that the children of believers are holy. Since they are thus by birth holy, how dare we, when we present them to God to receive the washing of the Holy Ghost, call them "the third dog," "simpleton," "beggar," "monk," and such names!

I am sure that all these acts are done out of thoughtlessness, and not from a set purpose to be irreverent. But even so, we must be careful, in all things, to avoid every sign of disrespect, that thus the reverent outward bearing may match the humble and reverent heart within.

Your rector,

J. Addison Ingle.

Hankow, December 20, 1897.

My dear Father:

I have started a class of evangelists. We chose six of our best Hankow Christians, and Mr. Huntington brought down two men from Shasi to be trained. I hope to keep them under instruction for nearly a year. You will re-

member that this was the work that Mr. Locke set such store by, but he had not nearly such good material as I think we now have. Besides them, we have brought down eight country Christians to stay a month or two and get as much instruction as possible from attendance on the class. These last we feed and lodge. This branch of work has been going on for less than a week, but I am deeply interested in it and hope for great things from it. They all go to prayers at eight each morning, about 8.30 they have breakfast, and at 9.30 they come to my house, where I spend from an hour to an hour and a half in questioning and instructing them. Then they go back to the church, where the deacon goes over the next day's lesson with them. The evangelists are then divided among the three deacons and spend the rest of the day in actual evangelistic work under the eye of the deacons, attending services and meeting in the evening. So they are being tested all the time they are under instruction, and they are not allowed much time to loaf.

The reason we have started them now is because we believe a crisis is coming in China. There is great unrest among the people, many of whom vaguely feel the insecurity of the government and believe that some great change is impending. One well-to-do man recently consulted one of our members on the question how he could become an American citizen. Many of these perturbed spirits are reaching out for anything that seems firm and liable to weather the storm. We have gained, in some districts of this province especially, a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and we have a number of places begging for teachers and offering to provide a place of worship and pay part or all the expenses of keeping it.

If I could be freed from accounts, petty duties, and interruptions, I might give up most of my time to preparing workers. Events are developing fast now, and I fear we shall not keep pace with them. All about these treaty-ports, and even in more distant places, the people are waking and

stirring. The bulk of them are about as intensely anti-foreign as ever, but when official opposition is removed that will not matter much. They are rough and rude chiefly because the officials have made them so.

Now as to our coming home. We hope to leave here about November 1, though many things might happen to delay us. While in America I expect to spend a great deal of my time in speaking in the churches, and Frederick will be most convenient as headquarters.

1898

HANKOW, CHINA, October 21, 1898.

You have seen in the papers of the Empress Dowager's usurpation of the throne in Peking. She is turning everything upside down, and unless she is soon checked a catastrophe is pretty sure to follow. There are now two rebellions going on, and the whole country is upset. We recently had a severe fire in the native city here, of which I have written an account for the next "Church in China."

1899

HANKOW, January 8, 1899.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Our work is in so many respects like that of the early church that we often find ourselves forced into methods like theirs, as in the case of the discipline of which I wrote you recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingle came to America on regular furlough in 1899, with two children, a daughter having been born to them in January, 1898.

But his leave was too full of the "care of the churches," and his continual traveling and speaking for the cause so

precious to him sent him back to China in no condition to cope physically with added responsibilities which were soon to be his, and made him more susceptible to the fever, which further reduced his strength. The summer of 1900, when, after a year's furlough, he planned to return to his post, was spent in America, the Missions Board having requested him to prolong his stay and further present the cause to the Church. This was the summer of the Boxer rebellion, and Ingle cabled to Bishop Graves, asking that he be returned to duty, but Bishop Graves replied by telling him not to return at that time.

To Rev. Joshua Kimber

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF VIRGINIA,
December 5, 1899.

Thanks for your consideration for my convenience, as shown in the suggestion not to put more engagements into my January program. But I fear that, if invitations come, I shall feel obliged to accept them as far as possible. I think I am accomplishing something, though I raise little money, and as my time is short, "I must work while it is day." I think the condition of the Church is very encouraging both as concerns men and money, and I will not spare myself if there seems any likelihood of my being able to improve it. When all signs are encouraging, a man can endure a good deal of work.

1900

"Since his return to this country on furlough, the Rev. J. Addison Ingle, of St. Paul's Church, Hankow, China, has been almost constantly occupied in speaking on the work in China and upon missions in general. So numerous have been the requests for his services that the secretaries felt

justified in asking the Bishop of Shanghai whether it would be possible for him to defer Mr. Ingle's return to his work from April to August. This the bishop has consented to do. The clergy who may desire Mr. Ingle to visit their parishes may communicate with the corresponding secretary. During Lent Mr. Ingle will be occupied with visits in South Carolina, Georgia, and other Southern States."—*Spirit of Missions.*

To Rev. A. S. Lloyd, D.D.

FREDERICK, MD., July 25, 1900.

Thanks for the letter of the twentieth. Please send the cablegram, "Ingle ready when wanted," to the bishop. I do not think it will influence his action, but it may help to cheer him in these trying times. Send me the bill.

The Boxer year, which many had prophesied, and Ingle among them, when the "Old Dragon" made a last determined effort to drive out the hated foreigner and every last vestige of his disturbing civilization, is a matter of history and not of biography. Ingle and his family were home at the time of its eruption, and with a number more were detained in America until it should again become feasible to send missionaries into the interior. He was prepared and only too ready to sail at the slightest intimation from his bishop, but the very presence of any foreigner was not only of no avail to his Chinese friends, but, on the contrary, was the most deadly possible menace to them. This was fact and wisdom, in spite of the piffling ignorance of a certain few stay-at-home-would-have-somebody-else-be-martyrs.

To Mr. John R. Wood

FREDERICK, MD., September 5, 1900.

Now I wish you would consult the other secretaries and let me know what you think I had better do. Of course I

wish to go back just as soon as I can, and I do not like to make any engagements which I may be unable to keep when the time comes. But if you wish to make use of me, I am at your service.

St. John's College, Shanghai,
October 31, 1900.

My dear Father:

We reached Yokohama in fine condition; no seasickness and a good voyage, though little sunshine. There we received Bishop Graves's telegram telling me to bring the family with me to Shanghai. We found that all of our people except one had left Japan, so we joyfully continued our journey.

All is perfectly quiet in Shanghai, and there are about seven thousand troops here. The schools here are in full swing, with no lack of scholars. All is quiet along the river. Some of our men have been in Hankow all summer, and services have been maintained for the Chinese, both in the Concession Church and in Wuchang, with fairly good congregations. Men are returning to the ports, but very few women have gone back yet.

The Chinese Government as yet shows no signs of repentance and seems to be trying to undermine the power of the peaceful viceroys on the Yang-tse by appointing anti-foreign officials under them. There is danger that the powers may leave off their work and patch up peace before lasting peace can be secured. There is some talk of a visit of foreign troops to Hankow and perhaps up the Han, but no one knows what will be done. It is likely that things will be in an unsettled state for some time to come.

1901

To the Rev. Joshua Kimber

HANKOW, CHINA, March 4, 1901.

Work has been resumed everywhere, and the wheels are beginning to revolve as before, but more slowly. I do not believe there is any great addition of prejudice against us among the people, as a result of the punishments inflicted in the north, and feel sure that, when the people really know what has happened, they will have more respect for us than ever before. You know that there are some people who can readily be made to respect and love you by licking them. And the Chinese are of just that servile nature.

I returned this morning from a trip with Mr. Sherman to Han-ch'uan, sixty miles away. I found things in better condition than I had been led to expect, and we had no trouble with the people. Our Christians have not entirely recovered their drooping spirits yet, but I hope they will soon be themselves again. I baptized one old woman.

HANKOW, April 28, 1901.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Things continue perfectly quiet in the Yang-tse Valley. The court in Hsi-an is as obdurate as ever, to all appearances. But there are still a large force of foreign troops in the north and plenty of gunboats on this river, so the likelihood is that there will be no disturbance here at least. I should not be surprised if there were some recrudescence of the trouble in the north, but I think the troops there can deal with it. The final settlement seems little nearer than it was six months ago. I am glad to notice in the home papers that our people are beginning to realize that the court is playing them and the world false. Nothing but the strongest pressure can bring them to terms. They do

not know how to be honest. They trifle and dally with every point that comes up, hoping that something may occur to stave off the evil day of settlement.

I remember what a howl was raised over the demand for the execution of some of the worst murderers of last summer. The American people seemed to think that it was little better than murder itself. But it is worth remembering that the court claims to have been under restraint when the edicts for the attacks on foreigners were issued, and not to have been responsible for them. And it is known that the chief officials were warned by others of saner mind, who were also in high office, not to obey them. So that the responsibility rests, to a great extent, on the individual officials who carried out the orders. Seen in this light, especially when the havoc that was wrought and the number of lives lost are taken into account, very few executions have been demanded; most of the demands are for degradation or banishment. A decree has also been dictated by the Allies and accepted by the court. It was issued in Peking, and, I hear, has already been put out in Kiang-su province. It denounces the authors of the outrages and says that they have been punished. It announces the suspension of examinations in the districts where foreigners were killed or cruelly treated, and prescribes death as the penalty of all who join in anti-foreign movements. Further, the high officials are held responsible (as Chinese law always does hold them responsible, except in cases of attacks on foreigners) for all disturbances, and are threatened with degradation unless they speedily put an end to them. Of course the edict was extorted by fear. But if it is really spread over the country, it is pretty sure to have a good effect on the people. They are great respecters of the powers that be. Meanwhile foreign enterprise is pushing its way more and more, and several new steamers are built or building for the Yang-tse trade.

HANKOW, CHINA, May 17, 1901.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

After the Chinese had been thoroughly whipped in the north and things seemed to be approaching some sort of a settlement, the clergy returned to their posts and were joined by their families. Later the unmarried ladies came back and work was resumed all along the line. First the churches in the cities, which had been sealed and guarded by the Chinese officials, were opened and services begun. Then the country stations were manned, and lastly the boarding-schools opened their doors once more. And now everything is going on as before. The attendance at service is not as large as it once was, and there are fewer candidates for baptism. Still there have been quite a number of persons baptized and confirmed since our return, and men and women are still preparing for baptism.

It is no wonder that the people still feel unsettled. They know that last year's uprisings were the work of the officials, and they have not yet seen sufficient evidence to convince them that they have changed their mind. Most of them have little idea how crushingly the Chinese troops were defeated whenever they ventured to stand against the foreigners. There are few newspapers among the Chinese, and they are thoroughly unreliable. So the poor scarcely know what to believe or expect. And while they are in this state of mind, they very naturally hesitate to connect themselves with the religion of the foreigners, who may be, before long, again marked for destruction.

I recently met with a very sad but interesting case which shows how strong is Chinese unwritten law. A young man, about twenty years old, came to tell me that he was in trouble. "This morning," he said, "as soon as my father and mother had gone out of town for a short time, my wife hanged herself." "Did she kill herself?" "Yes, she is quite dead." "Why did she do so? You must have treated her badly." "No, I was not yet married to her.

My mother had taken her to raise as a wife for me." "Then your mother or father must have ill-treated her. She must have had some reason for such an act." "I don't know what it could have been. And then as soon as they heard of it, her family came and plundered the house. They broke up all they could not carry away. And now they not only insist upon my paying all the funeral expenses, which I am quite willing to pay, but they say I must also pay for Taoist priests to pray for her soul for a hundred days, and must myself, with my mother, burn incense and prostrate myself before her coffin. If I refuse they will prosecute me."

I sent to inquire, and found it very much as he had said. It was one of the common daughter-in-law suicides. It was some days before I learned all the facts. But when they came out they were as follows:

The girl had been taken up by the mother as a "little daughter-in-law," to be raised for her son. This is a very common practice, and has the great advantage of giving the old woman a slave for a long term of years. The girl has no rights and is often cruelly treated. When this happens she has absolutely no redress, except to make life miserable for her oppressors by killing herself. The mother in question had taken a dislike to the girl, and though she was twenty years old and almost past marriageable age, refused to marry her to her son. This insult weighed on the poor girl's mind. On the morning of this particular day, the old people were starting off to visit the family graves in the country, and the old woman had promised to take the girl. But the latter made some mistake in the preparation of the family soup, so her cheeks were slapped and she was told she could not go. After they had left the house and she was quite alone, she bathed herself, put on her best clothes, and hung herself to the ladder leading up-stairs. She was dead when discovered, and as soon as her family heard the news they came down in force and pillaged the house. No one resisted them. It would have

been useless. Public opinion is always on their side in a case like this. Such a suicide is taken as proof that the girl had been abused by her mother-in-law. Then came the demand for Taoist masses for the soul of the departed. And not until all these terms were settled, and they lasted through several days, did the girl's family allow the coffin to be closed. The weather was warm, and the house soon became absolutely uninhabitable. That open coffin was their strongest card, and they played it for all it would bring.

It was a horrible and disgusting case throughout. One of its remarkable features to a stranger is that the law did not appear in it at all. No coroner viewed the body; no judge heard the case. No one dared check the aggrieved family in wrecking the house. They had the parents-in-law entirely in their power. The latter dared not appeal for protection, fearing an even worse fate. The parents were not seeking to have any one punished. They only wanted a proper funeral, and were so low as to use the decomposing corpse of the daughter to extort satisfactory terms. All this is not exceptional, but the regular procedure.

HANKOW, May 26, 1901.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I have not been doing much work lately, and we have a good deal of company. In addition to the people of our own mission, we often have visits from the members of other missions who are passing through on their way to the far West, or people from other parts of China, who have taken advantage of spare time in Shanghai to run up to see Hankow. Then there is the globe-trotter pure and simple. We have two of these now between here and Ichang. They will soon be back, and if I am still here, it will be incumbent on me to show them the few sights of the neighborhood. As most of these people wish to see our work in Wuchang, arrangements must be made to get them

over the river. They cannot move without our help. So a good deal of time is lost doing things for them, such as buying tickets, calling, quarreling with and paying coolies to draw their rickshaws or carry their baggage. Our Wuchang people are very good about helping with our visitors, and we are always glad to have their guests here to supper when they are about to go on the steamer, which always leaves at night. When this happens, the host has to come over to see the guest off and then spend the night with us, as he cannot get back to Wuchang after dark. Not counting the young men who live with us, I am sure we have averaged a guest a day to a meal ever since we came back. Of course it takes lots of time, but it is all in the day's work.

Things continue very quiet here. I think the imperial edicts have helped to quiet men's minds to some extent. It is very hard to learn the real state of affairs in the north, but so far as we can see, things are progressing slowly.

HANKOW, June 9, 1901.

DEAR FAMILY:

We have had a lot of trouble lately with the servants. One day, as Charlotte and I were going out, we saw a tin box of butter which had evidently just been drawn up from the well. We never allow our butter to be put under the water of the well, as we suspect it will be impure. So we sent for the boy and asked why this had been done. He replied, "It is not yours." "Whose is it?" "It was brought by a boy who asked me to put it down to cool." "Where did it come from?" "He said he came from the bank across the street." So we went over to warn the lady of the house that the butter was suspicious. She, of course, knew nothing about it, and her servants denied having had anything to do with the affair. I then told our boy, whom I already suspected of something crooked, to find the boy and bring him to me. He then pretended to try, but said

he could not find him. I told him I did n't believe him. After waiting a few days, I asked Mr. Wang to help, and we put that domestic through a small inquisition. I promised not to punish him if he would tell the truth. For a long time he stuck out. But we pointed out the unlikely features and refused to believe them, and I gave him to understand that I would discharge him unless he told me the truth. We already knew pretty well what that was. At last he admitted that it was butter that he had stolen from us by degrees and put in that tin. Evidently he was going to sell it to some other house-boy or keep it until we bought a fresh tin that size, when he would keep the unopened tin to sell, and use this one.

HANKOW, June 16, 1901.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

This is the second suit of clothes I have had on to-day, as the first was so wet that it was no longer fit to wear. We have had frequent thunder-storms, but each one only served to make the pressure more intense. Fortunately, another heavy rain came up about an hour ago, and the temperature has dropped eight degrees and is likely to go still lower. So there is a chance of getting more sleep than usual. We have had dreadful nights lately, hot and damp and with almost no air stirring. And I have never seen mosquitoes so bad. They fairly swarm over the house, and about twilight, if you stand in a corner of the room, you can hear a dull roar on all sides, which fills you with apprehension. I killed over two dozen in our net about one o'clock the other night, and some every night since. We are about to have our mosquito-house put up, and then, I think, things will be better.

These people have wonderful grit in their own peculiar way, which is very different from ours. Mr. Wang went to visit our work in Huang P'i last week, and brings back very encouraging reports, though he had to discharge his

school-teacher for misbehavior. Inquirers are increasing, and the neighbors are most friendly. One of them said to him, "You people must not be discouraged if the work does not grow very fast. Be patient. Such teaching as this must prosper in time, not only here, but everywhere." The people of one of the villages have rented a house which is to be used by our catechist when he goes there to visit and preach. And all the people who come to us in these places are respectable—chiefly shopkeepers and men of that class. Our Hankow work is rather slow at present, I hardly know why. But if we pull along faithfully through this slack season, improving our methods and training our workers, we are sure to have plenty to do by and by. So we plod on.

HANKOW, July 31, 1901.

The bishop recently wrote that he intended to ask for a division of his jurisdiction and the election of another bishop. In case his request is granted, he will come up-river to live. We are all very much pleased at the news, as we feel the inconvenience of having him six hundred miles away and only seeing him twice a year. Pott will probably be elected bishop of the Shanghai province.

To Mr. John W. Wood

HANKOW, CHINA, August 11, 1901.

Your mild remarks about specials touch my heart. I feel for you. Perpetual dripping may soften even a heart of stone. But, for the present, we cannot do without specials. Every church that we have in Hankow has been built, and the land on which two of them stand has been bought, with specials. And there is no reason to think that we would have got them in any other way. St. Bartholomew's clergy house has been rebuilt and two wings added out of specials; and we could not have got them in

Inglo "Mud-larks" Hankow.

By the Study Window.

any other way than by specials. I do not say that in future it will be impossible to grow without specials. I believe it will be possible. And when I think the time has come, I will be willing to dispense with them.

There is a dreadful flood at present all down the Yang-tse, from Ichang nearly to Shanghai. Thousands of square miles of land are under water, and just at a time when the rice crop was coming on. Many lives have been lost and a vast quantity of grain destroyed. There is every prospect of something like a famine this winter; and a famine generally brings attempts at rebellion, or at least large numbers of starving, lawless bandits. A coolie in Kiukiang is said to have captured a cradle from the river, in which a smiling baby was sailing to his fate. As the baby was unable to give an account of himself and had no visible means of support except his smile, he was promptly sold for the benefit of the finder.

HANKOW, August 18, 1901.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

In the first place, she grows lovelier and sweeter every day. [His wife.—EDITOR.] I am not alone in this opinion. The girls and boys who have lived with or near her for the last seven months are as devoted as they can be. Every woman in the mission, so far as I have had the means of judging, loves her, The natural result is that I grow prouder of her every day. The children, too, have a fine time. They are barefoot most of the time, and are growing tough. They are both of them very attractive, and not bad for such lively scamps.

I caught cold and had to shut myself up from every breath of air when the temperature was 98 and the moisture not more than ten degrees behind. The result was that I sat in my study, simply "passing sweat," as a Chinese school-boy recently wrote to a friend. My cold is better now, and I am sitting under a punkah. My fever,

too, instead of leaving, has shown some tendency to go higher. It does not give much trouble so long as it is simply fever. But in the spring it took another turn, and I am afraid it may have some other weapons in its armory to bring forth later. I have tried every remedy the doctor could suggest, but nothing moves it. I am now convinced that it would have been wiser to do less work while I was home. But I felt it was a pitiful time with the Home Church, and did not like to lose the opportunity.

"Lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep!"

"That so there may be one fold under one shepherd—
Jesus Christ our Lord."

—

MISSIONARY LEADERSHIP

In his report for January, 1900–01, Bishop Graves announced the intention of asking the General Convention to divide his jurisdiction into two districts, the one to center in Shanghai and the other in Hankow. And largely because he was at that time familiar with the Hankow dialect, he expected himself to have charge of the new district of Hankow. The reasons given for the division were four in number: the enormous size of the field (163,412 square miles, with a population of over 75,000,000); the two almost distinct languages spoken therein; the difficulties of administration over so vast an area; and the growth of the mission, which had doubled within a few years.

The Convention of 1901 took the suggested action and set apart the two provinces of Hupeh and Anhui, with portions of Kiangsi and Hunan, to make the new district of Hankow, and the province of Kiangsu was left to constitute the district of Shanghai. Contrary to all expectation, Bishop Graves selected Shanghai for his own jurisdiction, and the General Convention elected the Rev. James Addison Ingle to the bishopric of the new district of Hankow. This action was taken in October, 1901.

The principal stations of the new district were Hankow, Wuchang, Nganking, Wuhu, Shasi, Hsin T'i, Ichang, Changsha, and Han-ch'uan.

To J. W. Wood, Esq.

HANKOW, CHINA, November 9, 1901.

Since you wrote my prospects have greatly changed. I had been basking in the anticipation of many years of work under the guidance of Bishop Graves, when suddenly comes the news that I am called to guide others. It was a great surprise, as we had no idea that the bishop was likely to reconsider his choice of the field. I am naturally impatient to know what caused the change.

The way the news of my election was received by the mission was most encouraging as well as surprising. If there had been in my mind any fear that party feeling still lurked in our body, it would have been effectually dispelled by the greeting I got from men and women of all shades of opinion. And as Bishop Graves is leaving the work well organized and fairly well manned (far better than ever before), we shall start auspiciously.

Of course I am all at sea as regards the particulars of my consecration. I should like it to be held here, if it is possible to get the consecrators. I think it would be good, not only for the Chinese, but for the foreigners as well. I think we are really making an impression on them with our English services and social intercourse. Sherman is in charge of them, and is most faithful. His visits to the hospital, chiefly to the sick sailors, and his earnest, sympathetic way with every one, have made him many friends. And we have prospects of a class for confirmation before very long.

The first intimation Ingle had of the Church's call to him came through a cable of congratulation from his home church, All Saints, Frederick. He seemed scarcely to believe it could be meant for him, and reflecting that he could not acknowledge the cable before he had been officially informed of his election, he and his wife did not

speak of it until about a week later, when the cable announcing his election to the bishopric of the new diocese of Hankow was received. He was surprised at his election, but of course gratified and encouraged that the Church had shown such confidence in him and his work. He spoke to his wife constantly of his fear that he was not worthy to take this highest office the Church offers her servants, but he believed it was God's call, and in a spirit of true humility and deep prayerfulness he accepted it as such.

HANKOW, November 13, 1901.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

To-day brought the first particulars of my election. Of course it is very gratifying to know that the nomination by the House of Bishops lacked only one vote of being unanimous. I received a delightful letter from Bishop Graves, whom you all must see some day. He says he will be out here—or, more likely, will start out—in December. So I suppose the consecration will be held in China, and, I hope, in Hankow. Probably Bishops Partridge and McKim will be asked to assist Bishop Graves. I do not think the robes can be properly made here, so I am going to ask Father to see about having them made for me. I am just about his height, but a little thicker and broader. If a little allowance is made in the seams, I think this will be a perfectly safe way to get them.

To Rev. A. S. Lloyd, D.D.,
281 Fourth Avenue, New York

HANKOW, CHINA, November 15, 1901.

I have been made very happy by the way in which my election has been received by my fellow-workers. They have rallied most loyally, and there is promise of hearty support from all sides. For which I am very thankful.

1902

The first bishop of the American Church to be consecrated in China was raised to the episcopate in St. Paul's Church, Hankow, on St. Matthias's day, 1902.

As soon as it became known that the Rev. Mr. Ingle had been elected bishop, the new district began to prepare. It was learned that the Han-ch'uan Christians wanted to present him with something in honor of the event. He at once let it be known that if any church or group of Christians desired to show their joy at his consecration, they would please him most by choosing something for his church—the future cathedral.

The day began early with a celebration of the holy communion in English at seven. At eight was the Chinese celebration, and here a large number communicated. At 9.30 morning prayer was said, also in Chinese, and directly afterward all last preparations were made for the next service. Tickets had been issued some days before to those who were to have the privilege of coming. The church would have been half filled over again if all interested could have been accommodated. Only a few catechumens could be allowed to join the Christians inside, and heathen were entirely shut out. The screen which usually separates the men from the women had been removed from the middle aisle, and on one side the Chinese men sat, on the other the foreigners, and back of them the Chinese women, all in their gayest clothing, and with flowers and bright pins in their hair.

The service began, of course, with the Communion Office. Bishop Graves was celebrant, and Bishops Partridge and McKim assisted him. This part was all in Chinese, the choir singing the responses to the Commandments and the "Gloria Tibi," and leading the great congregation in the Nicene Creed with a volume of sound that must have been impressive to the foreigners following in their English

books. Then a hymn, "O Spirit of the Living God"; then the sermon in Chinese by the Bishop of Kyoto. His text was St. Matthew xxiv, 45, 46, and 47. The hymn, "Crown Him with Many Crowns," followed, and during the last verse the candidate was led forward by his attendant clergy, to be met at the choir steps by his presenters, the Bishops of Corea and Tokyo, and between them he walked to the chancel rail, within which Bishop Graves was sitting. The bishops presented him, the certificates were read, Mr. Ingle made his promise of conformity—this all in English—then Bishop Graves bade the congregation pray for the candidate, and the Litany and prayers were said in Chinese. Then, rising, the presiding bishop asked the solemn questions, and Mr. Ingle made his answers—these in English.

The Rev. Mr. Wood announced the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," and while this was being sung the candidate was vested with "the rest of the episcopal habit" in the robing-room, and, coming out, knelt for the last solemn act—the receiving of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. Bishop Graves and the foreign clergy sang the "Veni Creator," sung over so many thousands of God's servants in so many widely differing places, and now over this priest, who was to make a new link in the chain that shall one day end with Christ at His coming, as it began with Him. The bishops laid their hands upon his head; he was given the blessing, the charge, and the encouragement; and then rose to be led to his new seat by his old friend, his tried co-worker, his valued chief pastor—now his fellow-bishop.

BISHOP INGLE'S FIRST PASTORAL LETTER

To the Foreign Workers of the American Church Mission

HANKOW, March 19, 1902.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-WORKERS:

I have been called, in the providence of God, to the

superintendence of the work in which we are united—the work of preaching the Gospel and building up the Church of Christ in China. As I have not had, and probably shall not have, an opportunity to address the whole body of foreign workers face to face, I have adopted this as the next best method of telling you something of my thoughts about the present and hopes for the future of our work.

First let me assure you of my deep gratitude for the gift of the beautiful pectoral cross. It is the style of cross that I like best, and I could wish nothing more beautiful in design or workmanship. I shall always cherish it as a precious pledge of your affection.

Turning now to the field of our labor, we find ourselves face to face with opportunities such as the Church in China has never before seen. Whether it be evangelistic, educational, or medical work, the land is open before us. The only limits to our extension are our own weaknesses and shortcomings and the insufficient supply of workers and funds from home. We could use an indefinite number of properly qualified native workers if we had a few more men and women to supervise and the funds to support them. I am sure that both the latter needs will be freely supplied when the Home Church knows our plans and work better. But a well-trained body of native workers is not to be had for the asking. It requires years to prepare them. Yet we must have them. For, looking to the future, they are the only absolutely indispensable arm of the service. There will come a time when foreigners are no longer needed, perhaps will not be tolerated. But the Chinese Church will never be able to dispense with the ministry of its own people.

The main work of the mission, then, in my opinion,—the work which justifies the Home Church in supporting us here,—is the raising up, out of their own people, of men and women who shall be leaders, spiritually, morally, and intellectually, to the Chinese. (All this, of course, with the sole aim of bringing the nation to Christ.) And our

ideal should be to have such a body of Chinese workers that if, at a moment's notice, we should all be withdrawn, the Church, in all her various activities, would go on steadily without us.

I beg the members of the mission to remember this and to be guided by this ideal in their dealings with the Chinese clergy and other co-workers. Look upon them, not as inferiors, but as fellow-Christians and fellow-laborers; not as children, to be alternately spoiled by petting and browbeaten by scolding, but as younger brethren and sisters whom you are helping to train. When, for instance, a Chinese clergyman has proved himself capable and trustworthy, allow him some initiation in his work. Do not make him always appear in public as your subordinate. Honor him before his people. Let them look upon him as their pastor, for that he must, in the last analysis, be. Encourage them to go to him with their joys and sorrows. Let him marry and bury and perform other such offices for them. Some of our native clergy think that some of our number are trying to "keep them down." If we give them only the disagreeable subordinate work, and reserve for ourselves all positions of honor and prominence, it will be no wonder if they fail to co-operate with heartiness.

As our work extends, the number of native workers will be increased indefinitely, but there can be no proportionate increase of the foreign staff. Details must more and more be relegated to trained Chinese, and the time and strength of the foreigners given to the problem of leadership and training. I hope the foreign staff, especially the clergy, will bear this in mind, and endeavor, by diligent study, not only of theology but also of the language, literature, and people of China, to fit themselves for whatever duties the future may impose upon them.

Now a few words about our treatment of each other. In the constant intercourse of our mission work, each is sure to see and grow weary of the foibles and shortcomings of the other. It will be well to remember that the fact that

others have not spoken does not prove that they have not seen greater faults in us. It is part of the missionary's vocation to put up with the disagreeable qualities of his fellow-missionaries. It is also part of his own training in Christlikeness. "If there is therefore any comfort in Christ, if any consolation of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any tender mercies and compassions, fulfil ye my joy, that ye be of the same mind, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind; doing nothing through faction or through vainglory, but in lowliness of mind each counting other better than himself; not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others." (Philippians ii, 1–4.) This spirit is the only guarantee of mission harmony.

In conclusion, please remember that your bishop, with all his failings, is honestly trying to serve his Master, his Master's Church, and his brethren. He feels no prejudice against, or partiality for, any worker as compared with another. He has no wish to impose his personal views or his own churchmanship upon any one. What he most earnestly longs for is the harmony and efficiency of the mission. Treat him with frankness, as he will treat you. He begs from you indulgence for his frailties, and your prayers at all times. He prays for you the strength and peace of those whose lives are "hid with Christ in God."

Affectionately yours,

JAMES ADDISON INGLE,
Bishop of Hankow.

About this time Bishop Ingle prepared a most excellent guide to candidates for the Hankow district, from which the two extracts which follow bear on the life in the mission and the kind of men wanted.

"The life of the missionary is one of close and constant intercourse with a few members of his own race, and of more or less superficial intercourse with large numbers of

an alien race. In both departments all Christlike gifts and graces are needed. As regards most of the Chinese, their lives and ours are lived in such different spheres, with so few points of contact, that the friction is relatively little. But to live month after month within the same walls with two or three fellow-workers; to face them, and no others, day after day at table; to hear the same topics discussed and meet with the same foibles and failings incessantly, with no prospect of variety for many months ahead: the ability to pass through this with unfailing gentleness, courtesy, and unselfishness is one of the most valuable qualifications a missionary can possess. On the other hand, the lack of these qualities will make life hard both for the man himself and his fellow-workers, and may even totally disqualify him for effective work."

"What kind of men, then, are wanted? Not merely those of high character, good education, and sound physique. All these are essential. But a good deal more is wanted.

"We want open-minded men, not those with pet theories to exploit; men who will be ready to acknowledge that they know practically nothing about the work, no matter how many books they may have read. They may expect to unlearn almost all they have learned. We want men who can do this without too great a strain on their fellow-workers.

"We want companionable men. As has been said, in mission work one's time is spent in closest contact, often under the same roof, with other workers. These conditions sometimes test to the utmost a man's unselfishness, humility, gentlemanliness. The cross-grained, selfish man may make life unbearable for a whole station.

"We want men of intense and well-balanced determination. Reckless enthusiasm, which violates the rules of common sense, may do irreparable harm. But both in the study of the language and the prosecution of the work the

prospect will often look dark and the newcomer be inclined to despair. He needs a reserve of faith and endurance to tide him over these periods of depression.

"We want men with a broad outlook. We are still in the day of small things, but we are planning our work by the light of the Church's experience in past ages, and for all those ages that are yet to come. Our main duty is to teach and lead the leaders of the Chinese Church, and give them broad views and a boundless hope, and the courage to attempt great things in the face of insuperable obstacles. The Church's course cannot be stopped simply because difficulties are insuperable. If we cannot find a way over, we must make a way through. For this we want leaders, men of power and initiative.

"But the quality which, above all others, will vitalize and make effective the missionary's work is the possession of a real and deep religious faith. If he cannot speak with the conviction of personal experience, how can he hope to convince others? 'Art thou the teacher of Israel and understandest not these things?' No matter what branch of the work he hopes to enter, this qualification is necessary to every worker. We want men and women to whom God's will and the claims of His kingdom are paramount; to whom all men are brethren and to be brought to the knowledge of the common Father; in whom "Christ is all and in all."

HANKOW, Easter day, 1902.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Your Easter day is beginning now; ours is about to close. The English church was full, a thing that rarely happens, and there were more people at communion—twenty-eight—than I have ever known. This is the result of Sherman's faithful work for the community. It has done a tremendous amount of good. He had special services every night last week, which were pretty well attended, and roused more interest in religious things than had been here before.

He has actually succeeded in organizing a guild of young business men, some of them just confirmed, whom he has set to work to do something for others, and they did most of the work connected with the meetings. The offering this morning was for the work of the mission, in consideration of the free services that the mission has given the community for ten years, and it amounted to two hundred dollars Mexican, quite a good sum. Sherman's young men think it will be possible to raise half the salary of the man who is in charge of the English work. The present church building is in very bad condition, and will have to be pulled down, or it will fall. But the committee think that they will be able to raise the several thousand dollars needed to rebuild. So you see we have a great deal in this department of the work to encourage us just now.

In the Chinese department things go on about as usual. There are encouragements and discouragements. But we take the former for all they are worth, and refuse to be deterred by the latter, so we manage to get on. We need a couple more men pretty badly. I thought I had a fellow from the Philadelphia Divinity School the other day, but it turns out that he had first applied to Bishop Graves, and for some unexplained reason was turned over to me. So, as Bishop Graves needs him as badly as I, I am afraid there will be little chance of my getting him. But I hope I shall hear of others soon.

I expect to leave to-morrow to visit my down-river stations at Nganking and Wuhu.

Bishop Ingle's own accounts of his visit to the down- and up-river stations appeared in consecutive issues of the "Spirit of Missions," and are well worth the reading in full. The latter account is as follows:

THE FIRST EPISCOPAL VISITATION IN THE DISTRICT OF HANKOW—THE UP-RIVER STATIONS

I TOLD of my visits to the down-river stations; that is to say, the points east of Hankow. There still remained, besides Hankow, Wuchang, Han-ch'uan, Tsaitien, and Huangpi (which are at or near headquarters), the up-river stations to be visited. This I proceeded to do on May 4, when, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Roots, I left on the steamer *Kiang Wo* for Hsin T'i, which is the nearest to Hankow of the up-river stations. The steamer was late in leaving Hankow, so, instead of reaching our destination about six o'clock, it was midnight before the captain, with many apologies, bowed us over the side of his ship to the passenger boat that had come off to meet us. Late though it was, we had the usual greeting of torches, crackers, and chairs, and were borne through the silent streets to the chapel, which was decorated for our coming, and where we found that the Christians had not been deterred by the lateness of the hour, but were on hand to greet us. However, the deacon, Mr. Fu, soon sent them home, our bedding was spread in the rooms which Mr. and Mrs. Fu and the teacher had vacated for us, and by two o'clock we were prepared to sleep—so far, that is, as the swarms of rats permitted.

The next morning Mr. Roots and I started for Chuho, leaving Mrs. Roots to spend a few days alone with the women, who were flocking to see a foreign lady. Mr. Fu had engaged two small boats in which we were to make the thirty miles, and we were soon ensconced in them and on our way. We made our way across the lake and up the little stream which leads to Chuho, but so slowly that it was eleven at night when we reached our destination. There was some misunderstanding as to where we were to land, but, after some delay, we were in our chairs and started through the town. At this late hour I had

expected to find the town quiet. To my surprise, the streets were crowded. The front of every house was packed with not only men, but women and children. If the chair paused for a moment, half a dozen pairs of curious eyes peered into it. Our chair-bearers, unfortunately, were regular *yamen* carriers, and they shouted and pushed their way along the streets with as much noise as possible. The whole town was there to see, and they were bound to make it as great a function as they could. At last the chapel was reached, but even so the crowd pushed in until there was scarcely room for us to sit. But for nearly an hour we did sit, like strange animals on exhibition, while the steaming crowd, for it was hot, swayed back and forth in response to the pressure of continually arriving reinforcements in the rear, and watched and criticized us.

The next day we learned the reason of this excitement. The people had seen the chairs going to meet us and had been told that a bishop was coming. They did not know exactly what sort of a beast he was, but dimly thought that he was something greater than a viceroy. So they stayed up half the night to see. The next day one of them was heard to say, "After all, a bishop is pretty much like other men, except for his hat." Some of them, too, seem to have thought that Mrs. Roots would be with us, and the sight of the foreign lady would well repay the loss of sleep.

We spent that night on the boat for privacy, and the next morning dressed with the eyes of scores of men, women, and children upon us whenever a crack afforded a view. A party of children from a neighboring boat even crawled over into ours to obtain a nearer and clearer view. It was a great relief to go up to the chapel, for several of the officials had come to call, and one had sent men to guard the gate and prevent the intrusion of undesirable persons. So we were fairly quiet and able to do our work without interruption.

We had first a celebration of the holy communion and then passed to the examination of candidates for the

catechumenate, baptism, and confirmation. This work took all the morning, and it was noon before we were ready for the service. Mr. Roots admitted catechumens and baptized, while I confirmed and preached.

We started on our return trip in the afternoon, and reached Hsin T'i the next morning about ten o'clock. As soon as we were settled, Mr. Roots began to examine candidates, and at four o'clock I confirmed ten and preached. We had scarcely left the chancel when word was brought that an up-river steamer was approaching. As it was not known when another would come—perhaps not for several days—I decided to try to catch it. Then there was scurrying to and fro. The cook had to get together my traveling outfit and his own. When one starts out on a three or four weeks' trip, in uncertain weather, and has to take clothes and bedding for heat and cold (there are no laundries on the way), robes, a set of communion vessels, a camera (for the benefit of the "Spirit of Missions"), food, and cooking utensils, besides clothes and bedding for the cook, the procession that escorts him to the boats forms quite a caravan. All were finally started, I mounted the chair, and we set out for the river bank. The boat was a Japanese one, and I was soon on board for Ichang, leaving Mr. Roots behind to spend a few days with Mr. Fu before returning to Hankow.

Mr. Fu, by the way, is something of a doctor. Where he got his learning I do not know, but his people had enough faith in his skill to intrust him with about twenty-five dollars for the purchase of medicines when he recently made a visit to Hankow. I found that he had a regular dispensary with fixed charges for different classes of patients. He shows equal diligence and enterprise, too, in his church work. There is a steady addition to his numbers, he avoids lawsuits, and manages to live on good terms with our Roman Catholic neighbors—quite an achievement in Hsin T'i, where, in years past, we have had a great deal of trouble from them. Among the candidates for baptism

and confirmation there were several interesting cases of men whose lives have recently undergone a marked change for the better; who have returned, after perhaps years of wandering, to take on themselves fresh vows and seek new strength. And the number of those whose entire family is in the Church is steadily on the increase. This is always an encouraging sign. It was Wednesday, May 7, when I boarded the *Ta Yuen* at Hsin T'i, and I hoped to reach Ichang by Friday night. But Friday morning the steamer went aground and stayed there for several hours, so that it was late Saturday when I reached Ichang, and was met by Mr. Huntington and Mr. Ts'en. Sunday we had the usual morning prayer, when I preached and confirmed two. The men's side of the church was filled. Among the others I noticed a Buddhist monk, who is a regular attendant, though not a member. There was also a good attendance of women. Since Mr. Huntington came here to live, the congregation has increased greatly, and he has been obliged to move the school-boys to a gallery above the entrance.

Ichang is a beautiful place. The mountains come right down to the river and seem to beckon one away to their heights. Behind the nearer ones rise range after range, while scattered everywhere are peaks of queer, fantastic shapes, some sharp, some rounded, many of them crowned with temples that look inaccessible. We devoted one afternoon to a visit to the temple in the San Yeo Cave. To reach it we were obliged to leave the river and mount, by long stone steps, to the summit of the hill which here forms the river bank. Along this we traveled for some time, the river hundreds of feet below us, until the path took a sharp turn to the right and led us along the face of a steep precipice to the temple itself. It is built in a natural cave in the face of a cliff, which rises far above it, while many feet below a crystal stream winds on its way to join the Yang-tse. The interior of the cave was in dire confusion, as the buildings were being repaired, and the

idols and all their paraphernalia were huddled together in the center. Everything was dingy and dark. The walls of the cave were disfigured by the hundreds of names of Chinese and foreigners which were scrawled or painted on them. There was nothing imposing, nothing inspiring, until we went to the window and looked out on the mountains and the stream, and realized that we were still in God's world.

The day after I reached Ichang I was invited by the Rev. Mr. Deans, of the Scotch Church (Presbyterian) Mission, to conduct the service for foreigners in the Scotch Chapel. He had no objection to my wearing my robes, so I officiated in full vestments, using the Prayer-book as far as was possible. The invitation was a welcome indication of the good feeling existing between the two missions.

May 16, in company with the Rev. Mr. Huntington, I left for Shasi, where we spent Whitsunday. At morning prayer I preached and confirmed three.

Monday morning we hurried to the little boats which had been engaged to carry us to Chiao Wei. It was a beautiful, bright day, and we slowly rowed along the tiny, winding stream that leads from Shasi out into the lake across which lay our destination. We passed under several stone bridges and alongside a handsome guild-hall, in front of which are two iron posts with iron dragons gracefully coiling about them. They irresistibly recalled the brazen serpent in the wilderness. But there is no "life in a look" at these.

I was surprised at the size and good condition of the buildings which the people have given for mission work. Chiao Wei is only a village of a few hundred people, but its claim to consideration lies in the fact that the fertile plain about it is strewn in every direction with similar hamlets which can easily be worked from this as a center. The trained Bible-woman, Mrs. Wu, has done faithful work under great difficulties. From what we heard, the condition in private morals in this little place is most

deplorable, and urgently cries for the regenerative power of the Gospel of Christ.

At eight o'clock Tuesday morning we had service. One child was baptized, five persons confirmed, and I preached. About eleven we started in chairs for Honkang, distant five miles from Chiao Wei and about twenty-five from Shasi. On the outskirts of Honkang, which is a good-sized town, we were met with the customary fire-crackers and escorted to the chapel. Most of the expense of buying and fixing this building has been borne, as in Chiao Wei, by the people themselves, and they have the land, and think they can raise the money to erect a proper church. At present the quarters are very cramped. I was favorably impressed with the work that Mr. Lieo, the catechist, is doing here. I met a number of the Christians, who seemed to be men of respectability and some substance. They are interested in helping along the work, and willing to contribute of their means. I was glad to learn that there is no longer any trouble with the Roman Catholics, as they have given up work in this place. So there is peace for the present.

We had not a moment of privacy from two o'clock, when we reached the chapel, until we went to bed. There was only one room which kept up any pretense of privacy, and that was the bedroom of the catechist. And into this the women swarmed all day to see Mrs. Lieo. As for us poor men, we wandered back and forth seeking fresh air, surrounded by a group of lively little Christians, who were very much interested in everything we did and every book we tried to read. A steady stream of Christians, catechumens, and inquirers kept strolling in, and there was a new face to bow to almost every minute.

We had service in the afternoon, and Mr. Huntington baptized one man and I preached. Some time after service was over, Mr. Huntington and I were sitting in the open space behind the chapel, enjoying the cool air, when a man named Leo appeared, who had walked ten miles to be

present at the instruction class that night. In the course of conversation it appeared that he had been an inquirer far longer than the required time, but had hitherto happened to miss the occasions when inquirers were admitted catechumens. So Mr. Huntington examined him, and, finding him satisfactory, held a special service to admit him. Late at night the last visitor was bowed out of the door; our beds were spread, on doors which had been taken from their hinges, in the guest-room; the mosquito-nets were hung; and we retired to get ready for an early start in the morning.

At six the next day there was a celebration of the holy communion, then a hurried breakfast, and before seven we were in our chairs and beginning our twenty-five-mile ride to Shavang, which we reached at three o'clock. There was the usual serenade of fire-crackers, greetings from the assembled Christians, and then for hours a steady stream of Christians, catechumens, and inquirers, who had left their work on hearing of our arrival, donned their cleanest long gowns, and hurried to the chapel. They filled the guest-room to overflowing, sitting there silent but happy, conscious that they were part of a function.

Soon after our arrival Mr. Huntington set to work to examine candidates. At about seven o'clock we entered the chapel for service. The building was well filled, about sixty being present. Mr. Kuei admitted the catechumens, Mr. Huntington baptized, and I confirmed six and preached. The work in this place seems to have improved very much during the last two or three years. The building that the members have supplied is neat and serviceable. The men I met seemed to be substantial members of the community. The catechist is a steady, reliable man. So we hope to see a strong work develop here.

After the celebration of the holy communion early the next morning, May 22, I started for Hankow, leaving Mr. Huntington to make his way back to Shasi and thence by steamer to Ichang. Thirty-six hours later I was at home

again. My trip had lasted twenty days; I had traveled about seven hundred and fifty miles and confirmed thirty-one persons.

The general impression made on my mind by my visit to all the stations, up and down river, was distinctly encouraging. I found that the work was being done not only industriously, but intelligently. The behavior of catechists and people has improved greatly. We rarely have need to find serious fault with one of the former, while the latter have a far clearer idea of their duties as Christians than ever before. The system of discipline, on which we have been working for the last seven or eight years, is now in force in almost all stations, and is proving itself a great assistance. More and more the workers of all classes are coming to realize the mission motto of "Thorough." We have in most stations, and are supplying to all as rapidly as possible, trained clergymen, catechists, Bible-women, and teachers. One of the most encouraging signs is the frankness with which most of the native workers meet the foreign clergy and discuss with them matters of importance about which, ten years ago, they would not have opened their mouths.

In short, training and organization are increasing the effectiveness of our work. The workers are trying to coordinate their departments so that each may tell on the other. The Chinese clergy keep up a regular correspondence with one another, in which they discuss and settle many matters of importance. And all who can do so meet once a month. It is hoped that the catechists and teachers may be organized in somewhat the same way, so that they may mutually uphold each other and be able to help us in improving the methods now in use. As for the Chinese clergy, with scarcely an exception, their efficiency and general helpfulness increase year by year.

Two thoughts were deeply impressed upon me as I went in and out among our people and saw how differently they regard questions of right and wrong from their heathen

neighbors. The first was: What a revolution must be wrought in the mind of a sincere heathen when he is brought face to face with the ideal of the Christian. It is no longer a string of platitudes about what "the superior man" will or will not do by virtue of his innate superiority. Nor is it a series of austerities, pious deeds and silly performances, by which merit is accumulated. The voice of authority says, "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not." It is the voice of the true, the holy, the only God. It does not suggest or advise, but demands conformity to the likeness of the Son of God, the Man Christ Jesus. It promises strength and ultimate success. As day after day unfolds more clearly the deep-seated ills of this decayed civilization, so more and more firmly am I convinced that nothing but the response of her people to this voice of God can save China from utter, irretrievable ruin.

The second thought was: What must it mean, to one who is truly trying to attain this ideal, to realize that the Church is earnestly watching his every action, ready to praise, ready to blame—if necessary, to punish? Some one cares for him as a man—not for his money, but for him, that he may become more a man. When he sees his fellow-Christians punished for serious offenses, not by a money fine, but by open discipline which marks for them and all the world the hatefulness of sin, he must realize, if he reflects at all, that the thing which the Church most loves is holiness, most hates is sin. And she stands ready to lead all her children in the way of holiness, to insist that they shall walk in it, on pain of forfeiture of their rights as children. I believe that, for a young Church newly emerged from heathenism, there can be no more helpful influence for molding character than a wise discipline, tenderly, prayerfully administered.

HANKOW, July 13, 1902.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Cholera is raging among the Chinese, and the deaths from it are very numerous. Only three foreigners have

died of it in Hankow. The hospitals can do practically nothing to cope with such an epidemic, because there are no sanitary precautions taken outside. I have had a very good preparation compounded in large quantities and distributed to all our chapels, and have heard of a great many cases cured by it. I have heard of only one death among those who have taken it. I don't feel nervous about it, because it is a disease which is contracted only through the mouth, and I take great precautions.

HANKOW, July 15, 1902.

MY DEAR WOOD:

For the benefit of both of us, I am putting into writing the gist of what I recently said to you about the coming into the mission of members of the Order of the Holy Cross.

I have a warm admiration for the zeal and devotion of those members whom I know best, and should be happy to see it enlisted in the Master's service in this field, provided that I am satisfied that it can be done to the benefit of the whole work.

As you know, I try to eliminate from the consideration of such matters all personal opinions and prejudices, and decide them solely on the basis of what our Church allows and the peculiar circumstances of the mission permit. My ambition is to have the mission, as a whole, truly representative of the Church that sends it. This does not countenance parties in the mission, while it does allow considerable liberty of individual action, all of it subject, however, to what can with more or less definiteness be pointed out as "mission tradition" or "mission policy." You know what this means, and that it has changed, and will continue to change, with the expanding life of the Church.

There are three points on which I wish clear and unmistakable information before I think it wise to accept the member of any order. And I wish it from the applicant as an individual, and not from the order speaking for him:

(1) *Allegiance.* What promises of obedience has he made? A missionary bishop cannot develop his work aright unless he has canonical control over his workers.

(2) *Public Religious Practices.* You know how much liberty is allowed in the mission. I do not think there is a more catholic mission in the world, so far as allowing differing views and practices is concerned, than the two branches of the China Mission. But there are points beyond which we cannot go without disturbing the harmony and good will which are among the best assets of the work in the field, and alienating the sympathy and support of a large part of those at home whose representatives we are.

So I should wish to know whether or not an applicant is prepared to fall in with the mission spirit in this respect. Are there any practices or doctrines, besides those which are in vogue or practically accepted in the mission, which his conscience would compel him to adopt in public ministrations? In other words, can he conform to that regulated liberty which has been the mark of the mission and its bond of harmony in the past? Or does he expect to have things his own way?

(3) *Private Practices to Which He is Bound, so Far as They Affect His Health and Work.* His private devotions are between himself and God. So far as they are not unchristian, and do not cause conflict or confusion in the work, the bishop has nothing to do with them. But it is of the greatest importance that he be not bound by rules relating to dress, food, habits of devotion, etc., which in this country might be hurtful to him physically and a hindrance to his successful work.

KULING, HANKOW, August 26, 1902.

DEAR DR. LLOYD:

I am afraid you will be disappointed by what I have to say. I am not at all discouraged by the results of our

work, yet I cannot boast great things of our people, speaking broadly. In my own mind I account for this as follows:

1. Missions in China have been, from the start, mixed with politics. I am not sure that this was entirely avoidable, but it has had a most hurtful influence, especially of late, when it sometimes seems that all spirituality has been crushed out by it. The missions that interfere to help their people are on a boom, the others languish and find all their efforts hampered by this state of affairs.

2. We are absolutely unlike the Chinese in every physical, mental, and moral habit. Our best intentions are misunderstood and many of our best efforts wasted. Our only hope is in native workers. But one generation is a short time in which to develop them to a point of high efficiency.

3. Christian Chinese are drawn from such a bottomless pit of corruption that even considerable progress upward does not appear such to the onlooker at the edge of the pit, from whom they are still so far removed. They are surrounded by shams and frauds, material and moral filth. It requires a long time to get the miasma out of their systems, and only the most delicate thermometer will note progress. With this preface, I will try to answer your questions.

(B) The conditions of domestic life are certainly improved among Christians. We have been backward in this respect because such improvement depends chiefly on the co-operation of husband and wife, and until very recently we have had no women workers to reach the women. But I have quite often heard of cases in which the Christian life of the one has put an end to domestic strife and won the other over to the faith. The steady increase of infant baptism in some places shows that a new conception of their duty to children has come to them. I have never heard of infanticide practised by professing Christians, though I should not dare to say it has not been. The heathen custom of hurrying the body of a child to an

unhonored grave, with no service of any sort, is giving way to Christian burial.

(D) As to the increasing value set on human life, I think there is improvement. But this needs explanation. The Chinese law on the subject of homicide is the old Mosaic one, "A life for a life." That sets a purely fictitious value on life, as it has reference solely to penalties. Deaths from flood, fire, or pestilence have very little effect on any but those immediately affected. Suicide is very common and reprobated chiefly by those who suffer in consequence.

I am satisfied that our people [native Christians.—EDITOR.] are more humane. They are far from having our idea of the sanctity of human life, and are as likely as not to wear a smile while telling of some frightful calamity. That is a racial habit. But our Hsin T'i people recently dispensed cholera medicine to thousands of the heathen, at their own expense of trouble and money.

(E) The desire to educate their girls has shown great improvement of late.

Don't think from what I have written that I am discouraged. I am not. We have cleared away tons of rubbish and will some day reach rock bottom. But we are still carting garbage. When we reach the rock, building will be more rapid.

HANKOW, October 2, 1902.

MR. E. WALTER ROBERTS:

Every one is now back to his post, and fall work well under way. Littell is back, brimful of enthusiasm, as usual, and we hope soon to welcome Mr. Gilman. The work in the capital of Hunan province, Changsha, is started in a rented house with a deacon in charge, assisted by an experienced catechist. We have much to be thankful for.

HANKOW, October 5, 1902.

MR. JOHN W. WOOD:

About two weeks ago, the Rev. Li Yuen Lin of Wuhu was subjected to disgraceful treatment by a minor official in that place. He was trying to protect one of his schoolboys from a sharper, and asked the official to judge the case. This was refused, with the result that when Mr. Li left the *yamen,* the rascal followed and attacked him. He returned and asked the official to deal with this new development. Instead of justice he got only insult, and was finally tied up and sent, under escort of a number of soldiers as if he were a brigand, to the *yamen* of the highest local official, who passed him on to the next in rank. His Chinese friends hurried to his help, and one of them, a military official, went his security and he was released. The next day the magistrate heard the case and ordered that the sharper receive eight hundred blows. The petty official who perpetrated the outrage was said to be drunk at the time. He has been deprived of his office, and it is hoped that public apology will be made to Mr. Li to restore his face, and then the matter will be considered ended. One interesting feature of the case is that the non-Christian correspondents for the Shanghai native papers were unsparing in their denunciation of the official and their praise of Mr. Li's character and service to the community during the floods of last year. Even this heavy trial will no doubt turn out for good to the Christians of Wuhu. Mr. Lund has the matter in hand, and hopes that it may soon be satisfactorily settled.

HANKOW, November 2, 1902.

My first ordination came off on Tuesday, and I was fortunately able to get through with it without any trouble. It was a very impressive service, I thought. I inclose a couple of photographs. In the picture of the clergy in

their robes, the four in front—one deacon, with his stole across his breast, and three priests—are the newly ordained. I did one thing in the course of the service which I thought I would never have the courage to attempt: I sang (in accordance with the direction of the rubric) my lines of the "Veni Creator." Miss Carter, who is a good musician, practised it with me, and said I sang it correctly. One never knows to what depths he may fall when he sets out to be a missionary.

Yesterday was All Saints' day, and again I was unable to be in the church. We are trying to make a special feature of this service, in the hope that it may supply the want which the heathen express in their ancestral cult. The latter is very ignorant and stupid and unchristian, but I disagree with most of the missionaries who see in it nothing but evil, an idolatrous practice and one to be cut up, root and branch. All our mission, however, agree that the Church teaching which centers in All Saints' day is capable of supplying all that the Christians need. And we are trying to demonstrate that. So the church was decorated for the occasion, and the music was specially suitable and well rendered. The sermon was on the blessedness of those who depart in Christ. A board, with the names of the members of the congregation who had died within the year, and the sentence, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," was hung outside the church entrance. After the sermon, which came in its usual place in the Communion Office, the board (diptych) was brought to the chancel and the names read aloud to the congregation. Then two prayers of comfort and thanksgiving from the Burial Office were read, and the hymn, "For all the saints, who from their labors rest," was sung. Later in the day those who have friends and relatives buried in our cemetery visited their graves, and some of our foreign staff put flowers on the graves of the few members of the mission who are buried in Hankow. I think the possession of this festival and all the legitimate teaching and comfort which

it involves, is a great advantage to our Church. Some sort of reverence to departed ancestors is the cardinal tenet of all Chinese religious belief and practice. There is so much that is worthy in the sentiment that I feel that we ought to do all we can to cherish its benefits, while discarding its abuses. Extreme opposition to all outward signs of reverence to the departed is insisted on by almost all missionaries, on the ground that it is idolatrous. Protestants are afraid to substitute any form of Christian service in its place, lest they be accused of Romish practices. The Romanists are down on the ancestral cult, because the Pope once told them to be so. They have, of course, their dreadful doctrine of Purgatory, but I should think that would bring little comfort to any one. We are given a sufficiently definite doctrine of the communion of saints and the state of the departed to supply the deepest cravings of this ancestor-reverencing people. And we expect to develop it to supply that need. This is only one of many problems, all of the greatest importance to the future of the Church in China, which are perpetually seething in my brain.

1903

Hankow, January 25, 1903.

My dear Family:

The news throughout the mission is good. There is activity and growth everywhere, and the opportunities are far too many to be seized with our slender resources. Together with the disquieting political rumors, there are many encouraging signs of improvement in the country. There can be no doubt that progress is being made. The viceroy of these two provinces attended the closing exercises of Boone School last week, and spoke in highest praises of what he saw. He said he would come often to Mr. Jackson for suggestions in his educational schemes. He has as interpreter a young Chinese just graduated from

Cornell University—not a Christian, but well-educated and broad-minded. He is quite intimate with all the mission, and we hear interesting things from him of what goes on in official circles. The viceroy seems really trying to start proper educational schemes, but probably they will, like the others, come to little, because they are trying to do something about which they know little and will not take the advice of competent persons. They expect to establish universities ready-made and complete, do it cheaply, and have them in perfect running order after a few months of preparation. Of course they cannot do it. I can see nothing of education in China that shows signs of permanence except missionary work.

January 28, 1903.

My dear B.:

I am learning many lessons amid my new duties. One is that a bishop need never expect to rest. I have been quite unwell for more than three months, but have made two visitations and kept my home work up fairly well. You can imagine how many details claim my attention in a work like this that is just forming itself and developing its policy. Leaving out the Chinese workers and converts, who are quite enough to occupy several bishops, the management of the foreign workers, accepting or rejecting applicants, housing them and setting them to their proper work when they come: this is difficult work and full of pitfalls. I have to study the idiosyncrasies of each man and woman and try to place them where the friction will be least. There are quarrels to be made up; personal tribulations to be consoled and dealt with; personal wishes to be consulted; secrets to be kept; and, Billy, the girls and boys will occasionally fall in love and insist on marrying, to the ruination of my plans. But they are the finest lot of men and women in China. We are more harmonious than any mission of our size I know; our workers are loyal and hard-working, proud of their Church and proud of

Bishop Ingle among his Workers.

Cathedral Choir. 1902.

their mission. And only yesterday I heard of a remark made by a member of another mission, to the effect that ours was unquestionably the coming mission of this part of China, because we are so thorough, especially in the training of our native workers. You may imagine how that pleased me. For years my program has been: "Teach, train." And the other day I held the first conference of the trained catechists, of which you will read in the "Spirit of Missions," and for four days met and discussed our work with twenty-five men, in the training of all of whom I had had a part. It was a keen pleasure, as you will know, since you are training men for similar work.

Our Chinese clergy, too, are in the main the source of great joy and satisfaction. None of the missions around us can touch them with their workers, so far as character and ability are concerned.

February, 1903.

A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN FOR CENTRAL CHINA

I have been asked to draw up a statement of our plans and needs, that the Home Church may know our aims and how they may be furthered. After consultation with all the foreign workers in the field, I have formulated a plan which we hope may be realized within the next five years.

The general scope of our aim is as follows:

1. *Evangelistic*

To plant strong central stations in important places, especially provincial capitals. From these, villages and smaller towns can be worked. Most of the foreign staff will be placed in such places, where their work will be to a great extent the training and guidance of native workers. The direct work among the Chinese must more and more

be delegated to the latter class, who are showing themselves, with increased training and experience, increasingly capable and trustworthy.

Of the four capitals of provinces which are, wholly or in part, embraced in the district of Hankow, we already have work in three, having recently begun in Changsha, the capital of Hunan. The expense of this last work is borne by the foreign missionaries personally. We have important work in seven large cities along the Yang-tse from Ichang to Wuhu, all centers of wide-spread influence, and in most of these we hope to see, besides evangelistic work, educational and medical work also.

2. *Educational*

We wish to have in each station one or more well-conducted and scientifically taught day-schools. We already have a number of these, in which the scholars pay tuition, and after a few more years' work with the normal school, hope to have all schools supplied with well-qualified teachers.

In addition we plan to have in large centers intermediate schools to receive those who have finished the primary course. For the present we will begin with such a large day-school in Hankow. The schools with trained teachers already pay a considerable sum toward their cost, and it is calculated that intermediate schools will pay even better. It is hoped that boys who have been trained in these schools will continue their studies in Boone School. This will enable us to raise the grade in the latter school. At present most of its applicants for admission have had absolutely no proper preparation and must begin at the very bottom of the ladder of knowledge.

The third step in the series is Boone School. This is already doing effective work and increases in efficiency each year. But it urgently needs more land, more build-

ings, a larger staff, and good equipment. Given these, it will not only soon furnish most of its running expenses, but will become a power for good in molding the young men of Central China.

This educational scheme refers only to boys. The demand for the education of girls, though growing, is still very small, and we have always been short of women to carry it on. But it is hoped that, in time, we may have a somewhat similar scheme for girls.

Crowning our educational course I should like to see the divinity school. The bulk of our Chinese clergy must be educated men who can lead their people. They should be educated, not in remote solitude, but in close contact with the most vigorously living and thinking institution in this neighborhood—the school. In this way we hope to keep them alert and practical. We have a suitable building for the purpose.

3. *Medical*

We already have three hospitals in operation, one each for men and women in Wuchang, where there are two others connected with other missions, and one, the only one, in Nganking, the capital of Nganhuei province. We wish to add to our medical staff so as to have two doctors for each isolated hospital, and three where two hospitals are together, as in Wuchang. It is expected that such an increase will not only provide uninterrupted medical attention, when one physician is absent on furlough or vacation, but will permit local extension of dispensary work and the training of Chinese students.

We wish also to establish hospitals in Kiukiang and Shasi. The latter has no qualified physician and no hospital, properly so called. The former has a hospital for women, manned (?) by two American-educated Chinese young ladies, and a small general hospital, which has no permanently resident physician. Both are treaty-ports

and important places. We have as yet no foreign workers in these places. Our native work, however, is strong in Shasi and promising in Kiukiang.

We make no apology for the bigness of our plans. The mission has passed the day of small things, the experimental stage. We have found our feet and ask permission to advance. Of the eight cities for which we ask men or money, four are provincial capitals, and all but one are, or will soon be, treaty-ports. That means that our work will tell on foreigners as well as natives. We are trying to make our position secure by seizing strategic points and holding them effectively. Whether we do so or not depends on the Home Church.

HANKOW, February 2, 1903.

MR. RHETT:

In addition to anti-foreign feeling, there is another sentiment to be reckoned with. There is strong hatred of the dynasty—the Manchus. For many decades there have been secret societies which aimed at its overthrow. The government has vainly tried to uproot them, but it cannot. Under such a form of government as this a passion for secret plotting is developed. And these secret societies are always ready to seize an opportunity to accomplish their ends. Their ranks have probably been largely increased since the suppression and outlawing of the Reform Party in 1898. The influence of the latter has been working on the minds of the young men all over the empire. Some of the leaders are, no doubt, concealed in the country. At all events, they are flooding the country with literature which is directed against the government and much of which is said to be entirely anarchistic in tone. Their base of operations seems to be Japan. They are clever, plausible, and seem to be unscrupulous, and it is believed that they are prepared to join forces with any of the disaffected, no matter what their principles are.

Meanwhile we keep the even tenor of our way. Nothing

seems to be immediately threatening, so we are not alarmed. We are extending our work and planning it for the rest of our lifetime and beyond. We cannot work in any other way. But we realize that a catastrophe might come with short warning.

From the "Church" (Boston)

The backbone of our work is our native deacons. You cannot imagine how powerless, even after years of experience, a foreigner is among the Chinese, unless he has faithful native assistants. The language, social and business customs, and modes of reasoning of the Chinese are so different from our own, and so intricate, that both merchant and missionary must depend largely on natives. So the deacons are more than backbone: they are eyes, ears, mouth, hands, and feet to the work. There are four of them connected with this place, three in Hankow and one in the country at Han-ch'uan. Each has his congregation and chapel. The chapel is in most cases simply a rented Chinese house, always unprotected from heat and cold, and sometimes even from rain and snow. The deacon's residence is usually in the same building.

HANKOW, February 15, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

The most striking development is in the schools, which grow more crowded each year. Yesterday Mr. Roots and Miss Carter examined the applicants for admission to the Cathedral Choir School. We had nine vacancies and about thirty candidates. They were the pick of nearly one hundred and fifty day-school boys. They were all Christians, and some had come sixty miles for the examination. They were examined not only on the ordinary school subjects, but also in singing and cleanliness. The cause of this rush

for the Choir School is that this year we are sending nine of the largest boys to Boone School, or to the Wuchang Hospital to help the doctor. This leaves us with nine vacancies and also advertises to our people the splendid opportunity that lies before those who are accepted. If the best boys are to be sent to Boone School from time to time, almost every parent will want to get his boy into the Choir School.

We have bought the new land that we wanted for Boone School, and a new building is about to be begun, so that we may be able to accommodate more boys and be in a position to give them better opportunities to learn. We will start a collegiate department next autumn, but at present will have to use the Divinity School to house the college students. There is no lack of boys. We already have over fifty waiting, and no vacancies. If the Church would only help us! If rich people could only go with me and see what magnificent opportunities there are throughout this district for putting their money to the best use, I am sure they could not resist the inclination to give. But I cannot get them within ten thousand miles of the work. Can't some of you buttonhole a millionaire for a ten-thousand-dollar special?

The family here is in pretty good condition. I am somewhat better, but living chiefly on mushes, and such-like uninspiring dishes.

HANKOW, March 1, 1903.

MR. JOHN W. WOOD:

I may have written you something about the expansion of Boone School. It has been unavoidable. Shanghai is too far away and the trip and living expenses too much to enable us to send many of our boys to St. John's College. The demand for higher education in Wuchang and Hankow has so increased that if we do not supply the demand, some other mission will step in and do it, and so rob us of the primacy in educational matters which we have labored

so hard and so successfully to maintain. We have bought land and prepared to start a collegiate department (in addition to adding a large building to the school department), without receiving a cent from the Church at home.

HANKOW, March 1, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Not much has happened lately beyond the usual routine. I improved a good deal in health a week or two ago, but have fallen back somewhat, and now my chief food is farina and such things. Still I can do my work fairly well.

The great demand now is for education. We have stretched the accommodations of Boone School so far that Mr. Jackson has been obliged to take some of the boys into his own house to live. We have begged for money for new buildings, but have not received a cent from home. The heathen about us have been more generous, and have contributed enough to enable us to start an additional building. But even that does not begin to be enough. Our work is continually hampered by this lack of funds. We baptized one hundred and nine last quarter, as against thirty-nine for the same quarter of the preceding year.

HANKOW, March 15, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. RHETT:

When I was put in charge of this field the work had recently been largely extended and showed many signs of growth; but the growth was so new that there had not been time for the organization that such development sooner or later demands if it is to continue. So a large part of my time has been spent in gathering together the loose ends that I found everywhere, and trying to weave them into a single rope. The ends of my district are nearly eight hundred miles apart, and it is not easy to unify and har-

monize so widely separated members. Still I can report decided progress. One of the questions that is now calling for settlement is that of the salaries of native workers. We pay most of our workers in silver, and that article has been so steadily depreciating in value that a Mexican dollar is now worth only about eight hundred brass cash, whereas it was worth ten hundred and seventy when I came out. In addition to this, the cost of almost all articles of food and clothing has increased greatly. So our workers are suffering and ask for a raise. This question is only one out of many that require a great deal of time and thought to settle. Charlotte and the children are well again, except for colds. I am not well, but keep my strength very well considering what scant diet I am reduced to.

HANKOW, March 22, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We are having a great deal of trouble in getting our paper printed. After two or three weeks we have had a proof of the first page only. It was very amusing to see the first corrected proof. The printer had not understood the meaning of the various remarks addressed to him on the margin of the first corrected proof and had printed them all in the second, so that "Remarks to the printer" and other irrelevant matter appeared at intervals over the page. However, we have hopes of succeeding ultimately. I am not quite decided whether I shall be able to make my visitations this spring or not. The doctor discourages my going, and at present it is impossible, as I cannot get the food I need on the boats. However, I may be able to go after Easter. If I keep the ground I have gained, I think I shall probably carry out the latter plan.

March 28, 1903.

A considerable part of the increase asked for is due to the fact that the prayers and work of many years are

beginning to tell in the increase of trained and tested workers, and that their work is justifying the time and money spent on them. There never was a more hopeful outlook, so far as the mission workers are concerned, and the work done is incomparably more thorough and substantial than ever before.—*Hankow Appropriation Estimate.*

HANKOW, Easter day, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I get most encouraging reports from the entire field. Our methods are stricter and the standard higher each year, but the number of catechumens seems to be steadily increasing. They are better taught, more devout than before; we have a far better hold on entire families than before. There is a large increase in all our schools, too.

HANKOW, April 29, 1903.

THE REV. JOSHUA KIMBER:

Thanks for your solicitude about my health. I am better, though by no means well. My visitation trips have been delayed, but I have been or will go to all the large places. I am distressed that I have most positive orders from various doctors to spend the summer out of Hankow. I admit the wisdom of the decree and bow before it, though with great reluctance.

HANKOW, May 25, 1903.

MR. JOHN W. WOOD:

Everywhere throughout the mission is the thrill of life. I am constantly having suggestions from workers who wish to open something new or push the old work farther. Our newly opened stations, Kiukiang, T'ai hu, Changsha, and Chin tseo, are all in most promising condition and show splendid growth. (No doubt you will soon receive something from Mr. and Mrs. Roots about their recent trip to Changsha and the impression it made on them.)

I can recall only one station which shows no special advance, but rather the reverse, and that is Chiao Wei. Confirmations are completed and show an increase of twenty-five per cent. Baptisms, too, will be more than last year, while the attendance at day-schools has largely increased. Congregations almost everywhere are better than ever. If I understand the purpose of the Church at home, this is what she desires. This is what I am sent to cultivate. As this is my conception of my duty, I have not felt called upon to restrict this growth or to dampen this ardor of the workers. I have everywhere advised careful economy, but I have not felt justified in clipping wings for economy's sake. A work that is growing must expand as the spirit of life within it compels. The spirit breatheth where it listeth, and, if told to wait until the Board approves, may take its flight, not to return. I do not think we are likely to run over the appropriation, but we are sure to come pretty near the limit. However, I don't think the Church ever got better value for her money.

I have an anecdote for you, told to one of us by a lady—a Mrs. Brewster—who witnessed and heard it. She was traveling on the Yang-tse with an anti-missionary steamer captain, a man famous for his vaporings on the subject. "I have been twenty-five years on this river, and I have never seen a Chinese Christian." "Captain," replied one of his officers who was sitting at table with them, "the man behind you, who is serving you now, is a Chinese Christian." Nothing further heard from the captain during that meal.

HANKOW, June 2, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

I reached home from my up-river trip at 3 A.M. on Sunday, the twenty-fourth. Of course I was in worse condition than when I left, but I soon straightened out and am now feeling pretty well. I find that sleeping late and taking egg-nog three times a day between meals has done for me

what all the medicines were powerless to do. My work is so wide that I find it very hard to write about it.

HANKOW, June 3, 1903.

MR. JOHN W. WOOD:

It is delightful to have your sympathy, and so heartily expressed, in regard to our unauthorized expansion educationally. As I wrote you about a week ago, I have no heart for clipping wings. Now is our opportunity. I consider myself here for the special purpose of taking advantage of it. We are growing in every direction, and I will fight hard before I cut off the new shoots that are so promising. I am sorry that I did not think of including the salaries of two new men in my appropriation estimates. That is one of the tricks that I had not learned.

I hope you have not forgotten your promise to visit us. We will show you "piles" of things. You shall see the wheels go round. Don't put off the trip too long. Remember, I expect to go home in about a year to make my bow to the House of Bishops and the Home Church. I expect to be away from here about six months. Roots will be at home at the same time. So look out for tornadoes at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. When two enthusiastic members of the Hankow Mission meet a secretary, I fear that either money or blood must flow.

HANKOW, June 7, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We are continually extending, but are limited in money and workers. In the last three months we have started three schools for girls, which are flourishing, and have just begun another for boys, making eight in Hankow alone. Yesterday a man employed in a Chinese bank brought his boy, with the money for fees, to one of the teachers and asked to have him received. He was told that twenty-four

boys were already in a room designed for only twenty. "Well," he said, "if you have n't room to take him into the regular class, let him sit here and listen. He has been studying in the ordinary Chinese schools for years and cannot explain a single word he has been taught." What can we do against such determination? He is now the twenty-fifth. Most of our Hankow schools are crowded in the same way, simply because we cannot resist the determination of the parents.

The following is taken from an early issue of the "Bulletin":

At Changsha our mission is at last established in a larger and more suitable house which was rented cheap, like the one in Kiukiang, because it was haunted. Who could wish harm to those beneficent spirits who help our work by lowering rents?

There are some ten or twelve adherents who long since fulfilled the time required for the catechumenate and are very anxious to be allowed to take the first step toward baptism. No one has yet been admitted, and their admission is made conditional on their bringing their families with them. Some of them have lately complained that they were not allowed to contribute toward Church expenses, while adherents in other missions were. The reason for this was that we feared that, in the ignorance of their first approach, they would think that gifts to the Church implied an obligation on its part of help in their private troubles with officials or each other. This cruel deprivation will cease when they are admitted catechumens.

Many of those who have shown interest in the Gospel message have met with the usual persecution from friends and family. A lad of eighteen named Wu, the son of a widow, was seized by relatives who insisted that his mind had been unsettled by the "mih yoh," or bewitching drug, which they think is administered to all adherents to insure

docility and submission. An emetic was successfully given, and they expressed their satisfaction by saying, "Now he will be all right." Unfortunately for their hopes, the boy continued his visits to the chapel, and even induced a brother to go with him. Finally the mother was satisfied that no harm was coming to them, and withdrew her opposition.

An older man, named Sen, who enjoyed the sobriquet of "Whiskers," had a recently married son living about twenty miles away. He begged him to visit the old home, but the son, hearing that the father had connected himself with the Church, refused to recognize the old man as his father or to visit him. He even went so far as to seize some of his land.

Another, named Yu, the son of a military official, was faithful in attendance at services until some one poisoned the minds of the women of the family by assuring them that, after a man entered the Christian Church, all domestic and social relationships were dissolved and a man's family were no more to him than any outsider. On hearing this, they became greatly alarmed and made Yu's life so miserable that he fled from home. The family sought for him in vain. After some days he visited the chapel, and the Chinese priest exhorted him to return and bear his witness to the falsity of these calumnies in his own home, where his testimony would have most weight. He agreed, and, at last reports, was again living at home.

Sometime ago the streets of Changsha were placarded with anonymous yellow posters warning women against foot-binding, and saying that calamities were at hand from which those who bound their feet would find it hard to flee. It is not known who adopted this method of pleading for natural feet. It is certain, however, that it produced quite a sensation.

HANKOW, June 14, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Tehsen's mania now is for collecting tortoises and frogs, which he keeps in a big earthen vessel of water in the back yard. He called me this afternoon to see "two beautiful frogs, as long as that." He went off this afternoon with the Koosnetzoff boys (Russian father and German mother) and caught them. I told him that I did not want him to go to play with the boys on Sunday. He replied in the most earnest way, "But, father, if I had n't gone, I would n't have got the frogs."

I am proud of all my family, and they give me a great deal of happiness. The children are stubborn, but very winning and lovable. We are looking forward with keenest anticipation to bringing them home. Only about a year more now.

KULING, July 5, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Yesterday was the glorious Fourth. The Americans here like to keep it faithfully, especially on account of the children who are brought up away from all the associations which go to make good citizens. So meetings are held, committees appointed, and arrangements to hold the celebration at our house and the adjoining mission bungalow put into action.

I can't go into details of the way the houses were fixed. Speeches and music were given on the veranda of the mission bungalow, and refreshments served in our house and on our veranda. Suffice it to say that it was the biggest thing ever undertaken in Kuling, and the most successful. The affair caused a good deal of inconvenience and hard work. But we think it was worth while. It was an opportunity to render a service to the public and, especially, to the Americans, and it puts the mission and ourselves on an advantageous footing with them. Of course Charlotte

shone, as she always does where good sense, good management, and good looks come into play.

KULING, July 26, 1903.

I am, as you will see from the heading of this letter, in Kuling, where my doctor has ordered me to spend the summer. I was quite unwell all winter and most of the spring, so it was feared that if I spent the summer in the heat below, I would be liable to all sorts of deadly diseases. There was nothing for me to do but yield, so I have practically moved my office up here and am conducting business from the new stand. It is never very hot here, there are plenty of people, some six or seven hundred, and walks, tennis, and other innocent amusements. So it is a fine place to combine work with pleasure. A large part of the people are missionaries, but there are not a few business people from different places on the river.

KULING, July 26, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

Even though I am supposed to be taking a summer vacation, I am fairly busy and have not had much time for writing to you of late. We are already making our plans for going home, and expect to be in the United States this time next year. We will probably be away from here not longer than seven months.

We are having a pleasant summer, have a great many pleasant acquaintances and some very warm friends. One of the ladies, a very clever and nice woman, but a little inclined to say sharp things occasionally, asked Charlotte how she managed to have so many friends. Part of the explanation is that she uses her tongue very judiciously.

I suppose the American papers are keeping up their stories of the alarming condition of China. Things seem very quiet in this region. The river is high and flooding

some districts; secret societies are said to be active and planning an uprising against the officials; etc. But these are yearly events, and do not necessarily mean anything. All our people are well and the work is going on quietly. I am making out my yearly reports, and find progress all along the line.

KULING, August 2, 1903.

MR. JOHN W. WOOD:

It is a quiet Sunday afternoon, and I will take advantage of it to start a letter to you, not knowing when I shall be able to finish it. I have been with my family for five weeks and am feeling quite well again. I should like to return to my post in Hankow now, but feel it is wiser to obey the doctors—so long, at least, as no urgent business calls me down and I can do my work as well here as there. Moreover, I feel that I have special and very important work here. I have many friends among the people here, chiefly missionaries, and can feel friendships, both personal and toward the mission, growing stronger. The feeling of dissatisfaction with our divided Christendom grows stronger, too, from year to year, both in my own heart and all around me. I hear of many more hopes for unity than ever before. The way is by no means clear, but we are drawing closer one to another, and I wonder if God may not have sent me here for a longer stay than usual in order to help on, if only a mite, the great movement in which I believe so fully. So I am not impatient.

INGLESIDE, KULING, August 16, 1903.

MY DEAR FAMILY:

We are having the most enjoyable summer we have ever spent here. This is partly because we are together more than ever before, and I have been with Charlotte both on her birthday and our wedding-day, a thing which has often

been impossible. In addition to this, we are all pretty well. Then we have more friends and acquaintances than before, and some of these friendships are very precious to us. This year, too, I have made a feature of a weekly meeting of all the men of our mission. They dine here on Tuesday evening, and we spend the time after dinner in discussing whatever comes up. This has been very interesting and helpful, especially to the new and the isolated ones, as it has been a means of revealing us to each other, and of spreading more widely the real spirit of the mission. The men who are almost or entirely alone in their stations have no chance to keep up with the progress of thought among the others, and the new men have never learned. Last Thursday we got on the subject of Church unity and our attitude to other missions. It was surprising and refreshing to see how every shade of churchmanship was at one with others in taking a broad view of the subject. One of the more isolated men was astonished and delighted at the revelation of the general sentiment of the mission. I am sure the summer here has been an education to many of us.

I have been much struck with the wide-spread desire among the missionaries here for a nearer approach to each other, a vague longing for Church unity. So, after talking with a number of the older men, all of whom heartily agreed with me, I am having the following promise printed on cards which are to be given to those who want them, signed and retained by the signer.

[The form of the cards was as follows:—EDITOR.]

League of Prayer for the Unity of God's People

Believing that the Church of Christ has not that unity for which Christ prayed, and without attempting to state either the form which it should take or the manner of realizing it, I hereby promise to endeavor to pray daily that

God will accomplish in His Church such unity as is agreeable to His holy will.

(Signed).....

(This card is to be retained by the signer.)

You will see that the promise is made so broad as to include all except those who are firmly opposed to any form of Church unity. There are such, and it is to avoid the criticism and unfriendly feeling which some of these may raise that we expect to have, for the present at least, no meetings, no organization, not even a list of those who unite in the prayer. The people of Kuling are a very prayerful lot, and, if they can be united in prayer for a common object until they meet again, I believe they will be much nearer to each other.

Lot 8, Kuling, September 3, 1903.

My dear Father:

I am laid up with a sprained ankle, obtained on the tennis-court, and only able to hobble about on crutches. It is not serious, but requires rather a long rest.

The enforced quiet has given me an opportunity to finish my yearly report to the Board, which ought to have gone sometime ago.

I am hoping to be able to go down from here in about two weeks, and will be very glad to be home again, though the summer here has been a very pleasant one. I go to Shanghai for the conference of Anglican bishops of China and Corea on October 16. You will have noticed the dates of my own conference in the "Bulletin."

Lot 8, Kuling, September 20, 1903.

My dear Family:

Another Sunday night has come, the last, I hope, that I will spend in Kuling for nearly two years. We should have gone down before this, but my ankle was so slow

in recovering that it did not seem wise. I am still on crutches, though I can walk a few steps in the house without them. We are planning to go down Friday morning.

Preachers are growing scarce here now, as so many people have gone down. So I was asked to preach again this evening in the Kuling Chapel. I hobbled down on crutches, but managed to take the service without using them. As we were coming home, I painfully crawling uphill, Tehsen carrying the lantern for me, he surprised me very much by saying, "I enjoyed your sermon very much this evening, Father." I don't know what he meant by it, as Charlotte says he was making faces and going through the motion of diving most of the time I was preaching.

During the last hymn, which was sung to rather a sad tune, Meimei whispered to her mother: "I can't stand it, Mother." "Can't stand what?" "The singing." Looking down, she saw that the little one was almost in tears. It was necessary to cover her ears to enable her to get through the rest of the service. Something about the tune seemed really to distress her.

To-night, for the first time, we let the two children take supper with us, instead of in their room. At the table Meimei asked if I knew what had happened in church. I professed ignorance, and she worked her eyes in such a way as to suggest an effort to keep back tears. I asked why she had cried. She replied: "Because the music nauseated me."

I mentioned in my last report that a transition was being made in the school between the old Chinese method of arbitrary punishment by any teacher and the foreign one of carefully considered discipline administered by the rector only. The change was misunderstood and opposed by almost all the Chinese, who declared that morals and discipline had been thrown to the dogs. Experience hitherto indicates a real improvement as a result of the change. It is true that more independence and self-respect have been developed, and the genesis of these is apt to be

stormy. But, in due proportion, they are priceless, the foundation of all true character and to be had at any price.

One of the indications of improvement in the school is the decline of the old desire to rush away into business as soon as the pupils know enough English to converse. Nine out of the present highest class wish to pursue their studies further. Four of these are Christians, all of whom, it is understood, are looking forward to Church work, and at least two to the ministry. It is necessary to carry these boys further, and, to this end, the beginning of a collegiate course is to be made this autumn. We have no proper college building as yet.

(1) We must have the best possible education for our ministry, if it is to grapple with the new China. Such an education, unless given in this part of China, is liable to unfit men for work here. [If sent to Shanghai, for instance.—EDITOR.] (2) We can get no more powerful grip on the moral and religious development of this neighborhood than through the influence of such an institution. Chinese government colleges do not, as a rule, amount to much, and are already exciting distrust in the minds of their promoters. This is our opportunity to strike our roots deep. (3) This Church has had a practically undisputed lead in education in this neighborhood for many years. We cannot afford to lose it. It is one of our most valuable assets. (4) The demand for the education we give is strong and grows each year.

No heathen girl is required to unbind, but any Christian girl who binds her feet is required to pay full tuition fees, like the heathen, instead of the largely reduced rates usually granted to Christians. In other words, the Christians must show themselves different from, and superior to, others; the sentiment of the school must be markedly Christian. Six girls left the school on account of this rule, two of whom, however, returned later. The unbinding of the feet led to increased exercise and marked improvement in the general health of the girls.

Another wise rule of the school is that Christian girls who are betrothed to heathen men will not be received. We have a general Church rule against such betrothals, but sometimes the parents disregard it in view of an especially promising match. The reason of the rule is that a Christian woman, married to a heathen, is in most cases practically thrown away. She is forced to deny her faith, and we are unwilling to encourage so-called Christian parents in so flagrant a disregard of the spiritual welfare of their daughters. The enforcement of this rule sometimes seems an undue hardship to the girl, but its general effect is so salutary that we hold to it.

We have worked this year with the idea that we are sent to spread the kingdom of Christ—with appropriations, if we can get them; if not, without. So, instead of curtailing work for which no funds were provided, I have encouraged all that seemed to me wisely planned and soundly carried out. I have no heart for clipping wings. Not only has none of the work been dropped for which appropriations were refused, but we have extended, in every direction, more widely, I believe, than in any previous year of our history, and there is a promise of yet better things to come.

"If I will . . ."

"Let Thy peace rule our spirits through all the trial of our waning powers. Take from us all fear of death, that, with glad hearts at rest in Thee, we may await Thy will concerning us."

—

"IF I WILL . . ."

On the twenty-fifth of September the family left Kuling for Hankow, and from there, on October 4, Bishop Ingle wrote outlining his immediate plans.

Hankow, October 4, 1903.

I still limp and am unable to walk more than a short distance. I expect to leave on Thursday for Wuhu, whence I go to visit the country stations near there. From there I go to Shanghai to attend the conference of Anglican bishops. Then I come up-river to Nganking, where I visit an interior station. Then to Hankow for a conference of native clergy. Then to visit all the up-river stations to the west of Hankow. Then in January I have a conference of catechists, and in February one for foreign workers. I am feeling so much better now that I hope to be able to do all I have planned.

About half of this program he was able to carry out, but for the rest the God of his will made other plans.

In October, 1903, Bishop Ingle attended his first conference of the Anglican bishops of China and Corea.

Bishop Ingle among the Nganking Christians.

(The Post-office now Romanizes this name Anking.—EDITOR.)

Young and vigorous, with a wisdom and insight beyond his years, he deeply impressed his fellow-bishops with his powerful personality.

One bishop wrote to Mr. Warren: "Bishop Ingle's speech drew all our hearts to him by its tone of spirituality and brotherly love."

Returning from this conference, which was held in Shanghai, he stopped to make his autumn visitation in Nganking, an important center of mission work, and also to visit Taihu, a new and promising out-station.

In speaking of this trip, one of his friends wrote from Hankow under date of November 4, 1903:

"Bishop Ingle has just returned from his visitation of various mission stations, and looks very well, although he had some pretty rough experiences. They had to put up at Chinese inns all the way, which, he says, were absolutely filthy in every respect. As it was cold, and these inns are open on one side to the weather, they slept in all the clothes they could get on—three sets of underclothes, their ordinary suits, overcoats, and waterproofs. They had to carry their bedding with them, and spread it down on the cleanest (?) place they could find, and try to rest, with all sorts of insects, all sorts of noises, all sorts of smells, and very cold besides. They carried what food they could, but could not even get any clean vessel to cook it in, and of course no boiled water; so they did not drink any at all. One day they found that the coolie who was carrying their basket of provisions had put his dirty shoes in on top of a half-opened can of butter and a can of jam, and all the dirt from the shoes had joggled down into them, so that was the end of those. Finally, they got hold of some peanuts and Chinese sweet potatoes, which they roasted and then subsisted on those. Then once, when out on a lake, they were all nearly upset in the middle of it, as a hard blow came up, and these Chinese know very little about managing their clumsy boats." [The Chinese are fine sailors and manage their boats with skill.—EDITOR.]

The Rev. L. H. Roots, now Bishop of Hankow, in a letter to the Board of Missions, November 19, 1903, says:

"Bishop Ingle has fever, and it has continued so high for the past ten days that Dr. Thomson says he will be two weeks more, and probably three weeks, in bed with it. This comes on top of all the trouble, of which you have heard more or less ever since he returned from his furlough, and I write, at the doctor's suggestion, to let you know that the doctor thinks if he recovers favorably from this attack and intends to do any work at the General Convention time, he should leave China and have a good rest in America before the Convention. It may be necessary to do something before next spring, but the doctor now thinks that in any case he should leave China in April at latest. This will be a very bitter pill to the bishop, and I know you will sympathize with him in having to take it. There may be some way of escape, and I still hope dimly that there may be, but I continue to feel very anxious about him, and especially to feel how terrible would be the loss to the whole Church in China if for any reason he should have to be withdrawn for a long period. And my only hope of preserving him is that he may take a really good and adequate rest soon. I am sorry to be writing to you again in this strain, but it seems to be the only right thing to do, for you ought to know how matters stand, and no one else is likely to let you know if I do not.

"The conference of the Chinese clergy, of which you have seen notice in the 'Bulletin,' closed its sessions the first of this week. Poor Bishop Ingle had to miss it all, except what I was allowed to translate to him between the sessions, for the fever got to the point at which the doctor said he must go to bed on the very day the conference began. I was delegated to preside at the meetings, and nothing since I came to China has given me such confidence in the stability and power of our work as these meetings have done.

"At the close of the conference, by special request of the

bishop, all the clergy were admitted to the sick-room. The bishop's care for their physical comfort, and his thoughtful provision for their entertainment, had touched them deeply, and his messages in response to the proceedings, as reported to him during the first two days, had made them feel his grief at not being able to attend, and his burning interest in their deliberations. They thanked him with the simple sincerity of mutual friends, and wished him a speedy recovery. His words to them were few, but full of affectionate confidence. 'I feel,' he said, 'that the work of the Church is safe in your hands. May God bless and prosper you all in it.' At this time no one suspected that his illness would become serious, yet the anxiety of love was written on their faces as they bade him good-by, and as they paid their parting respects to Mrs. Ingle, their thoughtful hostess."

There was found among the bishop's papers a letter dated Hankow, November 23, 1903, and addressed to the corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society. It was dictated to Mrs. Ingle from his sick-bed, and is the last letter the bishop wrote. It gives just a suggestion of the anxieties which had weighed heavily upon him and had borne their part in preventing him from regaining his health earlier in the year. The sad feature of the subject is that these anxieties were largely of a financial character, and that *the Church at home* was abundantly able to relieve them—if its members had but realized the need.

"You see I am writing to you by an amanuensis, as I have been for two weeks on my back with a sharp attack of malaria. You may imagine my grief at having to miss every session of my Chinese clergy conference; but there was no help for it. Just now my fever is not running very high, but is complicated by a painful inflammation of the blood-vessels of one leg and a threat of those of the other.

"This sickness, coming on top of my long-drawn-out ill

health of last year, has decided the doctor that I ought to return home as soon as possible. He has examined me and finds me perfectly sound organically, and sees no reason why I should not regularly enjoy good health in this country. But he does not think I can have it unless I first get a good setting up at home.

"He wants me to go as early as possible—that is, February or March; but it is exceptionally hard to get away. Roots, my right hand, leaves in February. Littell is to move over to take his place, and it will require some little time to settle him in it, so that at present it seems impossible for me to get away until about the first of April. My plan is to take my wife and children, at my own expense, and go by way of Vancouver and Canada. We may see you as we pass through New York, but it is doubtful. However, I shall wish to see the Board at the earliest possible meeting. Meanwhile, will you please lay my plan before the Board, and let me know if it has their approval? I hope to return to China the end of next year.

"As I was saying, it is very hard to leave now, and I hate to do it. . . . Then, too, the exchange has hit us pretty hard lately, and I do not know how the stations will pull through on their already inadequate appropriations. The Normal School is being supported by my specials, and costs me over $500 a year. It will be hard to support it in my absence. The fact that the money which we have been saving for years to take my family home with me has had to be loaned to Boone School to help it out of a temporary difficulty is another complication, as I do not know that I can get it paid back so early. Then there is the question of more houses for foreigners, and no money to build them with. Do you wonder that I feel tied down and helpless and fall an easy prey to disease? Yet these are only a few of my anxieties.

"If the Board would send me a grant of $5000 for a dwelling, $1000 to relieve the pressure on Boone School, and $500 for the Normal School, I think I could start on

a holiday with a mind comparatively at peace. Will you please present these three needs to the Board and see if they can help in any of them?

"I am afraid this letter sounds very gloomy. Lay it to the quinine which is hammering away in my head. But, in truth, I have not been well since I came back from America, and I think overwork then explains it. And this is no country for regaining lost health."

"I HAVE not been well since I came back from America, and I think overwork then explains it. And this is no country for regaining lost health." This was not the remark of self-pity.[1] It was rather the sober reflection of one who felt that he should pass on his experience for the benefit of others. In conversation he had also said that while in America he did not seem to be over-tired, but he simply failed to lay up the store of reserve strength needed to meet the demands of a missionary's life in China. His election to the episcopate found him run down, and he took no vacation whatever, but plunged into all the detail of his new duties the very next day after his consecration. By the fall of 1902 he was thoroughly run down, yet he kept at his work in spite of illness. Writing to a friend in January, 1903, he says: "I am learning many lessons amid my new duties. One is that a bishop need never expect to rest. I have been quite unwell for more than three months, but I have made two visitations and kept up my whole work fairly well."

In accordance with the doctor's orders, he spent a longer time than usual among the hills at Kuling the following summer, and there he gained some strength, but his work was almost as heavy as it had been in Hankow, and he returned at the end of September, far from strong. It is impossible to say how far this condition affected the issue of his last illness. The final stages of the disease were cer-

[1] This account of the bishop's last illness and death was written by Mrs. Roots, wife of the Bishop of Hankow.

tainly those of typhoid septicemia, which might have been fatal under more favorable conditions. But we know that he worked unremittingly till the last minute. Returning from Nganking on All Saints' day, he worked on in spite of some fever and a severe and constant headache, yielding at last only on the evening of Sunday, November 8, after delivering the charge at the first meeting of the conference of Chinese clergy in the cathedral at the afternoon service. After this service he was sitting at the table with the fourteen Chinese clergymen who dined at his house that evening, when the doctor came in, and he left the table, saying that if the doctor thought best he would now yield himself to orders. After careful examination, the doctor's verdict being that his fever was too serious to be trifled with, he sat for a few minutes longer with the clergy and then went to bed.

For the first two days of the clergy conference he was able to hear a translation of the proceedings after each session, but as this seemed to affect his fever unfavorably, he had to give it up and abandon all efforts to transact ordinary business. His last letter to America was dictated to his wife on the twenty-third of November. On Thanksgiving day, the twenty-sixth, Dr. Thomson sent for Dr. Borland to come in consultation. The first symptoms of an immediate crisis appeared on Monday afternoon, and on Tuesday Dr. S. R. Hodge, an old and trusted friend, was also called in consultation. The need of a doctor's constant presence with the patient making too great a demand on the strength of Dr. Borland, who had been in attendance with little chance of rest since the twenty-sixth, Dr. Woodward was telegraphed for on Wednesday night, and arrived from Nganking on Friday morning. All that human skill could do was done. The devotion and skill and sympathy of Dr. Thomson added yet more to our gratitude for his years of inestimable service to the mission, our confidence in his ability as a physician, and our esteem and love for him as a friend. Dr. Borland was with

the patient day and night, with the exception of a few hours, throughout the last week, and won from all who saw him in those days gratitude and affection and trust which cannot be easily shaken and can never be forgotten. Indeed, the faith and love which shone through the pain and sorrow of the sick-room, especially after the illness became critical, made the bishop's house into a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, the memory of which will remain with those who beheld as a lifelong blessing.

But the center of inspiration, as of the anxiety, was in the beloved sufferer. During the last week his moments of clear consciousness were few and brief. The cares of his work weighed heavily on his mind, and at the slightest suggestion his wandering words would indicate that he was trying to plan for the coming conference, or for the rapidly developing work, or for the welfare of individual members of the mission.

Thursday, the third of December, marked a turning-point in the thoughts and feelings of both the bishop and those who attended him. Since the crisis on Monday, the doctors had advised against telling him his condition, for fear of making him worse. He had suffered very little pain for some time. His last hours seem to have been almost free from pain, and he could see no reason for the increased attention he received. Thursday morning the doctors held a long consultation, and decided that it could do no harm to tell him plainly how critically ill he was, and to ask him if he had any messages for those he might leave behind. Mrs. Ingle had been waiting in suspense to hear the doctors' opinion, and, when told, bore it with the wonderful fortitude and self-control which she has shown ever since. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Roots on the afternoon of the same day records the circumstances and some of the words of the bishop's response when told of his condition:

"Mr. Sherman went for the children, and I went in with Mrs. Ingle, at her request, to have a prayer at the bishop's

side. We leaned over him, and he seemed incredulous at first, but answered her appeal at last, and said that on the spur of the moment he had nothing to say. So we kneeled and prayed, Mrs. Ingle repeating each petition after me; and when we had finished he himself began to pray, in the same clear, steady voice we know so well. Every sentence was clear and coherent. He prayed God to look in mercy on the past, and to use to His glory all the efforts put forth in His name. Then he prayed for his family, that our Heavenly Father would be with them always, to be more than earthly father could be to them. Then he prayed for all those who labored with him in the mission, that we might be strong and brave and united, and never fearful or halting in the work committed to us. And then he prayed for the whole Church, and especially that God would stir up His people to support His work more loyally and generously, sending, above all, more men and better men, men rooted and grounded in the love of Christ, to proclaim the Gospel and establish the Church in this great land. And all this for Christ's sake. Amen.

"Oh, I can never forget that prayer! It will be an inspiration to me as long as I live—as much so if he continues with us as if he is taken away. That was a sacred moment, and I only wish all the mission could have been present in reality, as they so evidently were to the bishop's mind."

When Mr. Sherman brought in the children he received them with a look of fond recognition, and spoke of how much they had grown since he saw them last (they had been purposely kept away since the beginning of his illness). They were lifted to his side on the bed, and after they had kissed him, he looked at them earnestly and said, "You children must remember that the older you grow the better you are to grow, and that you are to be faithful disciples of Jesus Christ."

After this the whole atmosphere changed. The bishop had realized his danger, and by his fervent prayer had

raised all our hearts into the realm of the trust and peace and love of Christ. Now there could be no cloud between the patient and those who labored and prayed for him, and all took up the struggle for life with new hope, and with a new faith which would not be shaken even if God should be pleased to take from us our beloved bishop.

After long deliberation it was at last decided that the families in America should be informed, and a cable message was sent at midnight telling them that the bishop was critically ill. On Friday he improved slightly, but had a bad night, and Saturday morning the doctors' opinion, that his condition was rather worse, was telegraphed to Bishop Graves. In reply a message was received from Shanghai saying, "Coming Poyang. Wire me at ports.—GRAVES."

At noon Saturday the bishop seemed to be dying, his temperature being 106 degrees, and as a last resort he was put into an ice-pack. He responded wonderfully to this treatment, and also to strong heart stimulants, which two means were afterward used frequently, and which gave grounds for the telegram sent to Bishop Graves at Chinkiang, Sunday afternoon, saying, "Slightly more hopeful." Meantime the secretaries at the Church Missions House had evidently heard from the families at home of the bishop's critical condition, for we received the following message from them: "Have heard Ingle seriously ill. You have our sympathy and prayers. Spare no expense. Keep us well informed." And in response we sent the following message at four o'clock: "Your telegram received. There is some hope. A favorable change. Graves is expected to arrive Wednesday. Communicate contents of this telegram to all parties interested."

At eleven o'clock Sunday night he was at least holding his own, his heart being weak, but his strength and general condition otherwise fairly good. Shortly after midnight the heart began to fail rapidly. Dr. Borland, who was on watch, called Dr. Woodward, and they agreed that the

patient could not last long. Accordingly Dr. Thomson was sent for, and the three agreed to try another ice-pack, in the hope of restoring consciousness before the end. The bishop revived wonderfully. Gradually he became semi-conscious, and then, in response to the words, "The doctors think you are dying. Do you understand?" he replied clearly and firmly, "I do." After a moment of effort in concentrating his thoughts, and in response to the question whether he had any last words for his wife and children, he turned to his wife, whom he had previously recognized but vaguely, and with a look full of affection took her hand and breathed forth his farewell messages to her who had been not only the joy of his home, but also his sympathetic helper in all the great work of his life, and to the children, whom he bade follow their mother in the heavenly way. Then, as if suddenly relieved so that he could express the great burden of his heart, he began to pray for the Chinese Church, the Christians and helpers, and their leaders, the Chinese clergy. "Tell them," he said, "that as I have tried to serve them in Christ's name while living, so, if God pleases to take me away from this world, I pray that even my death may be a blessing to them, and help them to grow in the faith and love of Christ. May they be pure in heart, loving Christ for His own sake, and steadfastly follow the dictates of conscience, uninfluenced by sordid ambitions or selfishness of any kind." At the mention of his home and friends, he spoke of the unceasing love and devotion of his father and sisters—devotion so great and constant that it could never be repaid; and of his gratitude for the care and support and love given by his many friends, all these years, in all his work. "And tell my father," he said, "that I am only going into the more immediate presence of my Heavenly Father."

After a pause, his wife asked him, "Do you feel God's presence very near you?" and he answered unhesitatingly and clearly, "I do." Then he went on, "I do not feel my nearness to heaven as many persons say they do at such a

time. I feel my own faults and failings, and that heaven is where God is. I am unworthy to come into His holy Presence, but He is here now, and I trust Him praying and believing that He will grant me full forgiveness."

Though aroused from semi-consciousness only by a supreme effort of the will, and though his voice was so weak as to be at times almost inaudible, the messages of undying love and holy exhortation were as full and complete, as beautifully expressed and clearly analyzed, as if they had been the pondered utterances of a conversation with friends in his study. These were evidently the every-day thoughts of his whole life finding their natural expression in his extremity.

About four o'clock in the morning, after the pack was over, and the patient lay quietly in bed, Mr. Sherman administered the holy communion to him. He had again lapsed into semi-consciousness, but at the exhortation, "Bishop, will you receive the holy communion?" he opened his eyes, and after a moment replied distinctly, "I will," and put his hands together in reverence and prayer. After receiving the sacrament, we thought him again unconscious, but his hands were still folded, and his quavering voice could be heard in each "Amen" and in the Lord's Prayer.

After this the bishop appeared to sleep, and till noon he seemed to hold his own; but the heart was too weak, and passive congestion of the lungs had already set in. Once again, half an hour before the end, he revived for a moment, and, smiling, stretched out his arms to his wife and embraced her, calling her by name. This was his last gleam of consciousness. The heart stopped, artificial respiration and all other means proved of no avail, and at one o'clock he died, without pain and in peace.

Just before the end we knelt at the bedside, and Mr. Sherman offered the commendatory prayers. Again, after the last breath, we knelt together, and Mr. Sherman uttered our praise for God's grace and mercy shown in this,

His faithful servant, and our prayers for those who must mourn for his loss. The devoted wife, through her tears, thanked God for the precious gift now yielded back to Him, prayed for the work he left behind, for grace to bring up the children in the fear and love of God, for wisdom to assist in any way she might the work he came to China to do, and for God's mercy and comfort to be given to the sorrowing father and sisters at home, to those who would mourn at her own sorrow, and to his bereaved friends all over the world.

Thus were we comforted and uplifted by herself, who remained just the same "mother" to us all as of old, giving way to no selfish grief, but thinking first and always of others, and the great work in behalf of which the precious life had been spent. Not for a moment did she hesitate in facing the unspeakable sorrow, and taking up the lonely responsibilities now thrust upon her. Had she not accepted him first of all as God's good gift, and finally fought out the question when he was elected, making up her mind never to grudge him to the exacting demands which fall upon a missionary bishop? Thus she had reasoned with us during his illness, and therefore spoke calmly of the possibility of his death beforehand, never gave up hope till the end, and yet afterward showed no sign of despair. She had caught the spirit which shone in the life and death of the bishop. Dr. Woodward spoke a word which we all felt was true when he said of these last hours: "I have seen many men die, but never such a death. Never have I witnessed such a wonderful manifestation of the power of a great soul over bodily weakness as occurred when the bishop, by one supreme effort, aroused himself from the deepening stupor of approaching death to utter his last beautiful messages of farewell and to receive the holy communion. I can imagine no more triumphant culmination of the life-struggle of the spirit against the flesh. It was truly the ideal death of a saint of God."

The message bearing the heavy news to the Board of

Missions was intended to convey a suggestion of this note of triumphant faith. It read, "Ingle, fervently praying for all, died with fever, peacefully, Monday."

The reply from the Board of Missions showed something of the esteem in which our beloved bishop was held by the Church at home, and the final words breathed the same indomitable spirit as that which animated the bishop himself. It came the next day, with many other messages from sympathizing friends, and brought much comfort to the stricken mission. It was: "Church with you in sorrow at loss great leader. God reigns. Go ahead."

Under date of St. John's College, December 29, 1903, Bishop Graves formally acknowledged charge of the Hankow district, and closed his letter to the Board as follows:

"This is the second time that I have had to write to the secretaries the sad news of the death of a bishop: in 1891, when Bishop Boone died; and now with Bishop Ingle. Every grave of a leader is another link in the chain that binds the Church at home to the Church in China.

"Two things I must mention before I close. The first is that all the mission has come well through this trial. They have been helpful and considerate in the sickness, gentle and reverent at the death and burial, and when all was done they have shown a quiet and courageous spirit in the face of a crushing loss. And specially is this so of Mrs. Ingle. Through it all she has thought for others rather than herself, and has been marvelously sustained in her grief and loneliness. We all feel that she has shown herself worthy to be the wife of her husband, and that means a great deal.

"The next thing is that every one is satisfied that the bishop received every care and attention that medical skill could give. The doctor in charge of the case was Dr. Thomson of Hankow, who has been the mission physician for fourteen years. All that could be done was done by him, and also by Dr. Borland and Dr. Woodward. And

all in the mission speak in the highest terms of the devotion of these gentlemen."

HANKOW, CHINA, December 13, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. INGLE:

I am going to take the liberty of writing to you once more to tell you about the funeral services which were held over your dear son on Thursday last. Several of us said that we wished you might have been here—you and the other members of the home circle—for it was all so peaceful and victorious in tone, and yet showed so plainly the love and respect in which Bishop Ingle was held.

After the custom of the place, an "express," as they call it, was circulated the day before, stating the hours of service, place, etc., and the morning of Thursday found every flag in the concession and on the boats in the river at half-mast. At eight o'clock Bishop Graves celebrated holy communion for us in English, and the native clergy also came to partake. Poor bishop! It was all he could do to get through the service. He had known your son ever since he came to China, and said to me the other day that China would never be the same to him again, now that he was gone.

The cathedral had been most beautifully decorated by the Chinese, under Miss Clark's direction and with her assistance. White is the Chinese mourning color, and, as Bishop Ingle had always disliked gloom at funerals, that color was the predominating one, though enough black was used to satisfy the foreign feeling. The result was severity, but cheerfulness in spite of all. The altar hangings were black with white fringe, and the white marble cross stood out against the black dorsal, with vases of white chrysanthemums on either side. The bishop's chair was draped with black and had wreaths of white flowers at the head and on the fald-stool.

The bishop lay in his coffin at the foot of the choir-steps, a beautiful black pall with white cross covering him, and

the wreaths and crosses and palm branches sent by friends surrounding him. Mrs. Ingle had given permission for the Chinese to see him once more; so on Wednesday the coffin was opened and all who wished might see how peaceful and free of horror death could be. As dear mother said, as she stood looking at him there on Wednesday afternoon, "How can any one who has seen this ever fear death again?"

He was not left alone. While he was still at his own house, one of his foreign clergy was always watching and praying beside him; and when he was moved to the cathedral the Chinese clergy and catechists and other Christians were granted the same privilege in turn.

Thursday was a beautiful day, which made it easier for the many who wanted to come to reach here. I was not present at the Chinese service at noon, for the children were not to go and I stayed with them. But I am told that nave and transept were quite full, and even crowded. And yet not only during the service, but before and after it, one might have heard a pin drop anywhere in that big church. This in a Chinese congregation, which always contains many children, and is composed, anyway, of people whose religious exercises are always associated with noise and nothing like reverence, was most striking. Bishop Graves spoke of it especially.

At half-past two Charlotte Littell, the children, and I went over to mother's and found her ready. She was trembling and sad-looking, but perfectly controlled; and when the children came to her, she put out her hands to them, with her old smile. The procession was to march from the vestry past the house, around the church; and when all was ready, Mr. Roots was to come for us. He did so, taking Mrs. Ingle on his arm, Charlotte following with the two children, and I last with Mrs. Adams. We passed into the church from the vestry, the entire congregation rising as we entered, and took our seats in front. It was not long before we heard Mr. Sherman's voice beginning the sentences, and then the procession moved in, Mr. Wood

leading as master of ceremonies, then the two choirs—that of the cathedral and the one from Boone School—then the clergy, native and foreign, with the bishop last. Mr. Sherman read the lesson, and then there was a hymn.

After this came the two addresses. Dr. Griffith John, the oldest missionary in these parts, and formerly not friendly to our mission, spoke with deep appreciation of Bishop Ingle's qualities as a citizen of the community—his public spirit, and the gentlemanliness that never failed, and with it all his fidelity to religious principles, and as a missionary his catholic-mindedness, his clear insight and statesmanlike qualities. And with all these qualities, he said one could not know the bishop without realizing that there was also a piety that was as deep and genuine as the man himself. He said that, judging by his past, he for his part should say that if Bishop Ingle's life had been spared for twenty-five or thirty years of service here, he would have made his mark as one of the most famous missionaries to China. Dr. John gave a message of sympathy and of hope to the mission even in its sorrow.

Bishop Graves, who followed, was more brief. He said he had known the bishop first as a fellow-worker on his arrival in China, then as a helper when he was made bishop, then as fellow-bishop; and if one word had to be chosen to sum up the man and his character, he should choose "Loyalty"—loyalty to his colleagues, to his bishop, to his church. Both the speakers said that the taking away of such a man at the beginning of his work, in the very prime of life, was impossible to understand, but that we could cling to the sure certainty that God is wisdom and God is love, and so fight on without either discouragement or bitterness.

The procession down the aisle was the same as up. As we reached the gate there was a pause while the coffin was being placed on the gun-carriage (it was still covered by the pall), and Mr. Sherman started the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" At once choir and people joined in, and

the singing continued after we had again started on. Both sides of the walk were lined with our own people; and, outside, the street was packed with an orderly and generally quiet crowd. One distinguished many of our Christians from both sides of the river among the number, and some of them were crying. Mrs. Ingle and the children got into a carriage and had its protection on the way to the churchyard. Every one else walked, literally following the coffin in the middle of the street, and still singing triumphant hymns. After "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" we sang, "The Son of God," and then, as we entered the churchyard, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It was a very happy thought to have the hymns, for it helped as the key-note of the whole service, which was "Victory."

At the grave Bishop Graves read the service, and we all sang, "For all the Saints." Then the grave was filled and the mound made and covered with the beautiful flowers and wreaths that had been in the church. As the last ones were being placed upon it, a line of little Choir School boys appeared, each bringing a wreath that he had made himself, and put it on with the others. We all stayed till the last, and went away with Mrs. Ingle.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZA ROOTS.

WUCHANG, December 15, 1903.

MY DEAR MISS INGLE:

The Chinese service was in many ways even more impressive than the English, because it brought home to you the contrast between Christianity and heathenism. The cathedral was literally packed with Chinese, and from the quiet that prevailed before, during, and even for a few minutes after the service, you realized how that mass of people, many of them just emerging from heathenism, were impressed; for it is a *most* unusual thing in even a Christian Chinese congregation. Mr. Wang read the sen-

tences and Psalms; Mr. Hu, of St. Saviour's Church, Wuchang, the lesson; Mr. Liu, of St. Peter's, Hankow, the prayers; and Bishop Graves pronounced the benediction. They had the full burial service as well, and Mr. Roots made a short address, simply telling them of that wonderful prayer of the bishop's, when, after praying for his loved ones, he then prayed so earnestly for the Chinese Church, the clergy, and the Christians, praying that his death might be used to strengthen and bless them, and that by his death the Church at home might be able to send out better and more consecrated workers for the bringing of the nation to Christ. "The Son of God goes forth to war," "Fight the good fight," and "Peace, perfect peace" were sung, and, as I said before, we all went away from that church impressed with what Bishop Ingle had been to the Chinese Church and people from his death, as well as from his life. This feeling was only accented by the English services in the afternoon.

We cannot realize even yet that we have lost Bishop Ingle, and may not again go to him for his splendid advice and sympathy. We already miss him in a thousand ways, and will as the years go on. Still, we feel inspired to go on to even greater efforts, and to carry out, as individuals and as a mission, what he would have us.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE M. LITTELL.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me!"

"Amen!"

—

"WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?"

FULFILMENT

"Give work before the age of work be past!
Give work, oh give us work and still more work!
We crave the fruit of toil we shall not shirk;
We would complete, perfect, fulfil at last."

The Master plucked a rose. "The thought, the power,"
He said, "the will to do, this is thy part.
Things done are but the measure, thine the art.
Fulfilment for the rose is in the flower."

The life of Bishop Ingle was, we suppose, such as any one would, on first thoughts, call unfinished, cut short, incomplete. In his short episcopate of only two years, his time was devoted to plan-making and organization, and it is almost irresistible for those of us who loved him to long that he might have been given the chance himself to build on the foundations which he laid. But it is an old truism that the standards of Christ's service are quite different from those of our more material viewpoint, and in estimating the success or completeness of the life of any of Christ's most devoted servants,—those who have made His standards their own,—it is by His standards that we are justified in making up our estimates of success or failure.

We are standing on very holy ground when we presume to judge a human life according to its realization of the Christ's ideal. When is the point of maturity attained on this basis? Wherein lies the triumph of success and attainment? Certainly it is not a matter alone of years. The Master Himself was younger than His servant when He came to His triumphant death. Nor is it by any means a matter of rounded-out human planning, with material accomplishment,—by no means a matter of life plans brought to completion. We have some ground for thinking that it is only through endurance and the manifestation of prolonged devotion and service that certain characters are judged fit for the King's great commendation. Of certain it is said, "If I will that he tarry." But it is equally manifest that the consummation of other lives is equally assured at so early a date in their Christian progression that, as in the case of even the thief on the cross, the Christ Himself is ready to say, "To-day shalt thou be with Me." Suppose we take the view, which is so general among Christian thinkers, that the major purpose of human life is the development of character, and that all the great world movement toward what we class generally as Christian civilization, including the triumph of Christian socialism, of eugenics, and the whole upward movement of things, has its chief value, not in the accomplishment, but in the moving power. We shall begin to realize very clearly that our former standards of completeness need considerable revising, and that any human life which has once attained a definite degree of purpose and stability may easily, according to Christ's standards, be fit for the kingdom of heaven. And the multiplicity of opportunities and duties which apparently belong distinctly to any particular man may well be left in the hands of those who need them more. It is not, then, in the accomplishment of much that Christ's approval necessarily stands, but rather in the manhood, in the power, in the free-will to accomplish. According to this idea, the life of Bishop Ingle was a com-

plete one. He never became known to the world at large, only to his own smaller circle of influences; and the greatness which was evidently in his path he never reached, according to the world's standard. The larger plans of his life were distinctly outlined, and in the wisdom of his successor are bearing fruit a hundredfold, largely through adherence thereto; but the man himself never brought them to completion.

After the death of Bishop Ingle, and for several years, there was a constant expression, from both sides of the world, of an overwhelming sense of loss, and a very thorough realization thereof.

And perhaps from his father alone was there no expression of any sense of feeling of unfulfilment. Dr. Ingle, who outlived his son, and whose own life was typical of thorough accomplishment and long service, understood best of all that his son also had fulfilled.

In reviewing the ideals of Ingle's episcopate in the mature light of some years now past, that which pre-eminently stands out clearly and convincingly is his realization that the one essential, supreme and above all, to the success of that devoted band who served under his leadership, lay in the personal attainment by each, and the united attainment by all, of some significant portion of the spiritual life which was the moving force of Christ's own human service. Ingle placed this first, and there remains that legacy in the district over which he had charge as a priceless assurance of its future triumph,—a spirit one, devoted, optimistic, hopeful, enthusiastic, which is evident to the most casual of sympathetic observers, and which may well balance the fact of the comparative youth of the majority of the staff as he left it.

Next in importance was probably the breadth of view which Ingle gave to his fellow-workers through his great sympathy with all other bodies of Christians working in the same mid-China field. He realized the plain fact that whatever might be the mission of his own Church in

establishing conservative Christian standards and dignity of worship, there yet lay only within the united hands of the whole Church of Christ a possibility of giving to China a form of Christianity adapted to all her needs. The plans which Ingle formed for the better development of his own work, his ideas of Christian discipline, of native education, of Christian unity, and his large views of the Church's duties, as exemplified in what seemed at first demands beyond the readiness of the Home Church to meet,—these have been set forth in his own letters, and their wisdom, and the Home Church's at least partial response, have been already adequately explained.

THE FIELD[1]

"Mr. Ingle saw that Hankow was a strategic point for the missionary work of the Church, and that, from Hankow as a center, a great field, throughout the whole outlying district, lay before him. That is the field which he developed.

THE METHODS

From the first he grasped the idea that, if the Church were to grow in China, it must grow according to the laws which are laid down for us in the New Testament. It must be a self-propagating, a self-disciplining, and a self-maintaining Church.

1. It must be a self-propagating Church. So we find him, in his wisdom, not dissipating his energies going about hurriedly here and there, preaching exclusively to the heathen, face to face, himself, but devoting a large measure of his time and his strength to that far more important task of educating and energizing and spiritualizing

[1] From an address by Dr. Pott, published in the "Spirit of Missions."

his native assistants. He saw that if the Church were to grow at all, it must be through the native ministry and the native evangelists. And so he poured all his life's strength out upon them—upon molding their characters and developing their minds. He soon showed them that he was their friend, treated them as his equals, brought them into his house and to his table, and took counsel with them in every matter of importance. It was said of the younger Pitt, that he expected great things of Englishmen, and so great things were accomplished. And it might equally well be said of young Ingle, that he expected great things of these young assistants—placed responsibility upon them and showed them what they could do; and so, instead of their working in a half-hearted and perfunctory manner, he had about him, in a short time, a zealous and enthusiastic band of young men.

In his foresight he saw that there was a necessity, in the work in China, of another class of men besides the ordained ministry. He could not wait for men who had received a thorough theological education in our schools and colleges, but he must have those less highly educated to serve as pioneers. The characteristics necessary in these men, he said, were sincerity, knowledge, and activity; and when he found a man who had these qualities he set that man to work. These men he settled in the towns and villages back from Hankow. There they would gather around them those interested in the Gospel message. These they would instruct, and when they had led them on to a certain point, Mr. Ingle would visit the station and admit those who were prepared as catechumens. Then the catechumens would be left for a further period under the instruction of the evangelist, and when they were ready for baptism, Mr. Ingle would visit the station again and admit them to membership in the Church. So there grew up the little congregations, here and there, of the Christian Church, the little flock in this town and in that town. And thus, in reading in the 'Spirit of Missions,' you will see how

he went from place to place, baptizing thirty or forty men here and there, and how rapidly the work was growing, because it was growing on this principle of the Church itself being made, at the very start, self-propagating.

2. It must be a self-disciplining Church. In an Oriental country like China, where so many of the converts are taken out from raw heathenism and are received into the Christian Church, the lives of some are very far, indeed, from the Christian standard. There are frequent lapses, and often they fall back again into idolatry. The inherited tendencies of their nature are too strong for them. There goes on the struggle between the grace of God—the new truth and the new light—and the old man that is within them.

Accordingly, just as in the New Testament times, Mr. Ingle soon discovered that a system of discipline was necessary, and in his wisdom he ordered it very much on the lines laid down in the New Testament. The gravest offender, the one who had brought shame upon the Church, was obliged to stand up in the Christian congregation, publicly confessing his sin before his brethren, and then submit to being cut off for a time from Church privileges. When attending the services, he was required to occupy the bench assigned to the penitents. In every church there was the place for the communicants, the place for the baptized, the place for the catechumens, the place for the inquirers, and, lastly, the place for the penitents. But never in any tyrannical spirit did he carry out this system of discipline. Always it was the Church itself administering it. He followed the method of St. Paul, as it is shown to us in his letter to the Church at Corinth.

3. It must be a self-maintaining Church. That was another great principle of his work. No luxury, no extravagance in the work of developing the Church in China. As far as possible, the Christians must assume the support of it from the beginning. Most people, if they came to China, would be surprised at the absence, outside of the

treaty-ports, of anything like church edifices. You would go, for instance, into some heathen city; you would tread the narrow thoroughfares; you would look here and there, expecting to see the cross on some building, or the spire of some church. You would find nothing of the sort. You might go away and say, 'No Christian work is being carried on here.' But if you sought out some Christian man in his shop, and said to him, 'Where do you worship? Are there any Christians here?'—if it were a town near Hankow, he would lead you back from the shops, away from the market-place, to some quiet side street, and then to the house of some Christian man. He would lead you up the steep flight of stairs to the upper room. There is the church in the upper room in the house of such or such a Christian. The rude benches; the Chinese scrolls on the wall, with their Chinese inscriptions; the ordinary Chinese table for the altar; the simplest chancel arrangement; above all, the cross—the simple cross—indicate that this is the place where the Christians of that heathen town assemble, Sunday after Sunday, to worship God. The Church there must wait for the signs of outward display. She must be content, for the present, with the reality within, as it was in New Testament times.

THE SPIRIT OF HIS WORK

It is a hard thing for one who loved him so well to sum up in a few sentences the impression that his character made upon us. Sagacity and gentleness—those, I think, were his great characteristics. Matthew Arnold, in speaking of our Lord, said that His life was characterized most of all by 'sweet reasonableness.' I think that is true of this disciple of our Lord—'sweet reasonableness.' A statesman, yes; a wise man, yes; yet, with all that, true Christian gentleness and sympathy and love. And so he endeared himself to the hearts of all who knew him.

You may travel a thousand miles on that great Yang-tse River, from Shanghai to Ichang, and talk to the steamboat captains and pilots, or you may talk with the foreign merchants you meet, many of whom are not what you would call religious men, and if you ask them about Bishop Ingle, they will only speak of him in terms of affection, because there was that 'sweet reasonableness' in all of his life. Such a life surely must be an inspiration to all of us who labor out there in far-off China, and to you here at home, intrusted, just as much as we are, with the extension of Christ's kingdom in this world.

It seems to me we can all hear Bishop Ingle saying to us what, after all, sums up the whole of his life: 'Follow me, as I follow Christ."

It was on the basis of just such impressions of the man as these that we once stated in a public address that so soon as China could give evidence of ten native Christians of the type of perfection of this man, there would be no future doubt or fear with regard to the ultimate victory of the Church in China. And we believe this to be absolutely true. But Christians of the type of Bishop Ingle are usually often a product of the years, only of the centuries.

At a dinner not long since, Bishop Ingle was referred to in a speech by a certain judge, a former classmate of his. The judge was recounting alphabetically the deeds of his college friends as he knew them. When he reached the I's, he mentioned only one name—Ingle's. He said that the most honored name among his classmates was that of the late Bishop of Hankow, a true and loyal martyr to the cause of Christ. After the mention of the name there was a pause for a few moments, when the Alumni arose as a body and stood in complete silence.

And out of the silence I think I hear a voice saying, "If I will . . ., what is that to thee? Follow thou Me!"

And the Church of Christ, answering, says, "God reigns."

THE INCREASE

We burn dim candles in the stifling fog
Of godless pride and stolid self-content;
Then lo! we see the mists
Lifted—and light prevails!

We sow the living seed in stony ground:
Behold! it grows to wisdom and to height
Of love for God and man—
The flower and fruit of life.

For golden human years lent where the cost
Of rice measures men's lives and time has yet
No hours, God's bank of life
Still pays an hundredfold.

Nor is there sacrifice at such a rate!
To spend one's meager love through paltry days
And find the years scarce hold
The wealth of love's increase;

To give "a cup of water to the least,"
And lift the eyes, and see Him take and drink;
Then, kneeling low, to feel
His hand upon the head!

Jesus! Well spent were life—to have Thee take
(Through one the very least of Thy beloved)
The cup and drink, then hear
Thee say the great "Well done!"

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